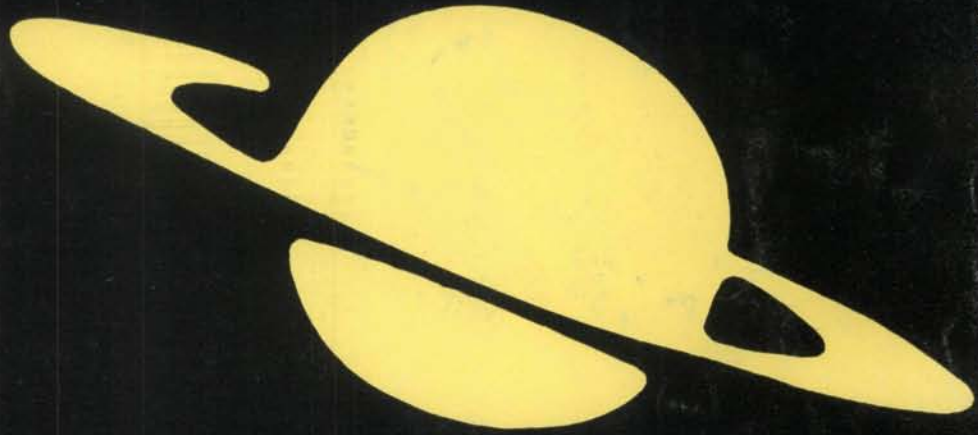


November 1955, 50 cents

THE *Atlantic*

Property Of
GAMMAGLION COLLEGE LIBRARY
Pasadena, California



**OTHER
WORLDS
THAN
OURS**

Donald H. Menzel

Director of the
Harvard Observatory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

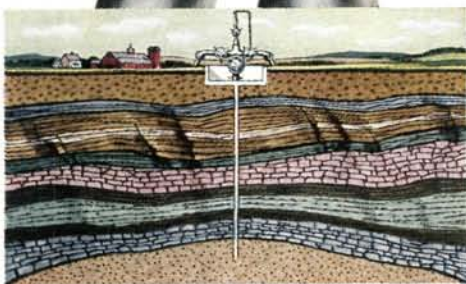


harvesting heat for America

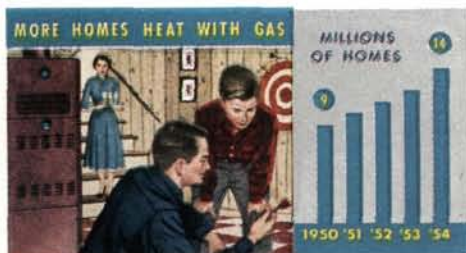
Natural gas, "grown" by Nature a billion years ago. Today, harvested, made available by Tennessee Gas, America's foremost transporter of the world's finest fuel.

But piping is only part of bringing better heat to millions. To assure an uninterrupted, round-the-clock supply in winter, when demand frequently increases five fold, Tennessee Gas stores natural gas in summer. Seals vast quantities into huge, underground storage vaults close to consuming markets.

When temperatures sink . . . this summer-stored gas is drawn off to supply the fuel-hungry East.



Sealed underground by thousands of feet of rock and shale, natural gas is pumped into porous sand to be withdrawn as needed.



TENNESSEE GAS



TRANSMISSION
COMPANY
HOUSTON, TEXAS



AMERICA'S LEADING TRANSPORTER OF NATURAL GAS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



VALLEY OF DESTRUCTION was the main street of Winsted, Conn. Among the first to get through the floods was a telephone truck carrying emergency power equipment to provide service in the flooded telephone exchange at the lower end of the street.



TELEPHONE MEN GO TO WORK BY BOAT to speed drying of equipment in telephone exchange at Putnam, Conn., where service was provided by temporary switchboard on higher ground. In Stroudsburg, Pa., linemen and operators were flown in helicopters.



OUTRACING THE FLOODS. Radio-telephone service was set up at strategic points even before the floods reached their peak. Man in automobile makes emergency call while Mayor Moule of Phillipsburg, N. J., and telephone man stand by.

The Deluge of Diane

Hurricane floods emphasized the value of the telephone and the teamwork of telephone people in emergencies

Seldom has a water-borne disaster struck with more concentrated fury than the floods of Hurricane Diane, which hit several eastern states.

"I never saw anything so terrifying in my life as when that river came down," said the telephone manager in Winsted, Connecticut.

Out of the havoc of the floods have come countless stories of courage and the good American spirit of helping one another in times of trouble.

Among them are heart-warming tributes to the telephone men and women who kept service going and worked so

hard to restore it wherever lines had been washed out. Together with the Red Cross, Salvation Army, National Guard, Civil Defense workers and all their neighbors in the stricken communities, they did their part in the tremendous job of rescue and restoration.

Many former telephone operators and those off duty reported back to their jobs. Trained, experienced crews from the telephone companies and Western Electric moved in fast with equipment and supplies and worked 'round the clock.

Disaster comes suddenly. But wherever it strikes you can depend on telephone people to do everything possible to provide you with telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NOVEMBER ATLANTIC

Ninety-seven years of continuous publication

VOLUME 196 1955 NUMBER 5

Atlantic Reports: Canada's Boom — Washington — Jordan

Other Worlds than Ours	DONALD H. MENZEL	25
British Cultural Fatigue <i>A Post-war Complaint</i>	KENNETH TYNAN	31
Hunting Moon	WILLIAM WISTER HAINES	34
The Kidnaping of Kamlon	AGNES NEWTON KEITH	40
Horizon Thong. <i>A Poem</i>	GEORGE ABBE	46
Soviet Industry	EDWARD CRANKSHAW	47
Cockles, Brambles, and Fern Hill <i>Dylan Thomas in Wales</i>	JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN	50
Saturday Night. <i>A Story</i>	MARJORIE ANAÏS HOUSEPIAN	56
Educational Television	LELAND HAZARD	61
The Wreath. <i>A Story</i>	FRANK O'CONNOR	65
BOOKS AND MEN		
T. E. Lawrence: Man or Myth?	B. H. LIDDELL HART	70
Charles de Gaulle	CURTIS CATE	78
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF		
The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	84
Books the Editors Like		88
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	90
ACCENT ON LIVING		
Charles W. Morton — H. F. Ellis — Ken Bernhardt — Irene Elmer — David Hunt — Samuel Yellen		100
Record Reviews	JOHN M. CONLY	105
PLEASURES AND PLACES		
Air Travel with Stopovers. II	MITCHELL GOODMAN	110

Cover design by Noel Martin

1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$11.00 3 YEARS \$16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, November, 1955, Vol. 196, No. 5. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1955, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

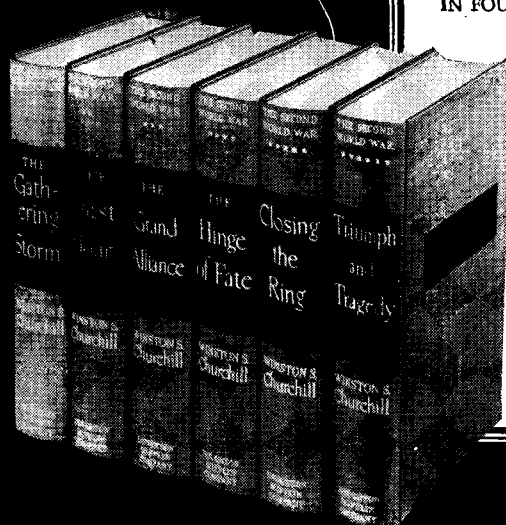
Your Choice -- WITHOUT CHARGE

IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NOW AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR

Either of these for your library

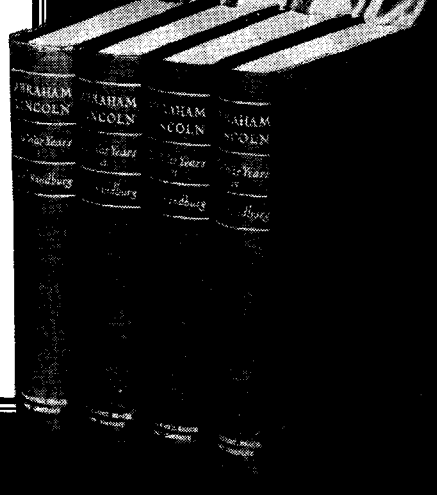


© Karsh, Ottawa



Carl Sandburg's
PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING BIOGRAPHY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THE WAR YEARS
IN FOUR VOLUMES • Retail Price \$36

Winston Churchill's
THE SECOND WORLD WAR
IN SIX VOLUMES
Retail Price \$36
(If Bought Separately)



A DEMONSTRATION OFFER — NOW FAST RUNNING OUT*

* These two special editions were printed for demonstration purposes (see below) and not many sets are left. Additional printings are unlikely for many months, since it is impossible quickly to print and bind sets like these.

THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER is a demonstration of three marked advantages of membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.† First, as a member, you are kept from missing the important new books. Secondly, you get Club choices at a considerable saving; an average of about 20% less than the retail price, over the past two years. On top of this, you share in about \$12,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) distributed during the year among members as Book-Dividends. Because of its large membership the Club prints enormous editions of its selections at a great saving in manufacturing costs. The money thus saved is invested in editions of other desirable volumes, each of which is a Book-Dividend† given without charge to members. The Library Set you choose to re-

ceive, free, represents "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy later.

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY ONLY SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership, from among the Club Selections and Alternates. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each Selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS** — and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy from among the Club choices.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR
by Herman Wouk
Price (to members only) \$3.95 | ☐ INSIDE AFRICA
by John Gunther
Price (to members only) \$4.25 |
| ☐ GRANDFATHER STORIES
by Samuel Hopkins Adams
\$3.50 | ☐ NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS
by Mac Hyman \$2.95 |
| ☐ THE GOOD SHEPHERD
by C. S. Forester
Price (to members only) \$3.75 | ☐ HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS
by Marguerite Yourcenar
Price (to members only) \$3.75 |
| ☐ SOMETHING OF VALUE
by Robert Ruark
Price (to members only) \$3.95 | ☐ GREAT RIVER (2 vols. boxed)
by Paul Horgan
(Price (to members only) \$5.95) |
| ☐ ONIONS IN THE STEW
by Betty MacDonald
and NECTAR IN A SIEVE
by Kamala Markandaya
Combined price (to members only) \$5.95 | ☐ TIGER OF THE SNOWS:
The Autobiography of
Tenzing of Everest
Price (to members only) \$3.95 |
| | ☐ A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX
by Bruce Catton
Price (to members only) \$3.95 |

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A411
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send, free, the work I have checked below with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. (A small charge is added for each book bought to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

(Indicate which of these works you wish to receive free)

☐ The Second World War ☐ Abraham Lincoln

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. State.....
(if any)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

†Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Canada's Boom



A LITTLE over a year ago the Reynolds Aluminum Company came up with what seemed like a good idea at the time. The company wanted to expand into the production of primary aluminum. It wanted to do so in the northwestern United States, but there is a big power shortage in that part of the country. The Columbia River, whose power made the state of Washington's atomic energy program possible, has several unused power sites across the Canadian border in British Columbia.

"Why not," wondered the Reynolds company, "go up into Canada, throw a dam across the Columbia, and back the river up into a lake 50 miles long? Then we could install a generating plant and transmit the power down to Washington."

They started to pursue what looked like a very simple proposal. A number of things happened. The Reynolds company took its idea to Premier W. A. C. Bennett of British Columbia. It was proposed that Reynolds pay British Columbia a generous rental for the power site and sell it some of the new power at cost. When Premier Bennett announced that he intended to make the deal, the reaction from Ottawa was severe. Apparently he had been unaware that for forty-five years there had been an embargo on the export of hydroelectric power. The embargo, plus the Canadian tariff, turned agricultural Ontario and Quebec into industrial wedges of concentrated production.

British Columbia protested that it needed power. Ottawa's reply was to unveil a grandiose scheme to reverse the course of the Columbia River itself. The Columbia waters would be made to flow north into the Thompson River, then into the Fraser, and ultimately to the Pacific Ocean at Vancouver.

Along the combined waterway, 4 million horsepower could be developed at a cost of \$1 billion.

"What!" screamed the \$150 million British Columbia fishing industry. "Clutter the Fraser with more power plants to prevent the salmon from spawning? Over our dead bodies."

Canada first

While the fish versus power controversy raged, Reynolds got interested in another power site in Canada. This time it was an Ontario mining company, Frobisher, Ltd., that suggested a development in the Atlin area of northwest British Columbia. If Reynolds would locate its plant in Canada instead of in Washington, it could have access to a potential 5 million horsepower of electric energy.

This affair is a good example of how Canada was industrialized. Given cheap power, American industry would naturally prefer to locate in the U.S. But hold out cheap power as an inducement, then offer the American industrialists tariff protection, and they can be sold on setting up shop in Canada.

This Canadian policy of keeping industrial power at home lies behind the two-year delay in finding markets for Alberta's 20,000 billion cubic feet of surplus natural gas. The 4000 American oilmen now living in Alberta unanimously agree that this gas should be exported to the United States. But, as with electric power, Ottawa has said that it must serve Canadian, and particularly eastern Canadian, needs first. So eighteen months have passed while Clint Murchison and his Texas associates have tried to find \$350 million to finance a 2200-mile gas line from Alberta to Montreal.

Will you accept **WITHOUT CHARGE** EITHER of these Music~Appreciation RECORDS

as a demonstration



Tchaikovsky's FIFTH SYMPHONY

MAX RUDOLF, conducting
The Stadium Concerts Symphony Orchestra

Brahms' VIOLIN CONCERTO

IN D MAJOR
WALTER GOEHR, conducting the London Symphony Orchestra
Andre Wolf, violinist



[Each of these recordings is on two discs—see the note below*]



ON ONE SIDE OF EACH RECORD there is a full performance of a great musical work. The records feature orchestras and soloists of recognized distinction in this country and abroad. You listen to this performance first, or afterward, as you desire, and then . . .



ON THE OTHER SIDE is an illuminating analysis of the music, with the themes and other main features of the work played separately with explanatory comment, so that you can learn *what to listen for* to appreciate the work fully.

***IMPORTANT, PLEASE NOTE:** Because of the length of the works, the Tchaikovsky and the Brahms recordings are each on two records—a 12" disc with the uninterrupted performance only, and a 10" disc presenting the analysis separately.

SPONSORED BY THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, this new idea is designed for those who enjoy good music but who are aware, too often, that they do not listen to it with complete understanding and appreciation. There is no doubt about the reason: most of us are not properly primed about *what to listen for*. MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—for a fuller understanding of music—better than any means ever devised. This enjoyable form of self-education is comparable to the Music Appreciation courses given in many universities, in which these records are already being widely used.

YOU SUBSCRIBE BUT TAKE ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT . . . A new MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD is issued—for subscribers only—every month. You receive a descriptive Announcement about each record, written by the noted composer and music commentator, Deems Taylor. After reading this Announcement you may take the record or not. *You are not obligated to take any specified number of records.*

TWO TYPES OF RECORDS . . . All MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS are high-fidelity, long-playing records

of the highest quality—33 $\frac{1}{3}$ R.P.M. on Vinylite. They are usually of two kinds: first, a so-called Standard Record—a *twelve-inch* disc—which presents the performance on one side, the analysis on the other. This is sold at \$3.60, to subscribers only. The other is an Analysis-Only Record—a *ten-inch* disc—priced at \$2.40. The latter is made available each month for any subscriber who may already have a satisfactory long-playing record of the work being presented. When the selection requires two records—as in the case of the Tchaikovsky *Fifth* and the Brahms' *Violin Concerto*—the price is \$4.90 for each two-record selection. (A small charge is added to the prices above to cover postage and handling.)

TRY A ONE-MONTH SUBSCRIPTION—WITH NO OBLIGATION TO CONTINUE . . . Why not make a simple trial, to see if these records are as pleasurable and as enlightening as you may anticipate? The recording you choose will be sent to you at once—*without charge*. You may end the subscription immediately after hearing this recording, or any time thereafter. In any case, the gift recording is yours to keep.

PLEASE RETURN ONLY IF YOU HAVE A 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ R.P.M. RECORD PLAYER

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

R8-11

Please send me at once, without charge, the Music-Appreciation recording indicated below, and enter my name in a Trial Subscription to MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS, under the conditions stated above. It is understood that, as a subscriber, I am not obligated to buy any specified number of records, but may take only those I want. Also, I may cancel my subscription after hearing this first recording or any time thereafter at my pleasure, but the introductory recording is free in any case.

☐ Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony

☐ Brahms' Violin Concerto

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE..... MAR 50



The Atlantic Report on Canada's Boom



All this, however, has been concerned with potentials. The concrete developments taking place dwarf the potentials completely. Northern Ontario and Quebec, which have long supplied the world with nickel and asbestos, are now producing more iron ore and uranium than nickel and asbestos.

A 360-mile railway line into the wilds of northern Quebec was completed last year, and ore from these open-pit reserves of half a billion tons is now flowing steadily to Canadian and American furnaces. The mines are producing 60,000 tons a day of 54 per cent natural iron ore. This year's shipments will be double those of 1954, and 1956 is likely to see a further substantial increase. Ultimately 20 million tons of iron ore a year will be shipped to the mid-continent market.

The bulldozer takes over

Smaller in scope is the Murdochville development in the Gaspé where the Saint Lawrence River widens into the Gulf. In a country practically unchanged since Cartier sailed past it four hundred years ago, a town of 2000 is servicing the development of a copper mountain containing 67 million tons of ore. The deadfalls of centuries make the forests impassable in summer. Twenty feet of snow blanket it in winter. But such obstacles count for nothing beside modern Canada's sublime faith in the "cat" tractor and the bulldozer. So Canadian mining men are putting \$40 million into this project.

Between Hamilton, Ontario, and Niagara Falls, New York, lies the most beautiful stretch of country in Canada. Every spring people by the hundreds of thousands who invade Niagara go on into Canada to drink up the smell of miles of orchards in bloom. But so great has been the expansion of industrial Ontario that the bulldozers are moving into the orchards to make room for larger and larger manufacturing plants. The pessimists give the orchard industry another decade and then it will have been obliterated by Ontario's need for industrial land. With the north country booming as it is today, Toronto's industrial plants are humming. Despite recent expansion in capacity, the Canadian steel plants cannot supply current demand, and allocations are the order of the day.

Uranium

Three years ago a uranium hit gave Canada its most spectacular stock market boom in a decade. Gunnar Gold Mines was an obscure stock, selling at 30 cents a share until the company staked uranium claims in northern Saskatchewan. The company struck it rich and the stock soared to \$20 a share.

Only a little later, uranium was discovered in northern Ontario in the Algoma district, and other companies scored gains almost as spectacular as Gunnar's. Some of them have signed sales contracts with the Canadian government. The largest has a sealed deal for \$206 million worth of uranium concentrates. It is building two mills capable of processing 3000 tons of ore a day each, while other companies in the area, also under government contract, will be processing 10,000 tons.

The Saint Lawrence Seaway

None of these developments compare in size and scope with the Saint Lawrence Seaway. But curiously enough, now that the seaway is actually being built after thirty years of agitation, it has become a Canadian anticlimax. For those thirty years, the Canadian people waited patiently while one Washington administration after another kicked it around.

Western farmers saw it as a means of cutting the cost of shipping out the things they raised and shipping in the things they used. All along the route, from Montreal west, it was a beacon of hope. It would mean great ports for Fort William and Port Arthur, access to the markets of the world for Windsor, Sarnia, and Toronto. It would mean employment for Ontario and Quebec factories and contractors.

When construction finally started, nobody needed the business any more. Today, excitement over the project is confined to the communities along the river and to interests directly affected by the scheme. The shipping arguments have been drastically revised. The 27-foot channel in the Saint Lawrence will bar all but the smaller ocean craft from moving inland. In western Canada, where interest was once greatest, there is no interest now. Only the power aspect of the project remains in favor. It will develop 2 million badly needed horsepower which will be divided between Ontario and Quebec.

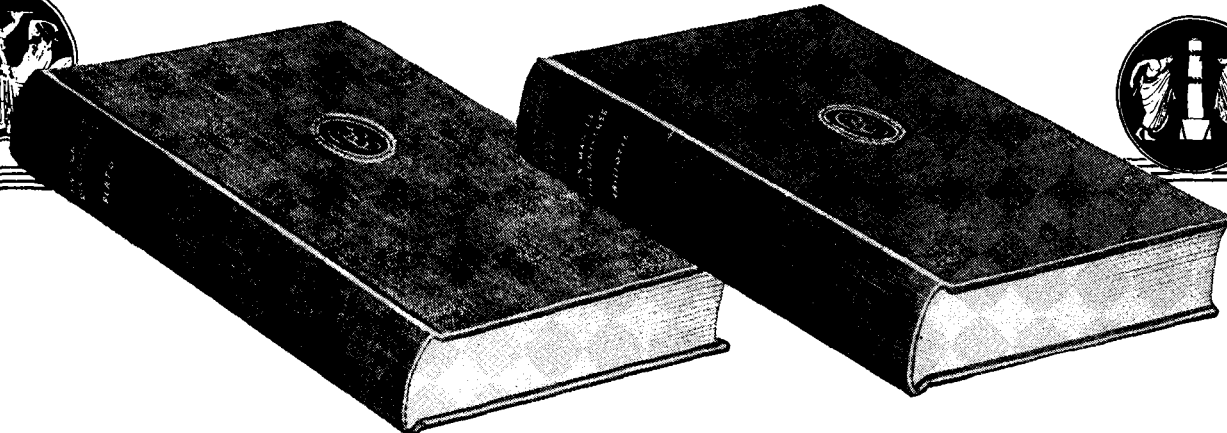
The biggest thing in oil

Since 1947 almost \$2 billion has been poured into oil development in western Canada. That money has drilled 5000 successful oil wells in half a hundred fields. It has brought 15,000 Americans into Alberta from Texas, Oklahoma, and California. It has interlaced the country with pipelines and has sparked the construction of new refineries and office buildings by the score, and of warehouses by the hundred. It has been the main factor in doubling the population of cities like Calgary and Edmonton.

BOTH **IF** **FREE**
TO NEW MEMBERS

...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB,

INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of
PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

NOTHING short of amazing is the way these classics — written two thousand years ago — hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches that lie hidden in our hearts and minds. Little escaped the reflections and discussions of Plato and Aristotle. They were mighty pioneers in the field of knowledge, and their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

PLATO is presented in the famous Jowett translation, and contains the five great dialogues — *Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium, and the Republic*. ARISTOTLE includes the five celebrated essays — *Metaphysics, Parts of Animals, Nicomachean Ethics, Politics, and Poetics*. These splendid De Luxe Classics Club Editions have been brilliantly edited and annotated by Louise Ropes Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College. Both books will be cornerstones of your library. And both are yours *free*, as membership gifts from The Classics Club!

Why The Classics Club Offers You These Two Books Free

WILL YOU ADD these two volumes to your library — as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities

which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops, are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price — and your FREE copies of PLATO and ARISTOTLE — cannot be assured unless you respond promptly.

THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.

Walter J. Black, President
THE CLASSICS CLUB
Roslyn, L. I., New York

XP

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89 plus a few cents mailing charges. (*Books Shipped in U.S.A. Only.*)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No.
(if any)..... State.....

The biggest thing in oil, not only in Canada but in the whole Western Hemisphere, was the discovery on Dominion Day, 1953, of the Pembina field. In a wilderness of forest, swamp, and muskeg, 60 miles southwest of Edmonton, Pembina's proved area extends over 650 square miles, three times the size of the East Texas field. It contains more than a billion barrels of oil, worth almost \$3 billion. Alberta is now producing 300,000 barrels of oil a day and could treble that production overnight if markets could be found. Saskatchewan, with a dozen small fields, has reached 30,000 barrels a day, and Manitoba 12,000 barrels a day.

The need for refineries

Even before the discovery at Pembina, oil was pouring out of Alberta reservoirs in such volume that Canadian refineries in the west could not handle the supply. A 740-mile pipeline was built over the mountains to the Pacific Coast, and a 1400-mile line was built from Edmonton to Sarnia, Ontario, to supply eastern Canadian refineries with 100,000 barrels of Alberta crude oil a day. New refineries have been built at Edmon-

ton, Vancouver, Regina, and Winnipeg. The Shell Company is spending \$75 million on a refinery at Anacortes, Washington, to process Alberta crude oil. General Petroleum has a smaller plant going up at Ferndale, Washington. Socony is building a 25,000-barrel refinery at Minneapolis to refine its Saskatchewan crude oil.

Ten years ago Canada imported 90 per cent of its petroleum needs. Today Alberta could supply the entire Canadian market of around 600,000 barrels a day. At least 90 per cent of the oil being produced in Canada is owned, directly or indirectly, by fewer than a dozen major American oil companies, many of which also own vast reserves of oil in Venezuela and the Middle East

Foreign oil

From Venezuela, American major companies ship 60 million barrels of oil a year to Canada. They supply 8 million from the United States and 7 million from the Middle East. Last year a group of Parisian Frenchmen moved into Montreal with \$35 million and spent it on a new refinery which will use Arabian crude oil. The

American oil lobby heard about this in Washington, about the time American-owned oil from Alberta was being shipped to the new American-owned refineries in Washington state.

The oil lobby wanted to know what Canada was up to. First, it was permitting Arabian oil to displace "American" oil in the eastern Canadian market. Secondly, it was exporting "Canadian" oil to displace "American" oil in the domestic market of Washington state. All this becomes ammunition for another drive to limit American imports of "foreign" oil to the relative 1954 level.

The crowning irony of all, however, is this: the only really and truly "Canadian" oil involved in the whole business is "American" oil. It is oil owned and produced in Texas by Canada's biggest home-owned oil company. That company is British American Oil, which has long been a producer of oil in the United States. This Canadian company does not, however, have to pay a 10 cents per barrel duty to get its own oil into Canada, which is what the American majors have to pay to take their "American" oil home to the States.

Why does Canada keep its natural gas and hydroelectric power but freely sell its uranium and oil abroad? The Canadian reasoning is that the sources of power it keeps home will give its industry a cost edge that would not be possible if exports of hydroelectric power and gas were permitted. It just hasn't thought of oil and uranium as being sources of industrial power.

While Canadian oil could supply all of the country's needs, the government permits imported crude from Venezuela, the United States, and the Middle East to hold half the market, forcing Canadian production to be curtailed. Here the government follows the let-sleeping-dogs-lie policy. Because the American major oil companies own the crude regardless of origin, they are not using pressure to bar the foreign product. And before the Venezuelan crude could be replaced by Canadian crude, its American owners would have to build a 500-mile pipeline from Sarnia to Montreal. If the American owners of the oil are prepared to leave it in the ground in Alberta, the Canadian government is perfectly content.

80 PROOF

"No matter where you are—after dinner there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie"

The cordial with the Scotch Whisky base

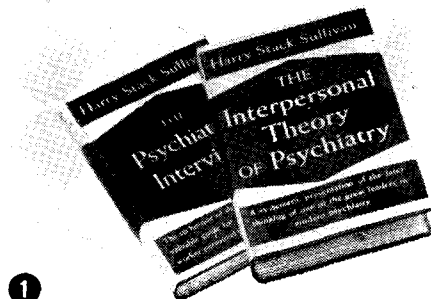
Made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur, Drambuie is famous for its unique dry flavour and exquisite bouquet.

after dinner a DRAM of DRAMBUIE

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y., N. Y., Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

A Charter Invitation

TO JOIN THE LEADING SOCIAL SCIENTISTS IN RECEIVING
OUTSTANDING BOOKS LIKE THESE
AT SAVINGS UP TO 40%



1

INTERPERSONAL THEORY OF PSYCHIATRY and THE PSYCHIATRIC INTERVIEW

By Harry Stack Sullivan
(Two volumes count as one Selection)

Two major works by the founder of the interpersonal school of psychiatry.
Combined list price \$9.50, Member's price \$6.75

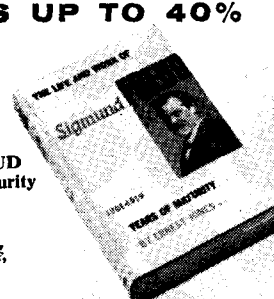
2

LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD VOL. II: Years of Maturity

By Ernest Jones

Second volume of
"one of the outstanding
biographies of the age."
The New York Times.
List price \$6.75.

Member's price \$5.50



3

IN THE MINDS OF MEN, By Gardner Murphy and NATURE OF PREJUDICE By Gordon Allport

(Two volumes count as one Selection)

These definitive books on group tensions lay bare
the origins of racial and religious prejudice.
Combined list price \$9.75, Member's price \$5.95

6

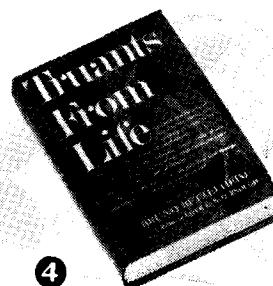
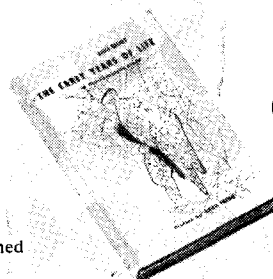
THE EARLY YEARS OF LIFE

By Alice Balint

Explains irrational
fears, sexual frustrations,
day-to-day conflicts of
parent and child.
Preface by Anna Freud.

List price \$3.50.

Member's price \$2.95



4

TRUANTS FROM LIFE

By Bruno Bettelheim

Case histories of the emotional
rehabilitation of four "incurable"
juvenile delinquents.

List price \$6.00.

Member's price \$4.95

5

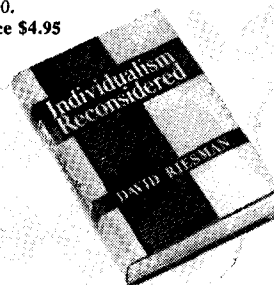
INDIVIDUALISM RECONSIDERED

By David Riesman

The new volume by the distinguished
author of *Lonely Crowd*.

List price \$6.00.

Member's price \$4.95



7

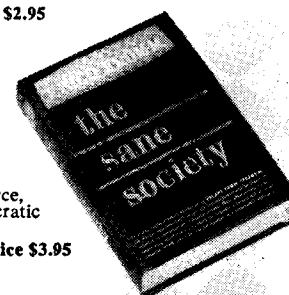
THE SANE SOCIETY*

By Erich Fromm

Probes the causes of
widespread alcoholism, divorce,
neurosis and apathy in democratic
society.

List price \$5.00, Member's price \$3.95

*Not available as free book



Free

ON JOINING BASIC BOOKS
YOUR CHOICE OF THESE FINE VOLUMES IN

PSYCHIATRY • PSYCHOLOGY • CHILD DEVELOPMENT

Each year for the past 10 years, over 15,000 professional leaders have joined together in Basic Books to study the latest advances in psychiatry, psychology, sociology, child development, and anthropology. Now, for the first time, our Editors are able to invite you to become an Associate of Basic Books—to join with these professional people in receiving the authoritative books on social science, at savings as high as 40%.

As an Associate of Basic Books, you will receive those books of enduring value which are written in non-technical language, especially selected for you by our Editors from the same fine volumes the behavioral scientists buy. Books of narrow, over-specialized interest are excluded. Selections deal with a fascinating range of subjects, including: advanced methods for treatment and prevention of juvenile delinquency; recent applications of the revolutionary theory of interper-

sonal relations; latest discoveries in child care and development; the vital new field of group dynamics. *All Basic Books Selections contribute in some way to broadening and deepening the far-ranging, truly informed intellect.*

A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Choose absolutely FREE, as your enrollment gift, any one of the books (or two-volume sets) shown above—values as high as \$9.75. Choose at the same time your first Selection—as low as \$2.95. Send no money now; your books will be shipped at once. As an Associate, you need take as few as two more Selections at the reduced Member's Prices during the next 12 months. For every four Selections you take, you will receive a FREE BONUS BOOK of your own choice. As a member you will also receive without charge the *Basic Book News*, in which noted authorities review and discuss the current Selections.

Editorial Advisory Board

Ernest Jones, M.D.
Honorary Pres., Internatl. Psychoanalytic Assn.
Clyde Kluckhohn, Ph.D.
Professor of Anthropology, Harvard University
Robert P. Knight, M.D.
Past President, American Psychoanalytic Assn.
Gardner Murphy, Ph.D.
Past President, American Psychological Assn.
Clara Thompson, M.D.
Exec. Director, William Alanson White Institute

UP TO \$13.25 WORTH OF FINE BOOKS FOR AS
LITTLE AS \$2.95! USE THIS COUPON TO ENROLL

BASIC BOOKS • 59 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

Enroll me as an Associate and send the books I have listed below—one without charge (my first FREE Bonus Book) and the other as my first Membership Selection (to be billed at the reduced Member's Price). I need take as few as 2 more Selections during the next 12 months. For every 4 Selections I take at the reduced Member's Price, I will receive a FREE Bonus Book. Send me FREE the Book above numbered 1 2 3 4 5 6 (circle one)

Send as my first Membership Selection, at the reduced Member's Price 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 (circle one)

Guarantee: If you are not entirely satisfied with your first books, merely return them within 10 days. Your Charter Membership will be canceled; you will owe nothing.

Name (print plainly).....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

(To Charter Member's Price is added a few cents for postage) 372

BASIC BOOKS • 59 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington

THE country will need time to adjust itself to the loss of President Eisenhower's leadership. The most hopeful assumption is that the President will be able to serve out his term. Assuming this, two sets of problems are created: how the government will be run until his recovery, and which party, and which candidate, will succeed to power.

Under the Constitution a President may resign. None has. A President may, by law, delegate much authority. Eisenhower has done so. But both the Constitution and the laws offer many explicit cases in which only the occupant of the White House can act. The latest and most dramatic example is the power granted by Congress to Eisenhower alone last January to use American armed forces in the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores, and of Quemoy and Matsu as well if he judged it necessary.

Congress could pass some of these powers to a Vice President. Doubtless the lawyers can find others which may be delegated without act of Congress. But the current Congress is controlled by Democrats. They will delegate nothing, even within their constitutional powers, to Richard Nixon unless it is absolutely unavoidable.

For a period the President will have to reign rather than rule, giving his assent to decisions reached in his absence by the strong men of the Administration. They are Secretary of State Dulles, Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, Admiral Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and to a lesser degree Vice President Nixon. But every move in that direction will be vigorously policed by the Democrats. Nixon can expect to be an especial target in order to deflate his presidential ambitions.

The Kremlin waiting game

In foreign affairs, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that Moscow will now play a wait-and-see game, pending the next election. Time, Moscow appears to reason, is running on her side as long as the "spirit of Geneva" is dominant. Expectations in Washington have been that it will take many Geneva Conferences to bring agreements on the substantive, as divided from the peripheral, issues.

Washington officials are agreed generally that a) the Kremlin's current leaders junked the Stalin tough policy because it had long since passed the point of diminishing returns; b) they therefore embarked on the soft line because they hoped it would lead to a lessening of Western pressure created in response to Stalin's belligerency; c) they feel that dividends from such a policy have only begun to flow in and that more can be collected over a long period of time; d) hence they can avoid for a long time granting what the United States wants: acts which mean withdrawal of Soviet power toward or across the Russian frontier.

Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy has publicly put the American aim in these words: "We shall hope that the Soviet leadership will not want to see a reversion to the former state of distrust and tension and that they will be willing to pay some appreciable price to avoid it."

But this is naïve. For there is no reason to think that Moscow believes it will have to pay any appreciable price. The Russians well know that it was Moscow, not Washington, which created the era of distrust and tension, and that only Moscow's actions can re-create it. The Moscow talk, at and since the "summit," that the time is not ripe to unify Germany presaged the Soviet effort to exploit the *détente* to the fullest before determining whether to pay some appreciable price.

Only a continuation of Western military strength, only maintenance of Western unity in Europe and an increase of non-Communist unity in Asia, can bring Moscow to agreement on Germany, on security, or on arms limitation or reduction. The West must convince the Russians that the West can afford the arms race longer than can Moscow, that NATO will not fall apart, that the allies will not be consumed in bickering and distrust, that the West's economic health will continue to increase, that even more effective measures will be taken to isolate and reduce the Communist strength in free world parliaments.

The men in Moscow doubtless have been reading with satisfaction the clippings which tell of British

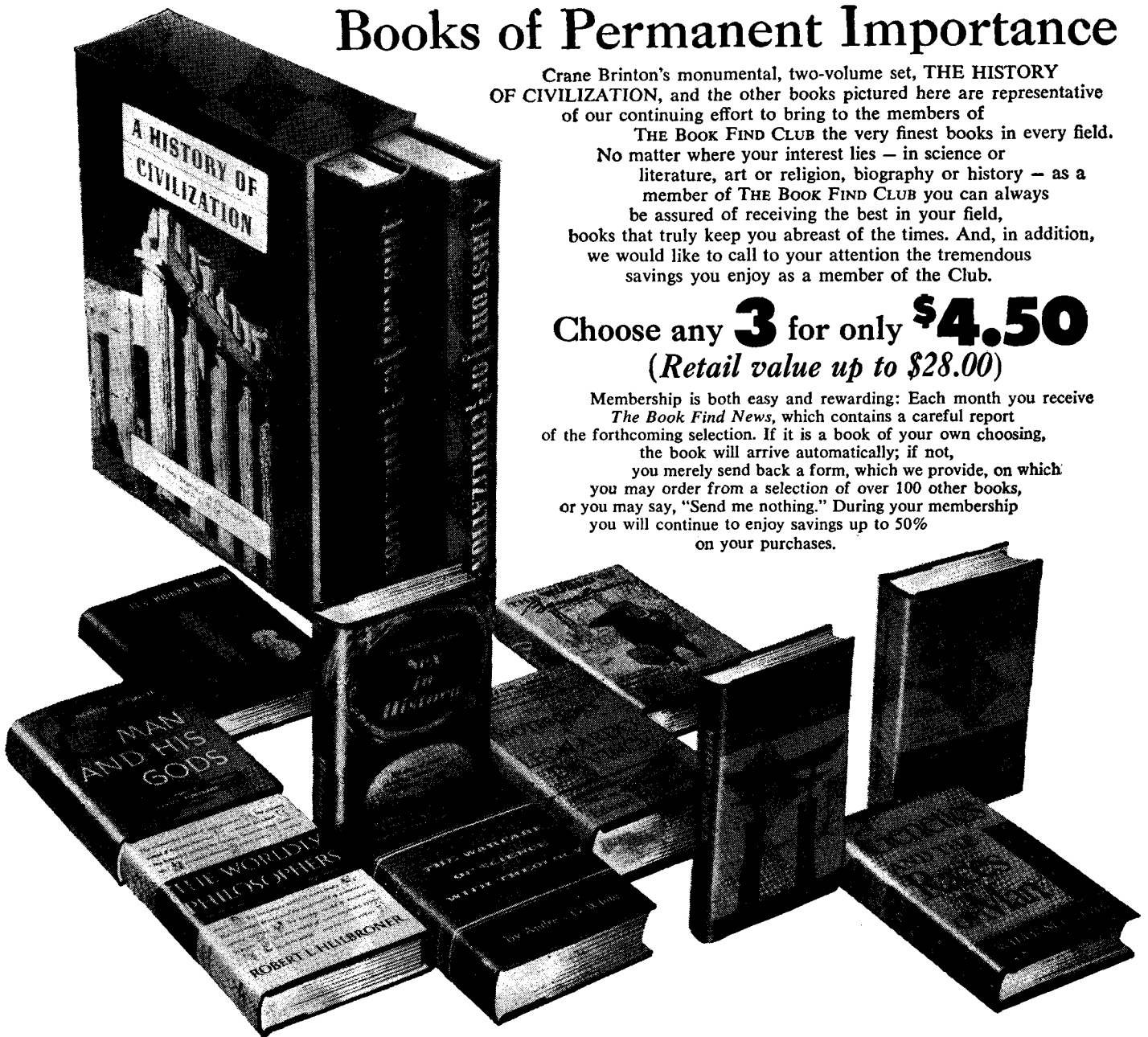
Books of Permanent Importance

Crane Brinton's monumental, two-volume set, **THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION**, and the other books pictured here are representative of our continuing effort to bring to the members of **THE BOOK FIND CLUB** the very finest books in every field.

No matter where your interest lies — in science or literature, art or religion, biography or history — as a member of **THE BOOK FIND CLUB** you can always be assured of receiving the best in your field, books that truly keep you abreast of the times. And, in addition, we would like to call to your attention the tremendous savings you enjoy as a member of the Club.

Choose any **3** for only **\$4.50**
(Retail value up to \$28.00)

Membership is both easy and rewarding: Each month you receive *The Book Find News*, which contains a careful report of the forthcoming selection. If it is a book of your own choosing, the book will arrive automatically; if not, you merely send back a form, which we provide, on which you may order from a selection of over 100 other books, or you may say, "Send me nothing." During your membership you will continue to enjoy savings up to 50% on your purchases.



1 — A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. By Crane Brinton, John B. Christopher & Robert Lee Wolff. 2 vols., boxed, more than 1400 pages, 8" x 10" Hundreds of illustrations, more than 50 maps, endpapers. A brilliant survey of man's experience from pre-history to mid-twentieth century. List price \$16.00. Members' price \$9.95.

2 — SCIENCE, RELIGION AND REALITY. Edited by Joseph Needham. Introductory Essay by George Sarton. A brilliant discussion of the relations of science and religion by Malinowski, Singer, Eddington and others. Pub. ed. \$3.95. Members' price \$2.45.

3 — SEX IN HISTORY. By G. Rattray Taylor. The history of human attitudes towards sex and its role in society, art and religion. Pub. ed. \$5.00. Members' price \$2.50.

4 — THE HISTORY OF THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE WITH THEOLOGY IN CHRISTENDOM. Andrew D. White's comprehensive study of the continuing struggle for dominion over the minds of men. One-vol. ed. Members' price \$5.00.

5 — THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. A magnificent record of Leonardo's thought, illustrated with his drawings. Originally published in two volumes at \$15.00. One vol. ed. Members' price \$5.00.

6 — HIROSHIMA DIARY. By Michihiko Hachiya, M.D. A major documentary of our times — a tribute to the courage and hopefulness of man. Pub. ed. \$3.50. Members' price \$2.25.

7 — THE WORLD OF BEMELMANS. Four of his best loved books and several new stories, including *SMALL BEER*, and *I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU*. Pub. ed. \$4.95. Members' price \$2.50.

8 — MAN AND HIS GODS. By Homer W. Smith. An examination of man's religious beliefs through the ages, by one of today's outstanding scientists. Pub. ed. \$5.00. Members' price \$2.45.

9 — THE HUMAN ANIMAL. By Weston La Barre. A basic work in the biological interpretation of human nature and conduct. Pub. ed. \$6.00. Members' price \$2.50.

10 — GENETICS AND THE RACES OF MAN. By William C. Boyd. Physical anthropology in the light of contemporary science. Pub. ed. \$6.00. Members' price \$2.65.

11 — THE WORLDLY PHILOSOPHERS. By Robert Heilbroner. The lives and ideas of the great economic thinkers from the 18th century to the present. Pub. ed. \$5.00. Members' price \$2.50.

CLIP COUPON BELOW AND MAIL TODAY

THE BOOK FIND CLUB • 215 Fourth Avenue • New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me, for only \$4.50 plus 24¢ postage and handling, the three books I have indicated by encircling the appropriate numbers at right. I am to receive free the monthly Book Find News. I agree to buy as few as 4 additional books during my first year of membership; and I may resign without obligation at any time thereafter.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

Name _____ (please print)

Street _____

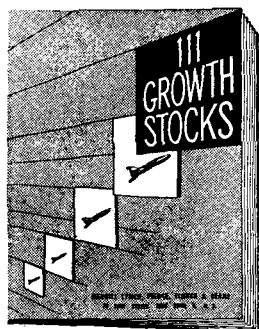
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(In Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

A-55-3

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

Are you interested in growth stocks?



If you are, you'll probably want a copy of our new publication "111 GROWTH STOCKS"

It represents the best judgment of all the industry specialists in our Research Department about those companies most likely to grow at better than average rates in the years ahead.

A little over a year ago, when we brought out a publication like this for the first time, investors found it one of the most useful studies we ever issued.

If you think you'd find this new edition helpful, we'll be glad to send you a copy—without charge or obligation.

No, we're not anxious just to give this valuable 44-page book away. But if you are sincerely interested in growth stocks—and if you can afford the long-term risks involved in buying them—we're equally interested in seeing that you have the best review of the subject that we know about. If you want a copy of "111 GROWTH STOCKS", just write—

Department SR-75

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE**
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 107 Cities

moves to cut the draft term, of France stripping its NATO forces to cope with North Africa, of Greek-Turkish tempers over Cyprus, of Washington talk of balancing the budget to prepare for a campaign tax cut by whittling a billion dollars or so from the Pentagon's funds. But the Administration knows that high taxes will be inevitable over the years ahead.

It was the President who said, in an advance defense of his decision to meet the Russians, that the American people are today more mature in their understanding of our world position. Yet the party politicians — and here party lines are hardly distinguishable — tend to look no further ahead than the nearest ballot box. As a result, a good many government officials view the long *détente* with considerable alarm.

Folsom: new boss of HEW

A soft-spoken, abstemious Republican businessman who has taken over direction of the sprawling Department of Health, Education, and Welfare very likely is going to be a key figure in the fortunes of his party at the presidential polls next year. He is Marion B. Folsom, former chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, recently Under Secretary of the Treasury, and a man whose knowledge of the field in which he is now operating goes back to his important role in the birth of governmental social security some two decades ago.

The contrast with Oveta Culp Hobby, whose interest in the work of the Department was minimal, could not be more complete. It is the frankly stated hope of the Republicans that Folsom will find the ways and means to make the voters forget about Mrs. Hobby's lack of foresight in the polio vaccine affair, her insistence on a health program that nobody wanted, her opposition to extension of social security, and her refusal to recognize or do anything about the nation's appalling school-room and teacher problems.

For all his associations with past Democratic administrations, Folsom is not a New Dealer. He is not going to buy the CIO or ADA prescriptions. But he may very well blunt what up to his arrival in the Cabinet was a major weapon in the Democratic arsenal. In Mrs. Hobby's adamancy,

the Democrats had an argument that the Eisenhower Administration would do nothing for the masses and hence was the party of big business. But Folsom is a very different kind of person.

Three of his first moves at HEW were indicative of what to expect. He announced that "we are taking a new look at the whole health program," a polite bureaucratic way of saying that he was ditching the Hobby reinsurance scheme to reimburse private insurance firms. He announced that "we can't ignore" the fact that the Democrats in the House had jammed through a social security extension measure over Mrs. Hobby's objections. And he named as his departmental under secretary Dr. Herold C. Hunt, a former Chicago and Kansas City school superintendent. Hunt immediately declared that he "could attest to the crisis confronting education — the unfilled classrooms as far as teachers are concerned and the bulging classrooms as far as pupils are concerned."

Folsom, who has tangled in the past with the American Medical Association, favors widespread expansion of the service type of health insurance, some form of insurance protection against catastrophic illness (perhaps, like auto insurance, on a deductible basis of \$50 to \$300); but he opposes putting medical protection in the social security program. His philosophy is to care for the great bulk of the need, be it old-age insurance or medical costs, and then a way can be found to handle the remaining aspects of the problem.

Who pays for the schools?

On the school crisis, Folsom will depend a great deal on Hunt. The White House Conference on Education, meeting in Washington from November 28 through December 1, may or may not play a part in creating a new Administration program for submission to Congress.

The pressure to "do something" about schools was very great during the last session of Congress and, judging by the statistics of this fall's school enrollments, will be overwhelming at next year's more politically sensitive session. The President did an about-face last spring and asked Congress for a \$200 million grant program, but his request satis-

fied no one. Both House and Senate wrangled fruitlessly over the problem and nothing was enacted into law.

The religious issue — whether states should be allowed to use federal funds for parochial as well as public school construction — happily was kept in the background last time. But with the likelihood that some sort of bill will be enacted next year, the religious issue will provide an additional hurdle.

What Folsom recommends, in terms of meeting the need, may not necessarily be what the Administration sends to the Capitol. For there are two strong forces building up which will affect any proposals likely to cost as much money as an adequate school program.

One is the determination of Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey to balance the budget. With continued prosperity there is indeed a good chance of budget balancing, provided the Pentagon's colossal share of the expenditures pie can be sliced without alarming the public in terms of national defense.

But the contrary influence is likely to emerge from the Republican National Committee. Whatever appeal a balanced budget may have to the voters, it is easy to figure that it is more of an abstract idea than the concrete evidence of cash on the barrelhead for hard-pressed school districts which otherwise must boost the local tax bills.

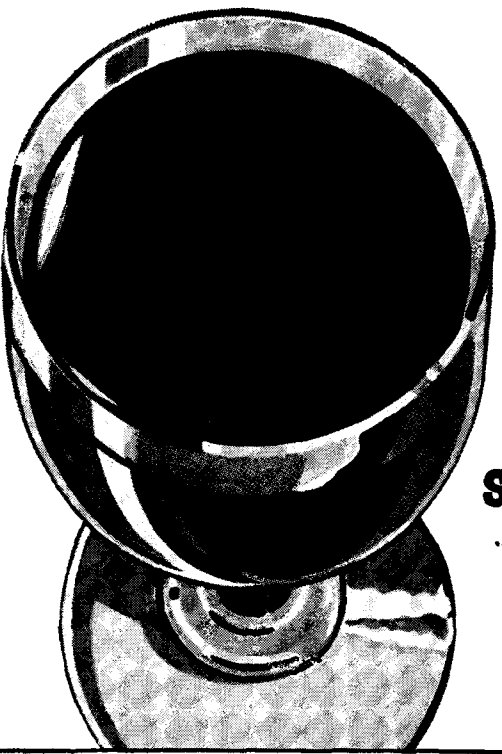
Farm prosperity as an issue

Farm prosperity and American politics have always been closely intertwined. From the Democratic rumblings and Republican alarms the past couple of months it is clear that farm prosperity will play a big part in the 1956 campaign.

Much of our thinking has been falsely based on the city dweller's idea that there is something he calls "the farmer." In fact, the farmers have competitive interests among themselves much as do industrialists or union members. The chicken or beef producer is affected by the price he must pay the farmer who grows his feed. Many farmers have diversified their operations. And a lot of people who get into the census figures as "farmers" are in fact only

PORTS
from Portugal





SHERRIES
from Spain

SANDEMAN®
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1790
Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

Top School Adviser Falls For Writing Course and Loves It!

With the entire field to choose from, with her years of training in distinguishing the good from the poor, a top educational adviser,* when she wanted to take a course in writing, chose this one . . . and after four years she is still recommending it . . . This is what she says:

*"I want you to know of my appreciation of this course of yours. Your step-by-step treatment, your assignment sheets, your letters of comment, your human understanding of flounders, your amusing and astute textbook — all are admirable — and UNIQUE. Thank you for it all. I shall broadcast my admiration of what you are doing." * Name on request.*

(This testimonial, like all our others, is unsolicited and unpaid!)

WE TEACH YOU TO WRITE STORIES AND THEN WE HELP YOU SELL THEM!

As you read these words, NYS students are receiving personal collaboration under qualified instructors currently active in publishing as writers or editors or both. Since 1934 we have taught people to WRITE and SELL and MAKE MONEY through these famous assignments based on these best known of all books for writers — and written by the author of that book.

The nationally known literary agent, A. L. Fierst, who will handle the sale of YOUR stories, has placed such sensational successes as THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON and many other books, serials and stories.

A SAMPLE OF STUDENT SALES

1. A \$750 sale to the Saturday Evening Post (when the author was only half through the work).
2. Over 700 sales to leading markets including COSMOPOLITAN (we started selling for her before she was finished with the course).
3. Atlantic, Holiday, Saturday Evening Post, 2 Books — and a major book club choice — all for one NYS graduate.

These are examples: NYS graduates sell to all lucrative publishing fields including the top magazines and book publishers.

Famous Authors and Editors to Help Your Writing Career Through NYS

Our staff of instructors includes:

HENRY KANE

For three years writer of *Martin Kane, Private Eye*, TV series; author of 13 books, creator of book and radio character Peter Chambers; author of motion pictures — (latest, *New York Confidential*). Author of stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Esquire* (Esquire devoted a feature article to him).

STANLEY ELLIN

Winner of First Prize in the latest *Ellery Queen* contest and seven major prizes in previous contests. Author of books, *The Dreadful Summit*, *The Key to Nicholas Street*. Author of material in *Cosmopolitan* and *McCall's*, writer of motion picture *The Big Night*. Featured on three major television programs.

And other editors and writers.

VALUABLE INSTRUCTIONS BOOK FREE

The free booklet **WRITING FOR A PROFITABLE CAREER** will be of much value to you. It will be sent to you without any obligation on your part by this long established and successful course.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF WRITING, Dept. 143
2 East 45 Street, New York 17, N. Y. **FREE**

Please send me at no obligation your FREE booklet "Writing for a Profitable Career", and full information concerning your course.

Name

Address

Licensed by the State of New York
(This inquiry is confidential. No salesman will call.)

Winged Victory of Samothrace—
2nd Century, B. C.



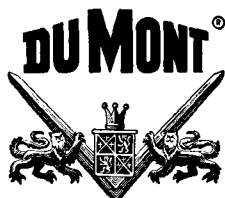
**RECOGNIZED
AS THE HEIGHT
OF QUALITY
THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD!**

The leadership of Du Mont
results from a clear ideal...
to give every owner
of Du Mont at every price
the greatest possible value.



The 24-inch Du Mont DOUGLAS

*Remember.... IT'S YOUR SET
BUT IT'S OUR REPUTATION*



FIRST WITH THE FINEST IN TELEVISION

marginally employed on the land, drawing the steady core of their income from industrial or service jobs.

There is a clear need for a new look at the figures which pass for farm statistics. This is especially true when one considers that the 25 per cent of our population classed as living on farms in 1930 is fast dwindling to half that figure. And fewer farmers, working fewer hours, are constantly increasing their total output.

Wheat and cotton surplus

The farm "crisis" about which the Democrats speak springs, essentially, from the fact that wheat and cotton production has been keyed to feed not only domestic needs but vast foreign markets which in recent years have been contracting and which by every sign will further contract. It is no good to say, as one Democrat has put it, that "the American farmer seems to have become the pawn of diplomacy." The State Department is not "giving away" American markets. Post-war recovery and farm advancement around the globe have simply undercut the high-priced American product.

Secretary Benson can say with honesty that things are not as bad as the Democrats paint them — farm real estate values went up 2 per cent in the past year; farm machinery sales are holding up; farm debts now amount to about 11 per cent of total farm assets, compared with 19 per cent in 1940; and, while total farm income is down, the decline in the number of farmers has resulted in a slight per capita increase in income since 1953.

"Diplomacy," it is true, has thus far prevented the United States from openly dumping abroad its huge farm surpluses which overhang and depress wheat and cotton prices especially. The answer must be found in the management of our farm output, demonstrably a difficult problem given the independence which the individual farmer so greatly values.

The Republican's case for flexible farm prices makes a great deal of sense provided there are no escape hatches. One way of preventing diversion of land barred to wheat, for example, would be to pay the farmer to let it lie fallow, since the Administration lacks the political courage to



THANKS N.I.A. FOR WRITING ACHIEVEMENT

"One day while looking through a magazine I saw an N.I.A. ad and decided to enroll. I have sold a question and answer to the 'Quiz-Em' column in 'This Week' Magazine. I also had a feature published with a by-line in the Lapeer County Press. Thanks to N.I.A. for my writing success." — Mrs. Norma Sullivan, Marlette, Michigan.

What Makes WRITING ability GROW?

For a number of years, the Newspaper Institute of America has been giving FREE Writing Aptitude Tests to men and women with literary ambitions.

Sometimes it seems half of the people in America who are fired with the desire to write have taken advantage of this offer to measure their ability.

What the tests show

Up to date, no one who could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to make up a successful author.

One aspirant has interesting ideas — and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination, but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack — yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior, in each case, success can come only after the missing links have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided — incomplete. It needs rounding out.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on continuous writing — the sort of training that turns out more successful writers than any other experience. Many of the authors of today's "best sellers" are newspaper-trained men and women.

One advantage of our New York Copy Desk Method is that it starts you writing and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week, you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily.

All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran writers with years of experience "breaking in" new authors. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. At the same time, they will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they skyrocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of \$25, \$50, \$100 or more, for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on business, current events, travel, hobbies, literary affairs, homemaking, local, club and church activities, etc. — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

For those who want to know—Free Writing Aptitude Test

If you really want to know the truth about your writing ambitions, send for our interesting Writing Aptitude Test. This searching test of your native abilities is FREE — entirely without obligation. Fill in and send the coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.)

(Licensed by State of New York)
(Approved Member National Home Study Council)

Free Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Atlantic Monthly, November.

Miss }
Mrs. }
Mr. }
Address
City Zone State
(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 28-T-435
☐ Check here if Veteran.

Copyright 1955. Newspaper Institute of America

force him to do so. A federal leasing plan to do that is now under study. Just what Benson will recommend is not likely to be firmed up until Congress reconvenes.

Rigid parity no answer

The Democrats, however, have a dilemma of their own. The bulk of them have no alternative to offer beyond a return to 90 per cent rigid parity payments which brought forth the great floods of grain and fiber when they were so badly needed by the free world.

Some Democrats realize that a return to this formula is not the answer, but few have the political courage to say so. Adlai Stevenson, during the 1952 Congressional campaign, was highly critical of the GOP flexible support program but added his doubt that rigid supports were the answer. For expressing such doubts he was privately criticized by farm belt Democratic politicians.

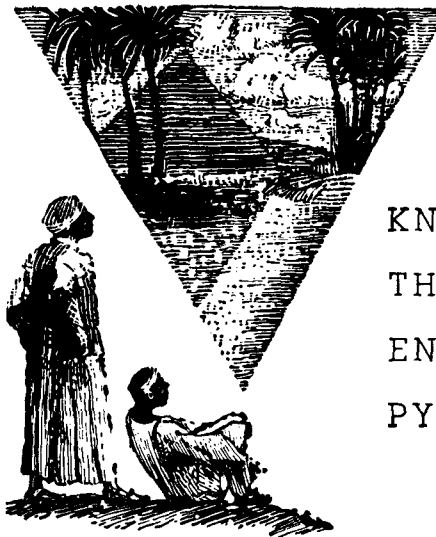
In a political year it is too much to expect a calm search for the answer, which, by the nature of farmers and farming, cannot be simple. All that is certain is that the farm vote will be a major target of both parties and that Congress will debate it loud and long.

Mood of the Capital

The President's illness turned the Democratic nomination into a real horse race. Stevenson at the moment is out front and on the rail, but the big city bosses will be watching Harriman.

Despite the President's repeated warnings, Republican leaders had refused to consider that he might not run. Privately they said they could not win with anyone else. Now they are faced with a late August convention, the latest in modern times, because Eisenhower was to be the nominee. Those who dislike Nixon cannot openly assault him lest the President have a second attack, resign, and put Nixon in the White House. No Vice President who has succeeded to the Presidency has been denied nomination since Chester A. Arthur.

If President Eisenhower had been given another term in which to solidify the strength of the Republican Party and attract able young men into political life it would have been a healthy thing for our two-party system.



KNOWLEDGE
THAT HAS
ENDURED WITH THE
PYRAMIDS

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and learned to interpret certain *Secret Methods* for the development of their inner power of mind. They learned to command the inner forces within their own beings, and to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages. Today it is extended to those who dare to use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

This Sealed Book — FREE

Has life brought you that personal satisfaction, the sense of achievement and happiness that you desire? If not, it is your duty to yourself to learn about this rational method of applying natural laws for the mastery of life. To the thoughtful person it is obvious that everyone cannot be entrusted with an intimate knowledge of the mysteries of life, for everyone is not capable of properly using it. But if you are one of those possessed of a true desire to forge ahead and wish to make use of the subtle influences of life, the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) will send you a Sealed Book of explanation without obligation. This Sealed Book tells how you, in the privacy of your own home, without interference with your personal affairs or manner of living, may receive these secret teachings. Not weird or strange practices, but a rational application of the basic laws of life. Use the coupon, and obtain your complimentary copy.

The ROSICRUCIANS

SAN JOSE

(A M O R C)

CALIFORNIA

SCRIBE: P.A.D.

The Rosicrucians (AMORC)
San Jose, California

Please send free copy of Sealed Book, which I shall read as directed.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

Use this
coupon for
FREE
copy of book

AMENHOTEP IV
FOUNDER OF EGYPT'S
MYSTERY SCHOOLS





Jordan

IN JORDAN as in Israel, the most important question today is water. Water links the fate of the Arab people of the desert inextricably with that of the children of Israel. Both are intent on making the desert bloom. Both must depend on the limited waters of the Jordan River to work this transformation.

In the Middle East desert areas, water constitutes the main object of property ownership. Land becomes merely an accessory. This is implicit in the desert code, which recognizes the right of nomads to water their flocks regardless of boundaries. Thus for years tribes in southern Jordan have moved on into Saudi Arabia for water despite unfriendly relations between the two governments.

Water rights have been an element in every dispute over Palestine since 1923. Surveys undertaken during the mandate period showed that although the Jordan and its principal tributary, the Yarmuk, could be dammed and canalized to irrigate lands in the Jordan Valley, which runs for a hundred miles between Lake Huleh and the Dead Sea, there still would not be enough water.

For this reason, Zionist planners both before and since Partition have pushed an entirely novel and daring solution to the Jordan water shortage. Their plan envisioned taking the water out of the Jordan altogether and piping it to the coastal plain and the Negev Desert in the south. To replace Jordan water in the valley, they planned to draw water from Lebanon's Litani River into the upper Jordan. Thus the absorptive capacity of the Promised Land would be expanded to meet the needs of mass immigration.

Arab resistance to this contemplated development scheme has been understandably adamant. On the eastern side of the Jordan, the country's only asset is its water. By Partition and the subsequent Palestine war, Jordan lost access to Haifa harbor and all the other economic advantages which close relationship with mandated Palestine had provided. Subsequent incorporation by Transjordan of the remnants of Arab Palestine west of the Jordan did not improve the situation. In man-

date days this part of the country benefited from the more prosperous economy of the coastal region. Deprived of this connection it has become a liability.

In western Jordan, scores of frontier villages were cut off from their productive lands by the armistice lines imposed on the late King Abdullah under threat of resumed hostilities by the Israelis in 1949. The withdrawal of the Arab Legion from its positions for two miles along this sector widened the coastal plain and gave Israel control of the road to Galilee. But at the same time it made economic refugees of thousands of border villagers on the Arab hillsides.

500,000 people on relief

Jordan's economic troubles have been compounded beyond repair by the influx of 500,000 refugees, who now make up over a third of the country's population and who constitute a grave economic and political problem.

On the surface, in the capital of Amman, grown now to a city of 200,000, this economic stress is not apparent. Impressive stone buildings line new avenues. Hotels are jammed. Traffic lines, neon lights, and a general air of progress present a deceptive appearance of prosperity. Behind this attractive façade a deep anxiety pervades the atmosphere. How can this desert country, with only 10 per cent of its land potentially cultivable, support its own growing population and become a going concern without indefinite extension of the subsidies it now receives from Britain and the United States?

A short taxi ride in any direction out of Amman reveals the artificial and unreal character of the capital city. At Zerka a small valley town is overwhelmed by surrounding refugee settlements. Toward Jericho some of the largest camps appear, sheltering families which have existed there on UN rations for seven years.

The only bright spot in this direction is the Arab Development Society training center. This center, evolved from one begun ten years ago in Palestine with Iraqi funds, trains orphaned Arab refugee boys to reclaim and cultivate desert land. Its



The new Director 21. UHF-VHF tuner. Two extra-large speakers. Blond tropical hardwood finish. Also in mahogany finish (model 21CT662), \$895.

BIG COLOR BY RCA VICTOR

The final touch of beauty in TV—ready for you now in your choice of two new 21-inch Color TV sets.

Your guests arrive. One of them notices your handsome new TV set. You turn it on, not saying a word. Then . . . "Oh, it's Color TV!" someone exclaims.

Listen to their excited comments. How big the picture is! (It's big 21-inch TV—in color.) How true the colors are! (This is the special meaning of Big Color by RCA Victor.)

Then you tell them about the won-

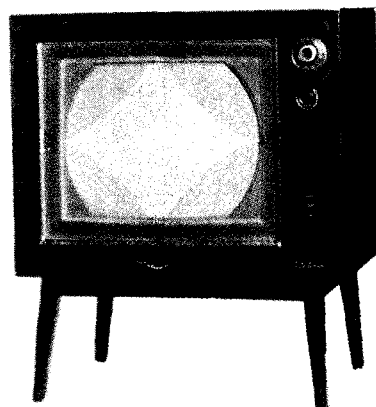
ders you watch in brilliant color. Spectaculars . . . stirring plays . . . college football. And because this is Compatible Color, pioneered and developed by RCA, you see black-and-white programs in black-and-white, too!

This is a picture that can come to life for you now. The first step: phone your RCA Victor dealer. He is holding an invitation for you—to see an actual colorcast on RCA Victor Color TV some evening soon!

Worry-Free! With an RCA Victor Factory Service Contract (optional, extra) you get expert installation and maintenance. Available in most TV areas but only to RCA Victor TV owners.

See Milton Berle, Martha Raye on NBC-TV alternately, 2 out of every 3 Tuesdays. Don't miss NBC-TV's "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color or black-and-white, NBC-TV, Nov. 14. KIDS! Enter Colgate's big "Name the Tugboat" contest. See "Howdy Doody" in Color on NBC-TV at your RCA Victor dealer's.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised UHF-VHF list prices shown, subject to change.



The new Seville 21. UHF-VHF tuner. Mahogany or blond tropical hardwood finish (21CT661), \$795.

RCA VICTOR
TM & © RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



FIRST IN BLACK-AND-WHITE TELEVISION • FIRST IN COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
 ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISSILE SYSTEMS

SCIENTISTS

Typical areas of interest include:

Neutron and reactor physics; general electronics and radar; applied mathematics; systems analysis of guidance and controls; integration of ballistic type missiles with vertical guidance; upper atmosphere electromagnetic properties; RF propagation in microwaves; experimental laboratory instrumentation.

Inquiries are invited.

Lockheed

MISSILE SYSTEMS DIVISION

*research and
engineering staff*

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
VAN NUYS • CALIFORNIA

founder and leader, Musa el-Alami, a Cambridge-educated lawyer, was granted 4000 unpromising acres of land by the Jordan government six years ago. His discovery of fresh water, where experts had said none could be, led to a new method of simultaneous desalination and cultivation which the center now trains Arab youths to operate. Mr. el-Alami carries on with the aid of Ford Foundation grants, giving both agricultural and selected vocational training to 250 student farmers at a time.

On toward Jerusalem, unrelieved poverty prevails. New roads and hotels, built with U.S. Point Four aid, have helped to revive tourist traffic, the city's only remaining resource. But Arab business establishments, schools, and hospitals are beyond the barbed wire in Israel.

The frontier question

Along the frontier in the west, economic and social deterioration are overwhelmingly apparent. Jordan's border with Israel extends for 350 miles. In this region 360,000 refugees cling tenaciously to the land nearest their former homes. In many border villages there are more refugees than local inhabitants. The latter, numbering about 120,000, do not qualify for UN relief, on the ground that the UN Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) is not authorized to help Palestinians who still occupy their own houses.

This stipulation ignored the fact that these villagers no longer had access to their lands. Their only help, aside from charity dispensed by philanthropic agencies, has come from a system of small loans arranged by the British Middle East Office in Jerusalem to enable them to terrace some of the rocky hillsides left to them for cultivation. By no stretch of exertion or money can such measures make these villages self-supporting. This is the bleak reality which haunts both Jordanian leaders and UNRWA.

Seen from Jordan there may be two possible solutions to the frontier question. One involves rectification of the border with Israel, restoring farmlands to divided villages. This is the most modest of the claims that Jordan must make in any future peace talks. It is not part of Jordan's program to take this territory by force — if, indeed, it were possible. On the

contrary, the Jordan border, protected by a well-disciplined home guard, has become relatively stable during the last year, with infiltration incidents reduced to a minimum.

There is quiet talk of eventual settlement with Israel, for economic reasons, if this border remains tranquilized. But the talk is necessarily guarded because it touches on the most divisive point in internal Jordanian politics. This point is the absolute intransigence of the dispossessed Palestinians with respect to any agreement with Israel. These Palestinians now constitute a real force in Jordan politics, providing the more sophisticated and educated element in what was previously a purely pastoral society. Any tendency toward settlement with Israel must reckon, therefore, with the opinions of the West Jordanians.

Union with Syria or Iraq?

Jordan's second possible way out of its economic impasse lies in union with Syria or Iraq. There are sentimental and dynastic reasons for union with Iraq, which is ruled by Hashemite cousins of Jordan's young King Hussein. But the obstacles are also formidable. The desert between the populated sections of both countries is forbidding. And the position of impoverished Jordan in a union with oil-rich Iraq would obviously be difficult. Nevertheless there is continued talk of union, encouraged by the tireless efforts of Iraq's veteran statesman, Nuri el-Said.

Union with Syria presents fewer geographic difficulties but seems more remote politically. The economic advantages for Jordan would be considerable. But Syria's political instability and the division there between union and anti-union elements preclude any immediate action.

Jordan's young ruler has so far exhibited none of the flair for intrigue which characterized his grandfather, King Abdullah. Hussein has chosen a wife from among the young intelligentsia. By profession Queen Dina is a teacher and social worker. It is reported that for a wedding present she asked for a university for Jordan. If the queen gets her wish, Jordan will be the gainer. The lack of a university in the country since Partition has driven the abler youths abroad, and many have become ex-

Best
when you want to be sure!

Recommended by the country's leading schools and colleges—the only desk-size dictionary based on “the Supreme Authority,” Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition. Handy, up-to-date . . . the BEST your money can buy! At department, book, or stationery stores, \$5. \$6 thumb-indexed.

INSIST ON A GENUINE MERIAM-WEBSTER

A Merriam-Webster
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
G. & C. MERIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD 2, MASS.

patriates. Thus the educational system starves for local teachers, and the schools subsidized by UNRWA and Point Four, or run by Christian missions, carry an overwhelming load.

Dividing the waters

Jordan's dependence on outside aid poses a fundamental question about forced development of countries with poor natural resources. The burden of population is four persons per acre of cultivated land (twelve times that of the U.S.). The most optimistic recent estimates are that some 125,000 additional acres of land in Jordan could be irrigated with 760 million cubic meters of water a year from the Jordan river-system. Cost of this development is estimated at about \$1000 per acre. In return, production from the valley in Jordan would rise an estimated twenty times its present value and support between 100,000 and 150,000 refugees.

It is on this basis that negotiations have been going on between Eric Johnston, representing the U.S., and the states concerned—Israel, Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan. Points particularly at issue have been where the Jordan and Yarmuk should be dammed and how the waters should be divided. The Arabs contend that storage in Jordan must be primarily under Arab control. Israel argues that more efficient use of the system would result from storage in Lake Tiberias. Both claim more water than can be made available.

Outside aid

Even if agreement can be reached on division of the waters and a beginning made on reclamation in the valley, Jordan's basic economic situation will not be salvaged. For its indigent population will be no nearer solvency if the newly developed acreage goes to the refugees, as is contemplated. Its yearly trade deficit of some \$39 million will be no less, and its own population increase in another ten years can reasonably be expected to exceed 300,000, thereby increasing hopelessly the load on the land. Thus, even on the most optimistic hothouse basis of support from outside, Jordan simply has not enough cultivable land to feed itself, nor enough resources to keep its people employed.

At present, British loans, Point Four aid, and outright U.S. grants keep Jordan going financially. Last

"...No Priest Could Ever Convince ME!"

In the beginning of his search for religious truth, the young man wouldn't even consider the Catholic Faith.

He admits now that he didn't know "the first thing" about the Mass, but had the impression that it was a strange practice "belonging to the Dark Ages." A priest, he thought at the time, was a person of dubious character "of whom the people lived in mortal terror."

"Even if I had been interested in the Catholic Faith," he says now, "I would no more have knocked on a rectory door than I would have entered a lion's den. I would not have allowed myself to be dragged in!"

But if the Catholic religion was repellent to him, as he says now, the young man was equally unable to find any other answer to his craving for spiritual certainty. Indeed, he had ceased to attend church altogether and began to have serious doubts about the existence of God. He was, he explains, only trying to prove his broadmindedness when he accepted the invitation of a Catholic friend to talk with a priest.

"I was sure," he explains today, "that no priest could convince me that there was anything for me in this Roman church, despite the fact that we agreed on many fundamentals."

But a chain of happenings and circumstances spread over several years... and including the visit to the priest... have brought this young man into the Catholic Church. And his mother and sister are converts, too. Some people undoubtedly will attribute this to the persuasiveness of the priest... but the young convert himself says: "It was the grace of God."

Non-Catholics are often puzzled, even shocked, when someone they know de-



cides to become a Catholic. This, the young man explains, is due to the fact that Catholic beliefs and practices are difficult for non-Catholics to understand. It is because of this that the Church constantly holds forth its invitation to non-Catholics to investigate Catholic teachings and worship, even though they may not wish to become Catholics.

It is for this reason that we here invite you to read a highly interesting pamphlet explaining why so many become Catholics. The pamphlet offers you the opportunity to examine Catholic teachings, worship and history through the eyes of men and women who once misunderstood and even hated all the Catholic Church represents.

Write today—ask for Pamphlet No. B-27. It will be sent promptly and without charge—in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you.

FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled:
"WHY SO MANY DECIDE TO BECOME CATHOLICS"
B-27

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



LOCAL SCHOOL CONFERENCES PLANNED COAST-TO-COAST

Hundreds of communities call for discussion
of today's crisis in education.

Everywhere, U.S.A. — Citizens throughout America are acting now to face today's and tomorrow's local school problems and needs.

America's children right now are caught in the middle of the most serious educational crisis in our history. With the tremendous growth in enrollment of the past ten years expected to continue for the next decade, the public school systems throughout the country are faced with a variety of mounting problems.

These problems are the main topic of the state educational conferences requested by the President, as well as of The White House Conference on Education to be held in Washington, November 28 to December 1, 1955.

If you are interested in further information about how to organize a local conference on the same big subject, write for the *free* booklet, "How Can We Discuss School Problems?", BETTER SCHOOLS, 2 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

year Jordan had \$8 million in direct economic aid from the United States. This year a severe drought has made further aid essential.

In addition to these subsidies, UNRWA plays a vital role in Jordan's general economy. To feed the half-million refugees there and house about a third of them, UNRWA spends about \$14 million a year in Jordan. It buys all the wheat available in Jordan and has 3500 local employees on its payroll, many of them teachers and doctors. Of the 181,000 students who will be taught in UNRWA-subsidized schools during 1955-56, the greatest proportion will be in Jordan. It has contributed substantially to the Jordan Development Bank and financed a five-year anti-malarial campaign, an exhaustive agricultural economic survey, and a housing program for such refugees as can be coaxed out of camps.

Its most difficult assignment has been to try to spend the \$200 million reintegration fund appropriated for resettlement of refugees. Without the prospect of a settlement of the water question or of an overall compensation program for the refugees, its efforts to persuade refugees to leave their miserable "security" in camps have been abortive.

The turn of events

The suggestion in Secretary Dulles's August statement on the Middle East, that the U.S. would help underwrite both water development and a compensation fund, may require further time for acceptance. But it marks a new preoccupation in Washington and London with Middle East problems, and foreshadows fresh Western initiatives when the Palestine issue comes up for debate in the General Assembly.

There has been a significant turn of events in the Middle East too. In Arab eyes Bandung has become as symbolically important as Geneva is to the West. The first meeting there this year of Arab-Asian leaders brought forth no new treaties or alliances. But its political importance as a catalyst of Asian attitudes and purposes should not be underestimated. What evolved there was well expressed in the final communiqué stressing economic and cultural equality, tolerance and reform, and above all peace.



You

**GET A LIFE INCOME
FROM A GIFT TO
HUMANITY...**

When you contribute your money to The Salvation Army, you help humanity in spiritual and material ways. If you'd like to give more liberally but hesitate because you need the income derived from your savings, you might consider

SALVATION ARMY ANNUITIES, which pay rates up to 7% depending on the age of the giver. Annuities are under supervision of the New York State Dept. of Insurance. Certain tax advantages.

For details send for
Booklet 641



Gentlemen:
I am interested in your Annuities. Please send me free booklet No. 641

Name

Address

City..... Zone... State.....

THE SALVATION ARMY
130 West 14th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

**KENNETH S.
LYNN**

**THE DREAM
OF SUCCESS:**

***A Study of the Modern
American Imagination***

A brilliant analysis of the "success myth" in American behavior as revealed in the works of five American novelists. "A fine book that disagrees sharply with critics from Brooks to Commager."

BRUCE CATTON,
American Heritage

\$4.00 at all bookstores

**An Atlantic Monthly
Press Book**

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Campaigning with La Guardia"
SIR:

Many people have called my attention to an article, "Campaigning with La Guardia" by Ernest Cuneo, in the September *Atlantic*.

The section in which he describes a campaign battle between the late Fiorello La Guardia and the late William I. Sirovich is completely erroneous and quite derogatory.

As the sister of the late Congressman Sirovich, I feel these misrepresentations should be retracted and an apology made.

MRS. JOSEPH ROSENBAUM
New York City

The preface of my book, *Life with Fiorello*, states that it was written with all the faults of a very faulty memory. This caveat was well taken, as is evidenced by my mistake in naming Congressman Sirovich when, in fact, the incident actually involved another person. It was an error, and I am sorry, and more than this no man can say. — ERNEST CUNEO

"Wanted: Better Politicians"
SIR:

Mayor Joseph S. Clark, Jr., must have written at least part of his article, "Wanted: Better Politicians" (August *Atlantic*), with tongue in cheek. In part he writes as if there were a shortage of political aspirants. It simply is not so. There is a real scrimmage for every available position or office, regardless of salary. An "honest capable citizen" (non-politician, of course) couldn't break that charmed circle unless he came armed with at least ten grand, as the boys say. When one contemplates the

aforesaid scrimmage one concludes that the salaries — or something — must be very satisfactory.

RUSSELL PALMER
Paterson, N.J.

I Personally —

SIR:

This is my first offense as a contributor to a Letters to the Editor department, but I cannot refrain from commenting on Louis Untermeyer's "Orpheus with His Lute" (September *Atlantic*).

The whole poem is wonderful fun, but the parody on Eliot is the best thing since Henry Reed's "Chard Whitlow." How Byron would have loved this! And how diabolically it not merely states but demonstrates that 99 per cent of Eliot is, and always has been, manner — and utterly imitable manner; an appalling one per cent is substance. Of course, this suspicion has been voiced before (in timid voices, by non-accredited critics), but it is good to have it thus acted out with such wit and skill. As one who recently passed through the Minotaurian labyrinths of explication which constitute the currently recherché in graduate-school English courses, and who was force-fed on Eliot and the other approved members of the coterie, "Orpheus" is a reassuring jolt of fresh air. I confess I went along with the rest of the sheep and parroted back to my professors scraps out of "The Waste Land," as though these were Revealed Truth (I badly needed the degree, and I had learned — as most graduate students do — it is wiser not to talk back). However, like Galileo, I muttered under my breath,

thereby salvaging my self-respect, and told myself that maybe literary historians of the future would perceive what we are too close to the forest to appreciate: that those trees are nothing but twigs, pasted together into a sort of intaglio representation of an honest-to-God woods. After all, even such a consummate charlatan as McCarthy was eventually found out; and is it not revelatory to think back into the past and recall some of the names of the Greatest Poets of Their Era: Abraham Cowley, Thomas Warton, Robert Southey, Martin Tupper?

My only criticism of "Orpheus" is that the parodies of Auden and the Modern Metaphysicals are not as superb as the one on Eliot. Also, I suspect (and hope) that in this poem — as is often the case in his anthologizing — Mr. Untermeyer is a little behind, rather than a little ahead of, the times. It may be that he is — how shall one say? how to capture the evocative essences of the nuances of the suggestion? — flagellating a moribund equine.

Perhaps, though, the reign of the felicitously phony in theme and the spuriously pompous in tone is drawing to its predetermined natural close. The pendulum does keep swinging, and I have even heard in recent months (from surprisingly austere lips) a begrudging word or two tossed toward Emily Dickinson, toward Edwin Arlington Robinson, even — *mirabile dictu!* — toward Frost.

Like Webster's Bosola, we are "in a mist" indeed, or at least we have been, but even the densest mist clears when subjected to the cold, clean winds of mockery and corrective



Who will help Gabriella?

Gabriella is six, the eldest of three children. She never slept in a bed. She goes to school because she gets one free meal a day. She has no others. She never owned a toy. Home is a hut, 9 x 12. The walls are of cardboard in spots where the logs have rotted away. The floor is earthen . . . there are no facilities. Gabriella's parents survived the war in Italy, but now there is no employment. Their hearts are torn, for they cannot help their child . . . not even comb her hair . . . they do not own a comb. Gabriella's hunger is unappeased, her misery deep. She cannot smile. Help to this family means hope instead of despair . . . a chance to live . . . a bulwark against destructive ideologies. Won't you help her and her weary parents or other distressed children . . . many without one or both parents? They can only look to you.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your" child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need, in England, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Greece, Western Germany and Korea, and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc.

43 W. 61st STREET, NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

© 1955 FPP for WC Inc.

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Arturo Toscanini, Mary Pickford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Dr. Howard A. Rusk, Edward R. Murrow, Bing Crosby, Mrs. Gardner Cowles, K. C. Gifford, Gov. and Mrs. Walter Kohler, Charles R. Hook.

Founded 1937

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC.		A-11-55
43 W. 61st St., New York 23, N. Y. In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Quebec.		
A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex.....		
I will pay \$15 a month for one year (\$180). Payment will be monthly (), quarterly (), semi-annually (), yearly (). I enclose herewith my first payment \$.....		
B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing \$.....		
Name.....		
Address.....		
City.....Zone.....State.....		
Date.....Contributions are deductible from Income Tax		

comedy. "Orpheus" is a zephyr blowing in the right direction.

JAMES L. ROSENBERG
Manhattan, Kans.

SIR:

When my daughter, Beverly Keller, received a check from the *Atlantic* for her article, "When Misfortune Smiles" (September issue), I was a vain and gone woman. As I traveled over Castro Valley to congratulate her I had to tell someone about her success, and knowing taxi drivers are good listeners I said to my driver, "My daughter sold her first magazine story today." He replied, "That's swell, lady." I was keeping the best bit for the last, so during a momentary intersection stop I said, "She sold it to the *Atlantic*." My driver got us off to a fast start before he said consolingly, "What do you care as long as they paid her for it? She had to start somewhere." It was then a voice within me hissed, "Ah, take the cash and let the credit go."

RUTH BRINKERHOFF
Oakland, Calif.

SIR:

Congratulations to the *Atlantic* and to James Cameron on his highly informative article, "Inside Red China," in the September issue. It certainly sheds a different light, in many respects, from what is given us by our government.

His mention of the article in *China Youth*, encouraging the youngsters to inform to the government on their bourgeois parents, struck a rather ironic note. Place it in juxtaposition with the recent "association with parents" guilt attributed to certain youths of our own country, and I find myself asking the question "Which is more terrifying?" The implication is that there are two alternatives: 1) Associate with one's parents and inform on their activities, or 2) Do not associate with one's parents. A sad, sad commentary on democracy.

JAMES E. WESSEL
Pensacola, Fla.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.



Schools—Camps



WHY WANASHEE FOR JOHNNY?

Last summer we watched a group of some 50 boys do an Indian dance — a Wanashee or Happiness dance. And they were happy! Too bad their parents couldn't have seen them, perhaps through a one-way glass. Oblivious to everyone and everything, the boys were yowling and jumping in fine Indian style. But the beauty was in the precision and unity; it was accomplishment through practice and teamwork. *There* is the significance of the Wanashee for Johnny.

Then there was the nine-year-old boy having his first fling at aqua-planing. The last in his group to have passed the required swimming tests, he was finally getting at the board. We sat in the back of the motor-boat and have never wanted a camera more in our lives. The expression on his face! Unquestionably this boy will bring the same determination, courage, and self-reliance to each challenge he faces. He had had instruction, had watched other boys, and now slithered right up to a standing position. We were off! Around the lake he went taking the turns, giving a few "speed-up" signals — but never a spill. He was King when he got back to the dock. That kid was thrilled!

We could cite hundreds of little scenes like this. They are still fresh in our minds. Of course, every parent can talk on and on about the "happy child" — so why mention summer camp as if it had a monopoly on happiness? It hasn't. But next Saturday when your child is asking you what he can do with his time, you might think about last summer — and about next summer, too.

How are you helping your child to be happy? True, you have your own aims, goals, and approaches to his happiness. You can probably teach

him many of the skills he'll learn at camp, or you can have him coached. But you can't provide the companions and the environment — a community of children living outdoors. You *can* find a camp director whose ideas and ideals match yours closely.

To do this you must begin investigating early in the school year, when the camp finally chosen will have room. Start now, and you'll find a camp where your child will learn to be self-reliant, will have the thrill of accomplishing something by himself. You'll locate the camp to which he will want to return, where lifelong friendships will take root, where "next to home", a child's happiness begins.

The coupon below is for your convenience. Our Camp Information Bureau will gladly try to help you find the right camp for your child.

CAMPS

MAINE — GIRLS

T-LEDGE

ORR'S ISLAND, MAINE
(Connected With Mainland)

Camping at its best. Sailing in beautiful Casco Bay. Racing. Fun. Adventure. Clean, clear salt water for swimming. Crafts. Dramatics. Music. Tennis. Own stable of "Good Hands" horses. Canoe trips. Aquaplaning, water skiing. Please state age. Booklet.

Mrs. Nell Barnes Knorr,

Box A-115

So. Portland, Maine

COLORADO — COED

ARNOLD WESTERN RANCH

Summer adventure and fun for boys and girls (8-18). 600 acre Colorado ranch near Rocky Mountain National Park. Horses, rodeo, pack trips, all sports, nature study, music, art, dramatics, scenic motor trips. New large heated swimming pool and lake. Nurse. Dietitian. Write for catalog.

Charles A. Arnold, Director
1224 North Dearborn Parkway, Chicago 10, Illinois

SCHOOLS

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS

If you want to know more about independent schools for YOUR child — the opportunities for his specific needs, abilities, and aspirations, write for free, impartial suggestions to our School Information Bureau.
Educational Counselor, 49 E. 33rd Street, New York, N.Y.

Interested in a camp position next summer?
The Atlantic's Camp Department has established just such a service.

Write for our questionnaire.

SCHOOL AND CAMP INFORMATION BUREAU

Miss Adele M. Wallace, 49 East 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Present age..... Grade.....

Boarding School ☐ Day School ☐ Military School ☐

Coeducational ☐

Entering when.....

Location of school.....

Denominational ☐

INFORMATION FOR SELECTING CAMP

Is this the child's first season?

Check if you are interested in:

Traditional, all-round program ☐ Supervised trips ☐

Special training ☐

(specify)

INFORMATION FOR SELECTING SUMMER SCHOOL

Courses desired:

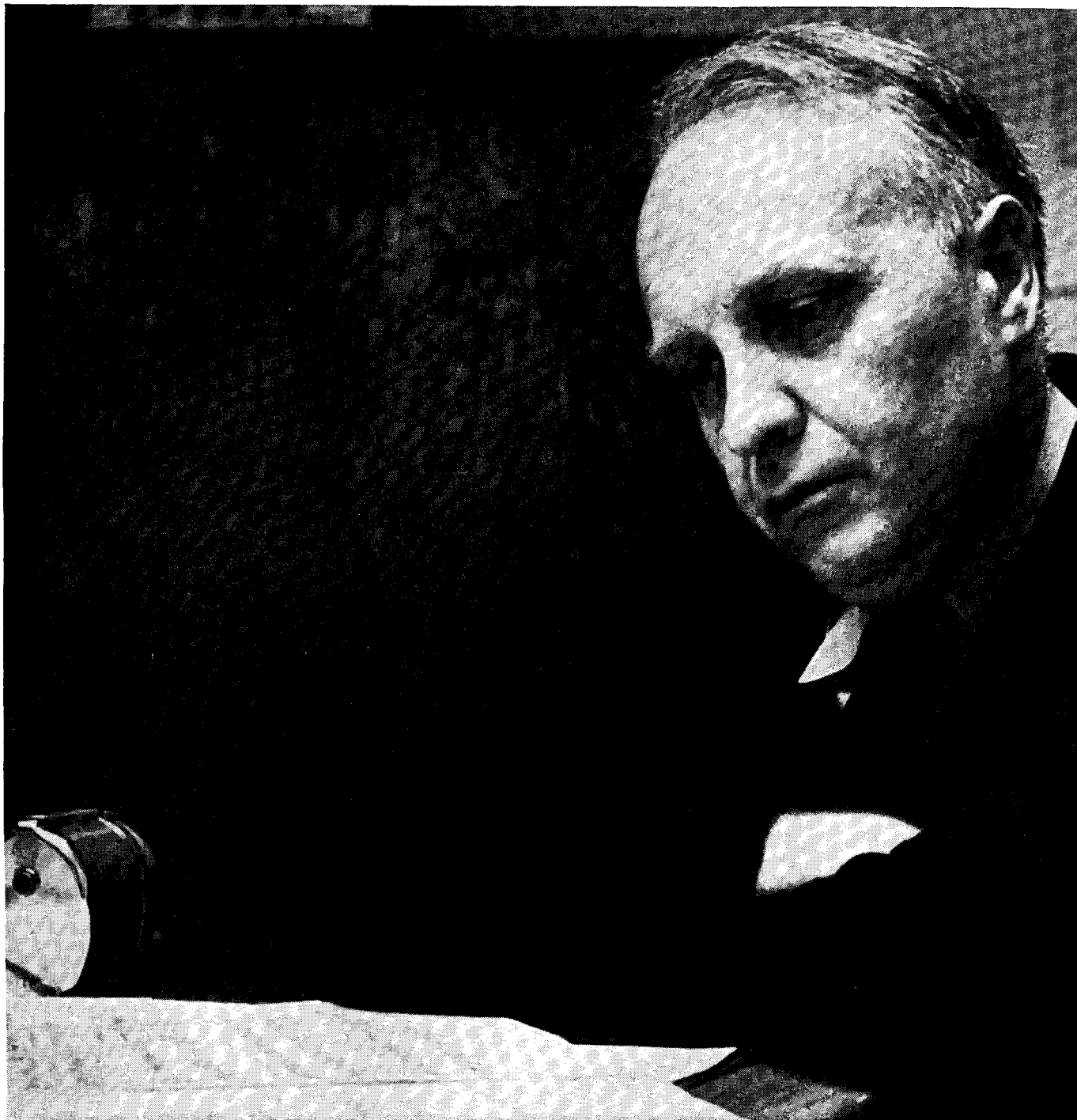
Are credits desired? Yes ☐ No ☐

Name:..... Telephone No.:.....

(Parent or guardian)

Address:

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED PLAUT

Robert Casadesus comes from a family whose members have been musicians for generations—a tradition which extends to his wife and elder son, both pianists like himself. Within this singularly musical environment there has grown an artist of rare quality and of complete dedication. His recent recordings of piano works by Ravel and Debussy bespeak this wonderful passion for music. They are truly the sound of genius. We are proud that Robert Casadesus has chosen to record exclusively for Columbia Records.

COLUMBIA  **RECORDS**

Recent Columbia Masterworks "Lp" Records by Robert Casadesus include:

Debussy: Piano Music. Available as 3 single "Lp" records (ML 4977-79) at \$5.95 each or in deluxe set (SL 222) specially priced at \$14.95.

Ravel: Complete works for piano (ML 4518-20). Each \$4.98

■ We will be pleased to send you a copy of the above photograph, suitable for framing. Send a post card to Columbia Records, Room 10-A, 799 7th Avenue, New York City.

© "COLUMBIA" ® "MASTERWORKS" © T. M. PRICES ARE SUGGESTED LIST.



"If the life of our solar system," writes DONALD H. MENZEL, Director of the Harvard Observatory, "is to be limited by chance collision with a wandering star, the earth is likely to live to a ripe old age." A leading astrophysicist, Dr. Menzel is the author of several books in the field of physics, radio propagation, and astronomy, and his book debunking flying saucers attracted wide attention. In the following paper, remarkable for the clarity of its elucidation, Dr. Menzel proposes a new theory about the origin of our solar system.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS

by DONALD H. MENZEL

MANKIND is becoming increasingly aware of the fact that the earth is probably not unique. In our own solar system one planet, Venus, resembles the earth in many ways. The two bodies are nearly the same size. Both have extensive atmospheres, and Venus is even more troubled with clouds than we are. In such details as the composition of the two atmospheres, many differences occur. On Venus, for example, we find large quantities of carbon dioxide but no evidence of free oxygen. We may therefore question whether life exists on Venus. However, even with this handicap, if man were to visit Venus with the appropriate equipment, he would probably be able to survive. Certain types of vegetation might easily adapt themselves to the peculiarities of the Venusian climate.

Our sun is only one of approximately one hundred billion stars that make up our galaxy. Also there are probably more than one million galaxies within reach of our greatest telescopes. Hence, if each star had ten planets around it, the total number of planets would be about a billion billion. Planets would then be as numerous as the grains of sand in a pile as large as the Empire State Building. A plurality of worlds, indeed! Plenty of room for living creatures to originate and to evolve.

To view the earth, the sun, the planets, and the stars in true perspective, let us erect, in our imaginations, a huge building over an area the size of

the United States and Canada. As we enter this tremendous structure, our first impression is that someone has deceived us, that the building is entirely empty. In order to see any stars at all, we need a supermicroscope; for on the scale on which our universe is constructed, no ordinary microscope would be able to render the stars visible. The largest are scarcely one millionth of an inch across, and the smaller ones are about the size of atoms.

When our eyes become adapted to this microscopic vision, so that we can see the individual stars, we note immediately some semblance of order and arrangement even in the larger portion of the universe. Stars are by no means scattered uniformly throughout the enormous building. They form groups or clusters several hundred feet in diameter, something like giant swarms of gnats. The stellar population is concentrated into these regions, with vast realms of nothingness in between.

We note that some of these groupings of stars are irregular in shape. Others are round and flat, like a pie plate. Each group contains hundreds of millions — sometimes even as many as a hundred billion — stars, with the model stars spaced a few tenths of an inch apart, on the average. Millions of such groups exist. In many of them the stars are arranged like the coils of a watch spring, giving a sort of pinwheel appearance to the aggregation. These are the great spiral nebulae.

Our first task is to discover which of these

Copyright 1955, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

galaxies represents our own, the one we call the Milky Way. The belt of faint light that girdles the sky, dividing it into two hemispheres much as the equator does the earth, owes its luminosity to the glow of billions of distant suns individually too faint to be seen by the naked eye but collectively rich enough in light to delineate the rim of our flattened stellar system.

Our own Milky Way, like many other galaxies, has spiral arms. In our model, it is a disk-shaped aggregation of stars some 100 feet in diameter and 10 feet in thickness. It contains some hundred billion stars, and the task of searching out our sun from among the vast horde is indeed herculean. Talk about looking for a needle in a haystack! A hundred billion one-cent pieces, spread over a football field, would make a pile nearly 50 feet high. Merely to *count* all the stars within the Milky Way at the rate of one per second would take about a thousand years. When, at last, we find our solar system, we discover it to be a very small speck indeed. The largest orbit of all, that of the planet Pluto, is invisible to the eye, and our earth is even smaller than an atom.

This model of the universe will have served its purpose if we have gained some sense of proportion regarding the parts from which the universe is built. In particular we should carry away the impression of how *empty* the universe is, in spite of the enormous number of stars within it. We should have noted the tendency of stars to form groups of various orders. And finally we should have gained some idea of the relative insignificance of the sun, of the solar system, and especially of our earth.

Let us now turn from the universe of stars and interstellar depths to our own part of the world, the sun and family. To get a proper perspective, we shall let our model expand, stopping when the sun has reached the size of a basketball, and again survey the solar system. The scale of the new model is some thousand million times greater than that of the old.

The earth now appears about as large as a grain of wheat and revolves, at a distance of 100 feet, in a circle about the miniature sun. Within the earth's orbit lie Venus and Mercury, a second grain of wheat and a mustard seed, spaced respectively at about 70 and 40 feet from the model sun. Mars, a trifle larger than Mercury, stands at 160 feet. We shall represent Jupiter, the largest of all the planets, by a sphere the size of a walnut, and place it 500 feet away from the sun. Saturn, as big as a cherry and circled by its famous ring system, lies at 1000 feet. Uranus and Neptune, both as large as good-sized peas, fall at 2000 and 3000 feet respectively. Finally Pluto, whose size is still somewhat uncertain — though it probably is even smaller than Mars — fits into the picture just under a mile away. And we must not forget the asteroids, two thousand or more minor planets, mere specks of

dust lying between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

What effect has this expansion of our model had upon the stars? The answer is, a tremendous one. The *nearest* star, another basketball similar to the one that represents our sun, has receded to a distance of 4000 miles. Within the great building that contained the entire universe we now find but a single star other than the sun! Our galaxy has swelled until it fills the entire orbit of Venus!

Again we are impressed by the emptiness of interstellar space. At the same time we note, perhaps even drawing a sigh of relief, that if the life of our solar system is to be limited by chance collision with a wandering star, the earth is likely to live to a ripe old age.

2

WE HAVE no direct proof that any planets exist beyond our solar system. Although we have deduced the presence of a few dark bodies that revolve around certain bright stars, because they eclipse a portion of the light at periodic intervals, we cannot decide whether these bodies are planets or simply small, relatively cool stars. A planet must be at least cold enough not to shine by its own light.

The question whether other worlds exist is one of the most fascinating topics in astronomy as well as one of the most difficult to discuss. It is dangerous to give free play to our imaginations; and yet, if we are to come up with any sort of answer at all, we have to resort to indirect reasoning.

To approach the problem about the likelihood of other planets, we may inquire into the manner of their birth. If it is as natural for a sun to have planets as it is for a cat to have kittens, the majority of stars may possess planetary families. If, on the other hand, planets come into being only as a result of some unusual cosmic event, like the collision of two stars, planets may be extremely rare. Under such circumstances, our solar system might then be unique in the entire universe.

Someone recently remarked that theories of the origin of the solar system are practically as numerous as astronomers. The fact that some astronomers hold no views at all on this subject is more than offset by the fact that others have proposed a number of theories.

We can divide theories of creation into two broad classes: the unitary theories and the binary theories. In the unitary theory the planets appear as the result of purely natural processes during the life of a single star. The planets, after their birth, repeat the process on a smaller scale, to form the satellites. Everything necessary for the entire solar system was contained in the original matter that eventually formed the sun and planets.

On the binary hypothesis, however, we start off with a sun that has no planetary retinue. The star acquires its family by capture, adoption, or catas-

trophe. These processes require the action of either another star or a large volume containing meteoric material and cosmic dust. The great majority of modern theories are of the binary variety. These were forced upon us because the unitary hypothesis ran into seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

Two names associated with the development of unitary hypotheses are Kant (1755), a German philosopher, and Laplace (1796), a French mathematical astronomer. Both of these scientists supposed that, once upon a time, matter uniformly filled all space. The primordial material was a nebula; hence scientists called such a theory the "nebular hypothesis." "A fire mist that began to contract as it grew cold," according to Kant. "An enormous mass of cold gas that grew warm as it contracted," according to Laplace. Of these divergent views, the latter is probably more acceptable. In any event, gravitation was the controlling force. Slight condensations in the cosmic cloud began to grow and form the stars. Kant thought that smaller condensations might produce the planets.

Laplace suggested a different origin for the planets and satellites. The central condensation that eventually became the sun, also began to rotate upon its axis. It spun faster as contraction went on, by virtue of a well-known principle of mechanics called by the technical phrase "the law of conservation of angular momentum."

Angular momentum is a phenomenon well known to ballerinas or fancy skaters. For example, a skater or dancer wishing to execute a whirl starts spinning slowly upon one foot with both arms and one leg extended. An ice skater often goes into a crouching position at the beginning of the maneuver. Then the person draws the arms and leg closer to the body, trying to achieve pencil slimness as far as possible. The nearer the arms and legs reach the axis of rotation the faster the spin becomes.

Anyone possessing a rotatable desk chair or piano stool can make an even more spectacular demonstration. Holding two fairly heavy books at arm's length, start yourself spinning. Pull the books in toward your body and the speed or rotation increases noticeably. In fact, you can pull the books in only with considerable effort. They tend to fly off unless you hold them tightly.

Laplace visualized that the contracting sun, increasing its rate of spin, eventually became so unstable that it threw out a ring of gas. Temporarily relieved, the sun started contracting again until a second instability occurred, leading to the formation of a second ring. And so on, successively, one ring for each planet. The idea was that each ring of gas would then condense to form a planet. In this way the outer planets were formed first. Mercury, the innermost planet, is the baby of the solar system.

Laplace further postulated a repetition of the process, this time on a planetary scale, leading to

the formation of satellite systems. Saturn possessed rings, he reasoned, because one of the ejected rings failed to condense into a satellite.

The idea had many attractive features. It certainly seemed to account for most of the regularities of the solar system — the flatness of the orbits, the fact that the planets all go around the sun the same way and that most of them rotate in the same direction that they revolve. It explained many features of the satellite systems.

3

THE first doubt we had of this theory came in 1898 when William H. Pickering discovered Phoebe, a satellite of Saturn, the first known object that revolved counter to the general motion so prevalent in the solar system. The discovery of Phoebe was not as fatal to the nebular hypothesis as some persons imagined, because an asteroid, captured by a planet with an assist from the sun's gravitation, can become a satellite that revolves in retrograde fashion. But numerous other difficulties of even more basic nature began to show up.

To study the past, imagine that we reverse the evolutionary process. Let the sun gradually expand until it fills the orbit of Mercury and finally engulfs the planet itself. We can thus reconstruct the situation that prevailed when the sun was supposed to have been so unstable that it tossed out Mercury to relieve the situation.

Today, in our modern era, the sun certainly shows no tendency toward rotational instability. It turns slowly on its axis once every twenty-five days. The sun, as far as our measures show, is a perfect sphere. Any instability caused by too rapid a spin would make the sun look more like a doorknob than a sphere. As we go backward in time, making the sun expand, we note that it rotates even more slowly than it does today. This expansion is equivalent to the pushing out of the heavy books. Thus, by the time that the sun has expanded to fill the orbit of Mercury, the time required for a single rotation would be about five hundred years instead of twenty-five days. And now, as we add Mercury — the planet supposed to be responsible for the instability — the sun speeds up by just about one hour! A difference of one hour in five hundred years scarcely indicates a tendency for the sun to break up because it is rotating too fast.

We continue this process of turning time backward, having the sun pick up Venus, the earth, and the rest of the planets in turn. It gets the biggest jump when it swallows Jupiter, the most massive planet of all the planets, but even then the sun never exhibits any trace of instability.

What this analysis demonstrates is simply that the planets themselves possess less than one per cent of the total mass of the solar system, and yet they have 98 per cent of the angular momentum. Such

an unequal distribution cannot come about naturally as the result of gravitational forces.

The force of gravitation is remarkable in many ways. One is this property we have just employed, of permitting us to reverse time, to explore the past. As long as no frictional forces act in addition, the universe will run just as well backward as forward. From the motions alone we have no way of telling which is past and which is future.

We meet one vital consequence of gravitation: a single body, *acting by itself*, cannot possibly capture another body. Various persons have surmised, for example, that the earth may have acquired the moon by capture, the moon coming in from a distance, spiraling slowly around the earth like a plane about to land, until it settled down in its present orbit. According to the law of gravitation, if a body moves in closer and closer to the sun or a planet, finally reaching the point of nearest approach, the body must recede in an orbit that is the mirror image of the one coming in. Spiral paths are ruled out. If the body came from infinity it must recede to infinity. The orbit must be a hyperbola.

To make capture possible, we should have to invoke the aid of a third body or introduce some form of friction. A large meteorite from outer space, hitting the earth a glancing blow, might be so slowed down by atmospheric friction that the earth could capture it and thus acquire a satellite. But the captured meteor, after receding to a distance, would return again and suffer another slowing down in the earth's atmosphere. After a few revolutions, the meteor would be so retarded that it would fall to earth and cease to be a satellite.

Chamberlain, a geologist, and Moulton, an astronomer, pointed out some of these difficulties with the early theories and proposed, about 1900, what they called the "planetesimal hypothesis." This was the first and perhaps the most important of all the binary theories of planetary origin, specifically devised to avoid the difficulty with angular momentum.

These binary hypotheses possess one feature in common. They all start with the sun (or perhaps with a mass of gas that later condensed into the sun). And they introduce a second system coming from outer space: a star, a group of meteors, or a cloud of dust and gas.

Somehow or other, the second system starts revolving about the sun. The angular momentum, therefore, is inherent in the body coming in from space. Hence we do not have to examine the problem from the standpoint of angular momentum, but rather from the standpoint of how probable a given type of encounter may be and whether it will result in the formation of a planetary system like ours.

We have already noted that if our sun encountered a second sun, no capture would result. Double

stars or other binary systems cannot arise in this fashion. The transient visitor swings in toward the sun in a long graceful arc, and then swings away just as gracefully. If the original sun came from the depths of space, it returns to the depths. Gravitational forces alone, acting on two bodies such as the sun and a star, cannot produce a capture. The sun might capture a comet or a great meteor, however, if the object happened to penetrate deeply enough into the sun's atmosphere to lose energy by friction.

4

ACCORDING to the planetesimal hypothesis, the solar system originated in the chance encounter of our sun with some intruding star. As the intruder swung in close, enormous tides swelled up on the solar surface, enhancing the natural explosiveness of the sun's atmosphere until suddenly vast clouds of gas streamed into space to form a seething whirlpool of hot matter, rotating vigorously as the result of the gravitational pull of the other star. The intruding star disappeared into the distance, leaving the sun enveloped in a hot, spinning cloud.

The mass of gas eventually cooled, congealing into small solid lumps, the planetesimals. A few of the larger lumps acted as centers of condensation, sweeping up the smaller planetesimals and gradually clearing out the debris caused by the near collision with a hit-run star. In a sense, the final picture differed little from Kant's, except that the planetesimal cloud developed as the result of a collision instead of natural evolution.

The planetesimal hypothesis proved to be especially popular with the geologists, because it supposed that the mantle or outer covering of the earth grew by the accretion of cold planetesimals rather than by the cooling of a large, gaseous mass. Certain characteristics of the earth, such as its dense central core and the chemical nature of the atmosphere, seemed to accord better with the concept of planetesimals. The proponents of the hypothesis pointed toward the scarred surface of the moon as further evidence for the impacts of numerous small bodies upon the surface of the larger mass.

A variant of the planetesimal hypothesis was the so-called "tidal" hypothesis, suggested by Sir James Jeans about 1917 and later developed by Sir Harold Jeffreys. This theory also relied on the gravitational effect of the passing star. The sun, however, instead of squirting matter wildly in all directions, ejected a single long snake-like filament that stretched out between the two bodies. This filament cooled and eventually broke up into planets to form the solar system.

Still other variants have been proposed by scientists over the past fifty years. Despite the apparent diversity of opinion about details, we can agree on the basic picture. At some late stage we find a

central sun surrounded by a rotating cloud of planetesimals that rain down upon centers of condensation to build up the planets. But we are unable to explain how the spinning cloud came into existence. More precisely, we cannot decide which, if any, of a number of alternative theories is correct.

Solar systems must be extremely rare under any theory which depends upon chance encounters between stars. I find the odds hard to figure. But the chances of a star's having planetary attendants as the result of collision, with the entire age of the universe available for the collision to happen, is not greater than one in a hundred million and probably not more than one in a billion. In other words, in our entire galaxy, with its hundred billion stars, we may expect to find a scant few hundred stars with families of planets.

Cosmic insurance rates ought to be extremely low. We are forced to admit that, if either one of these collision theories is right, then our earth is a freak. And we who inhabit it are an even greater freak.

If we want to increase the probability of planetary systems in the universe, we must find some way of reinstating the unitary system. Every star must have—built into it from the beginning—the potentiality for the production of planets.

Many persons have tried to discover this natural way. They have pictured the sun as shooting out clouds of gas into space. If these clouds act under gravitation alone, they will either fall back into the sun or recede to the depths of space, never to return. In 1930 a Dutch meteorologist, Berlage, invoked the aid of solar magnetism to deflect the charged particles into paths revolving around the sun. His theory thus resembles that of Alfvén, who employed electromagnetic forces in connection with a binary theory, with the matter falling in toward the sun. Neither of these theories appears to provide an adequate amount of matter to form the planets. And the slowly rotating sun could not impart enough angular momentum for the planetary system.

5

PERHAPS we can get a clue from our sun itself. Motion pictures of the sun's atmosphere, taken with special telescopes, portray the sun's activity in graphic fashion. These records, photographed in the light of glowing hydrogen, show the sun in action. Astronomers confess that the activity so depicted presents problems that are difficult for us to understand.

The sun, in apparent defiance of gravitation, shoots enormous clouds of gas into space. Most of this material cascades back to the sun's surface in threads or clouds many times larger than our earth. But some evidently reaches the earth's atmosphere, where it may cause the aurora borealis,

make compass needles wobble, or disturb commercial radio communications.

Two features stand out. These clouds of glowing hydrogen really do move against gravity and at enormous velocities, sometimes as high as several hundred miles a second. Also, we are surprised to find that they do not dissipate in space as we expected them to. In fact, although the matter contained in one of these filaments would scarcely build a mountain, let alone a planet, the sun may have once been much more active than at present and may have ejected far greater amounts of material, perhaps enough to form the planets.

These motion pictures suggest that the forces tending to overcome gravitation are due to electrical currents and their associated magnetic fields. The possibility of the existence of such forces is not new. We have known for nearly fifty years that intense electric currents exist on the solar surface. They are needed to produce the known powerful magnetic fields associated with sunspots.

We have recently been studying the flow of electricity through large filaments of gas. The predictions agree closely with our observations. When a fuse blows or when a short circuit occurs in a power line, the electric discharge flares out in the form of an expanding loop or arch. Many of the gaseous filaments ejected from the sun act in similar fashion. Also an intense electric current along the filament tends to restrict the escape of gases from the filament. In other words, an electric current can overcome the natural explosive character of an ordinary gaseous filament, perhaps long enough to permit condensation.

Theory indicates that solar electric currents must be slowly dying. Billions of years ago, when the sun was new, the electric currents may have been very much more powerful than they are today. The details are vague, but one may reasonably argue that an electric current of enormous intensity may have flowed around the equator of the primitive sun. The forces of such a current would cause the equator to bulge. We can even see how such a current might tear itself loose from the sun, carrying with it a doughnut ring of matter, so that the sun may momentarily have resembled the planet Saturn. Even today we see the sun ejecting great rings of glowing gas into space; so the idea is by no means highly speculative.

Such a ring could exert a braking action, slowing down the sun's rotation and, at the same time, speeding up so as to acquire the necessary angular momentum. The ring would rapidly disintegrate and form planetesimals, and perhaps provide some larger bodies to act as centers of condensation. From here on, the course of evolution would follow that of the other theories. But every star with a powerful magnetic field and associated electric currents becomes a potential parent of a planetary family.

The idea of an electromagnetic brake appears to be new. Further theoretical studies are necessary to find out just how effective the braking will be, but the preliminary analysis is encouraging.

To see how a relatively light ring exerts such a force upon the much heavier sun, consider again the rotating chair. I previously emphasized that the books held in the hand have to be *heavy*. If you should merely toss out a lead pencil, say, instead of a heavy book, no appreciable slowing down would occur. Thus, if the sun had *tossed out* the planets, its speed of rotation would not have appreciably diminished. However, suppose that you hold out the lead pencil on a thin weightless stick 20 feet long, say, instead of tossing it away. Now the pencil, light as it is, exerts a considerable braking power on the revolving chair. In the same way, as long as the ejected ring current remains attached to the sun by invisible lines of magnetic force, the braking action continues and the sun slows down, transferring its angular momentum to the ring.

As we look into space we see some possible substantiation of this hypothesis. Many stars possess atmospheres far more distended than they should be on a purely gravitational theory. I have long believed that electromagnetic forces were the only ones that could counteract gravitation. We have seen stars explode and, although many alternative theories of novae exist, I prefer to believe that the explosions result from electric currents.

In brief, if you wish to sum up my speculative theory in a sentence, the solar system resulted when the sun "blew a fuse."

I want to emphasize that my electromagnetic hypothesis is new, and that it does not possess the seal of approval of my astronomical colleagues. I point out, however, that it is not altogether revolutionary. It borrows significant features from most of the major hypotheses discussed previously.

First of all, it is a unitary hypothesis, like that of Kant. The sun ejects a ring or rings of matter, as in Laplace's theory, though the motive power consists of electric currents instead of the centrifugal force of rotation. The theory relies on the naturally explosive character of the solar atmosphere, as in the planetesimal hypothesis of Chamberlain and Moulton. However, the explosion occurs naturally instead of being induced by a passing star.

The ejected ring possesses the significant features of the filament of Jeans and Jeffreys. The electric current seals the gases in, giving them time to

condense rather than dissipate in a violent explosion. Electromagnetic forces play a part, as in the theories of Berlage and Alfvén. A nova-like or perhaps a true nova outburst occurs, as postulated by Hoyle.

As with most other theories, we end up with a sun, a swarm of planetesimals, and centers of condensation. From here on, the evolution must roughly parallel that generally assumed in other theories. One exception may be the regular satellite systems, especially those of the larger planets. These may also arise from a repetition of the electric explosion, on a smaller scale.

Our own moon presents some difficulties, principally because of its large size relative to the earth. We call it a satellite, but hypothetical inhabitants of Venus or Mars would most surely refer to the earth-moon system as a double planet.

At present the moon is about a quarter of a million miles distant from the earth and is slowly — very slowly — moving still farther away. This recession results from the tides, which the moon continuously drags over the earth's surface in such a way as to slow down the earth's rotation. The day is getting longer. In 1954 the day is about one thousandth of a second longer than it was in 1854.

Using our earlier device of turning time backward, we note that the earth speeds up and that the moon comes closer and closer, as we approach the distant past. A few billion years ago, when the moon was almost in contact with the earth, the day was only four hours in length. And the moon swung around the earth in about the same period of time.

The great British mathematician, Sir George Darwin, suggested that the earth split into two parts and that the smaller fragment formed the moon. We cannot be sure — but the idea is attractive.

If we admit miracles into the world of science, then our universe is full of them. Every step in the development of the cosmos from star to man borders on the miraculous. For the world must have had built into it, from the very start, the potentiality not only for the building of planets but also for the building of men.

And if my speculative theory of planetary origin should prove to be correct, then we may expect to find a plurality of planets in our universe. And what has happened on earth is surely not unique. Life, even human or superhuman life, may exist in millions of places in the universe.

(In his article, "The Bounds of Space and Time," which will appear in the December Atlantic, Dr. Menzel discusses the current theories about the end of the world and then draws his own picture of the future.)



The liveliest and certainly one of the youngest of the London critics, KENNETH TYNAN, now in his twenty-ninth year, is a frequent visitor to this country, where he has the chance to compare the productions of Broadway with those of his home city, and, in general, our arts with England's. He is the author of three books on the theater, and since 1951 he has, in the great tradition of Shaw and Max Beerbohm, been rendering provocative and penetrating judgments, as the drama critic first of The Spectator, then of the Evening Standard, and now of the revered Observer.

BRITISH CULTURAL FATIGUE

by KENNETH TYNAN

I

AFTER a trip abroad, it is nowadays a gloomy experience for anyone whose life is bound up with the arts to return to Britain. In a way, of course, this has always been so: to dash south to the sun is the traditional British escape, and the chagrin of homecoming has cropped up in the pages of many literary journals. But in recent years, or so it seems to me, the feeling of dissatisfaction has grown more intense, and appears to spring from something more valid than mere reluctance to go back to work. "Glad to be home?" The question is invariably ironic: for most young people working in or around the arts the only possible answer is in the negative. The expatriate life looks more tempting than it ever did — and not, let me add, because of any lack of opportunity at home. There are more openings for writers, artists, and actors than anyone can remember. If they remain unfilled, it is because of a swelling suspicion on the part of British youth that their country is culturally out of touch, somehow shrunk and inhibited, desperately behind the times. Surveying the volcano of energy across the Atlantic, we feel much as the people of Pompeii must have felt as the lava inched closer: helpless, and in imminent danger of becoming history.

The reason for this state of affairs is a mystery for historians to unravel — I mean the strange process by which the center of gravity of Western civilization shifts westward, along a path of power leading from Egypt to Greece, Rome, Spain, and France, through Britain in the last century to America in this. This process has left Britain bewildered, dispossessed, and deeply unsure of herself. It has naturally affected her art; for if art is to be more than an arabesque in the dust, it needs rich soil in which to grow: accepted beliefs, axioms commonly held, ideas so pervasive that nobody

bothers to question them; it needs, in fact, a background of security. When everybody in a given country has something in common with everybody else, it acts as a foil against which they can discuss the ways in which they differ. The analysis of these differences, so conducted as to enliven leisure, makes up a great deal of what we call art. Without that background, art exists only as a series of unconnected air pockets; and such is the case in Britain.

In the summer of 1953 Britain underwent a few weeks of artificial unity. For a short while, and for the first time since the end of the war, there was one sentence which could be uttered anywhere in the country without very much fear of contradiction. This sentence was not "I believe in God," "I believe in Labor," or "I believe in Capital"; all three were, and remain, controversial. It was, of course, "God save the Queen," and it welded the country together in an ecstasy of surprised self-congratulation. The pros and cons of royalism are not here in question. I mention it merely as a symptom of a condition. The fact is that since the coronation of Elizabeth II the crown has been above criticism to an extent practically unknown in the past. Its news value is gigantic; every magazine editor knows that by putting Princess Margaret on the cover he can double his circulation. Nobody doubts that the Queen is performing an awkward job with exemplary tact; what gives one pause is the change in the attitude of the people toward the crown in general. If Sir Max Beerbohm were to cartoon any member of the present royal family with half the trenchancy he devoted to Edward VII, there is a distinct chance that he would be lynched out of hand.

Standing in the crowd outside Buckingham Palace, a popular columnist overheard an Australian soldier describing the Queen, the Duke, and their

two children as "just about the four most important people in the world" — a phrase which he quoted, with passionate endorsement, in his next article. Without verging too closely on treason, one might think that this was an opinion at least worth debating, but nobody debated it. A practiced hand had touched a chord which rang inviolable in every ear. The freedom with which, as late as fifty years ago, the *Times* commented on the public activities of royalty exists today only in the grubby bulletins of obscure anarchist sects. As a nation, we are on our dignity, and any attempt to shake it is greeted with the phrase which, more than any other, governs and intimidates the British mind: "bad taste." It is the mark of insecure nations to venerate what is peculiar to them. San Marino has its postage stamps; Spain its bullfights; Britain its crown.

This persistent homage to royalty is only one aspect of a widespread nostalgia for the past, with its attendant aura of safe prosperity. This is particularly noticeable in leisured and/or cultivated people. Rather than admit a century which, they secretly feel, has "no foundations, all the way down the line," they slam the door in its face and send it round to the tradesmen's entrance. Their walls are adorned with Regency stripes; and until, derisively, teen-age gangsters copied the style, nothing would do for their menfolk but suits cut to Edwardian patterns. The curly-brimmed bowler has come back, and so has the velvet collar. Victorian churches have become the object of a cult, and Fabergé has replaced Picasso on the chimney piece. Here and there a few new apartment blocks have gone up, designed by architects who have obviously heard of Le Corbusier, but these are meant only for families of low income: the rich seek out Queen Anne cottages and Georgian squares.

2

THE novel, meanwhile, has grown old and obese in its assumptions. Nothing is more comically revealing of the new post-war order than the emergence of Evelyn Waugh as a pillar of the Catholic gentry — "twenty thousand leagues," as someone said, "below the Holy See." As an American observer truly remarked, "In Britain there are still two classes: the educated and the uneducated." The frontier between them is prickly. I do not deny that class distinctions have contributed to English literature some of its funniest pages; all the same, there is something dismaying in the common spectacle of a humane, intelligent, liberal writer unable to resist making class jokes at the expense of his characters. Admission to the higher literary circles still involves the adoption of a certain accent, and a certain set of attitudes toward those lamentable people who still, after all these years, don't know better than to go to Cassis for the summer. These attitudes creep into the most unex-

pected novels, many of them by former left-wingers, and they are among the signs by which one sighs to recognize a successful British writer.

Snobbery on a far grander scale is of course the stock in trade of Nancy Mitford, whose jubilant prostration before the French aristocracy is in fact a much less vulnerable posture than one might think, since all criticism of it can quickly be labeled envy and thus dismissed. Miss Mitford is a very accomplished writer of lightweight prose; it is merely the position in which she works that provokes a qualm. A subtler form of snobbery is the suggestion that country houses before the First World War were exclusively inhabited by families of alarming but highly seductive eccentricity; the expert in this line is Ivy Compton-Burnett.

There is naturally a resistance movement against all this, a small band of novelists led by the larkish and irreverent Kingsley Amis, whose first novel, *Lucky Jim*, perfectly captured the impatience of the younger British intelligentsia with its environment. But the daunting impregnability of the fortress they are attacking has forced Amis and his friends into taking up a number of opposite attitudes just as stubborn as those of their enemies. They declare themselves provincial and proud of it; they speak of the continent as "furrin parts"; they answer Blimpishness with pedantry. Perhaps these are just tactical measures; at all events, it is a pity that a writer of Amis's gifts should be condemned to work in a country which, the evidence suggests, is pretty well worked out as a subject for novels. Reviewers cannot go on indefinitely praising novelists for their "brilliant evocation of the drabness and squalor of a Northern industrial town." It is no accident that, outside D. H. Lawrence, the best British novels of the past thirty years have been futuristic fantasies, excursions into the past, or lacerating satires. The here and now of British life is frankly not enough fun for literature to be made out of it.

In the theater the talk is mostly of revivals — of the Poetic Revival, led by (and restricted to) T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry, and of Shakespearean revivals, which take up most of the time and energy of actors like Gielgud and Olivier and directors like Tyrone Guthrie and Peter Brook, all of whom, given a few new playwrights, might well turn their talents into channels less stagnant. Meanwhile French and American plays captivate the critics; and the real money continues to be made by comedies about country-house families humorously facing up to the economic problems of living in country houses, and the social problems of living in the twentieth century at all. These plays are written in dialogue based on Pinero, Lonsdale, and Coward; as a matter of fact, Coward still writes many of them himself. Successful British plays about families who cannot afford a villa on the Riviera and a London season for their daughter are as rare as

families who *can* afford them. The trouble is that colloquial speech is moribund in Britain; we need a few million immigrants to replenish the language. The only theatrically exciting dialogue spoken in Britain at present is thieves' argot, and that is unintelligible to non-criminals.

The darkest cloud over the cultural landscape is that of steadily increasing xenophobia. The man without feet inevitably resents the man next door, who lacks only shoes. The test of a culture's strength — and in part the reason for it — is its capacity to absorb, or at least to tolerate, alien cultures. In Britain, fear of the outsider is rife. Ebullience per se is suspect, since it may be due to American influence. Our mistrust of "Americanization" was heard at its most vocal in the virulence of left-wing opposition to commercial television in Britain. Calmer voices pointed out that Britain ought to be capable of working out safeguards which would ban from our screens the worst American excesses, but the enemies of the proposal had seen the cloven hoof and went on shrieking. The BBC, they said, was uniquely British and therefore sacrosanct. By a small majority the scheme passed through the Commons, and a curious fact then emerged: that only about one in a thousand of those who complained most bitterly had ever seen American television.

In ten short years, one realized, currency restrictions had transformed Britain into a country terrifyingly ignorant of its neighbors. Our tendency was always toward insularity; now that we are allowed only \$280 a year to spend abroad, the process has accelerated alarmingly. One wonders whether the economic saving has compensated for the spiritual loss. Most of the population, of course, could not afford a trip to America in any circumstances; Britain, it seems, will always be full of people like the builder's laborer who, in an argument recently reported in the *Manchester Guardian*, firmly contended that Eisenhower was the Generalissimo of the Russian army. It is the ignorance of more intelligent people that is shocking. Last spring a friend of mine, back from his first visit to New York, told me how satisfied he was at the advances American civilization had made. "Why," he said, "in one night club I even saw colored men and white men playing in the same orchestra."

If ignorance breeds complacency, it also breeds touchiness. The British do not like criticism. It is well known that the British film censor will not permit on the screen any serious criticism of the law, the Houses of Parliament, the schools, the armed services, and the government offices; also that the Lord Chamberlain, whose qualifications for the post of dramatic censor include a spell as Governor of Bombay, will not grant licenses to plays which parody politicians or in which any kind

of sexual deviation is so much as implied. The popular error is to think of both men as tyrants. But oppressors, to deserve the name, must have something to oppress, some opposition to crush; and the truth is that in hiding so much of life from the public's eyes the censors are carrying out the public's wishes. Their function is to supply free sand for the ostriches who demand it. The recent spate of obscenity prosecutions, sometimes directed against the most reputable publishing houses, is another manifestation of this; so is the rigorous police drive to enforce the archaic laws against homosexuality.

An image is being built up, to what end I do not know, of the British as a people flawlessly ruled and morally above suspicion. No wonder, therefore, that intelligent youth feels a nagging desire to remove itself to a country of less fogged vision, where it is officially admitted that man is an imperfect creature. One day, no doubt, the false tribal image will crumble under volley after volley of laughter; it is beyond question a ruin in course of construction; but the fact that such an overwhelming majority of the British uphold it is a persuasive argument in favor of living elsewhere.

Not only generalities but small particular vexations combine to create an atmosphere in which art is hard put to flourish. The curbs, for instance, imposed by an income tax so drastic that last year only 190 people in the country were left with net incomes of more than \$16,800; the liquor laws which compel most bars to close at 10 P.M. and the rest at 11 P.M.; the impossibility of obtaining food after that hour anywhere except in London, where even the latest restaurant shuts its doors at midnight. In day-to-day life these petty annoyances probably outweigh the larger ones.

Yet one stays; many of us stay, though we are often amazed at the traditional phlegm which enables us to do it. We stay, cultivating our gardens with moderate success, but aware, intermittently, that the earth is somehow waning in fertility. At first you blame yourself, and work harder; until, detaching yourself from the crowd one day to climb a nearby hill, you survey the panorama of British culture as a whole. It reveals itself as a holy eggshell, being jealously preserved by people without the energy and impetus that went to the making of the egg. In a hundred years' time, I expect, men will still speak with affection of what C. S. Lewis has called "the fruitful, sheep-dotted, river-veined, legend-haunted expanse of England"; but something tells me that they may also be wondering what happened to the English imagination. They may even deliver pious obsequies. "When British culture died," it will be said, "they broke the mold." Right now, I am awfully afraid, the mold could be broken with a nutcracker.



Each autumn WILLIAM WISTER HAINES, the playwright and novelist, joins his doctor brother on a trek to northern Canada, where they track down the myriads of wild fowl that are then making ready for their migration. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania who wrote his first two novels, Slim and High Tension, about the men who risk their lives working close to "hot wire," Mr. Haines has written the scenarios for many successful pictures; and his own play, Command Decision, was a hit on Broadway, in the films, and as a book.

HUNTING MOON

by WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

1

THERE'S no proper guide in three hundred miles," said the proprietor of the tiny hotel. "But Tony knows the country."

"Does he know ducks and geese?"

"He should. They ruined him."

And so we met the gaunt grave ancient we were to cherish as a companion. In the unpaved village street Tony's first glance repudiated the alien gear our ignorance had brought so far — boat, decoys, waders.

"Fine, for some places, I've no doubt," he concluded.

Impressed but still not convinced, we asked him how he proposed to shoot.

"You can muck up the odd one anywhere," said Tony. "But for a proper shoot, we'll have to find a bunch."

We eyed each other, scrutinized Tony again, and told him that we were in his hands.

"Mind, it'll take hunting before you shoot."

"We've come two thousand miles for just that."

"Then we'll lighten the car," said Tony, "for the roads will not be good."

Experience dies hard, but he spoke with the conviction of authority. We stripped the car to guns, shells, and emergency rations for blizzard or disaster. Then, at Tony's further insistence, we put chains on the tires and set out together through the multicolored, frosty splendor of a Canadian autumn.

October gives the grain belt an oceanic vastness of gold, expanding to every horizon. Closer scrutiny reveals harmonious subtler shadings of stubble, swath, and standing grain. Barley patches show a tawny burnt orange. Here and there a section of summer fallow sparkles greenly. And through it all are the crazy quiltings of original unbroken prairie sod, glistening with the silvery frosting of whitened grasses.

You approach the upper grain belt over several

hundred miles of table flatness. But roughly along the fifty-second parallel the spacious reaches begin to undulate with long low moraines. Grain still yellows the shoulders and slopes; the troughs glitter with the blue waters of innumerable sloughs, pot-holes, and lakes, ringed with the green of willows and the flame of frostbitten popple copses.

The symmetrical checkerboard of secondary roads as shown on the map simply ignores the countless glacial gougings which separate grain from water. The roads repeatedly disappear into water. At the edge, you study the latest tractor trails and circumnavigate cautiously, hub-deep in mud and boulders.

"Sorry about the roads," said Tony.

"You shouldn't be — that's why you have ducks," we replied.

We had begun raising them at the town limits. Teal, shovelers, gadwall, widgeon, and sprig scarcely fluttered up from the roadside ditches, innocent of man in a land that considers only the mallard fit for gun or table. A mile out, mallards themselves in increasing numbers jumped from the icy edges of every water we skirted, to join the rafted acres darkening the larger lakes.

Above us the sky wore necklaces of fowl returning from the morning feed to roost in sunny indolence until evening sent them afield again. In the first hour, we saw large flights of every common American duck excepting only the black ducks, which are almost unknown west of the hundredth meridian.

Gradually our eyes found statelier skeins; our ears picked up the fox-like barking of honkers, the laughter of specs, the incessant chatter of the little cackling geese. The larger lakes echoed with the metallic clanking of sand-hill cranes.

We passed a score of places where boat and decoys would have assured limits even to our inex-

perience, and ground slowly southward through alternations of talcum dust and quagmire.

"No use mucking about for the odd one," said Tony.

On the crest of every moraine he paused for long scrutiny of the endless valleys ahead. We stamped the chill out of our feet and soothed impatience with the sharp tonic of the air and the subtle fragrance of wild rose, sage, and prairie grasses. Finally, on the fourth top Tony pointed quietly. "There's a bunch — beyond that train and town."

Slowly our eyes found the shimmering steel rails, the toy train with its brave plume of smoke and fifty cars of wheat chugging patiently toward the spire-like granaries of the distant wheat village; and beyond, the dark smudge. We thought it was smoke, but wind was dispersing the smoke from the train; this darkness stayed put.

"They're on Ignatz Polchensky's place," said Tony.

"Will he let us shoot?"

"Let you? He'd pay you if he could."

2

IGNATZ's cluster of unpainted wood shacks squatted behind a V of evergreen windbreak around a yard full of gleaming new machinery. Ignatz, a stolid, broad-faced giant, crawled from under a tractor, wrench in hand, to stare impassively at our foreign license plates.

"Broke down or want gas, Tony?" he asked.

Harvest time is wasted on no social amenities in the grain belt, but distress is sacred.

"No trouble; we seen you had ducks, Ignatz."

"I'm eat alive with them." He spat, swore, and scowled again at our car.

"All the way from the States to shoot ducks?"

"To hunt them," we told him.

His shrug dismissed such frivolity. We were to learn that we were a miraculous deliverance for him, but he accepted our presence stoically.

"I'll have to take youse out," he said.

We protested, but Ignatz was already hooking a hay wagon to his big tractor. Guns in hand we rode the wagon, struggling for balance as it careened through boulders and mire.

A hundred yards from the house Ignatz mired the tractor. Its six-foot wheels spun crazily, digging steadily down until the transmission lodged in ooze. Ignatz jumped from his seat, stripped the tongue off the wagon, and lashed it cunningly with chain across the fronts of the embedded wheels. This time as they began to spin again, the whole tractor lifted slowly on the buried tongue, teetered crazily on top, and slithered forward three feet to firmer bog. Ignatz cut his throttle, and the wagon tongue stopped its lethal circle a foot behind his head.

"What if you'd slipped and given it a little more gas?" we asked.

"Bust my dumb head," Ignatz grinned, "just like my brother. Now I got his kids."

He unchained the tongue, caught the wagon by the chain itself, and we slithered on. He repeated the operation twice more en route; we timed the last performance at six minutes.

Most of Ignatz's bunch of ducks seemed to have evaporated as he led us afoot into a half section of thin, blighted wheat. Only a few thousand mallards circled above it, squawking angrily at our intrusion before flapping off reluctantly to join the blackened acres on the mile of roosting slough below us.

Untimely rain had delayed planting in this field. A more recent cloudburst had left the ground too heavy for harvesting machinery. In this condition, a bunch had found the ripened grain. Every sheaf we passed was chewed, many stripped clean. The denser patches were trampled nearly flat. Some areas bore almost solid coats of duck droppings. The clanking tin cans and flapping garments on a dozen scare-ducks had availed nothing. Mallards still circled us just out of range; they were used to threshing crews and were getting ready to resume their feeding a hundred yards away.

"Shoot just in there," said Ignatz, pointing to a slightly denser patch.

We were explaining that we hadn't come two thousand miles to groundswipe ducks, when it happened. One second we could see nothing but ravaged wheat; the next, we could see no wheat for the density of the sprouting snaky heads that obscured it. The preponderance of drakes among them gave an illusion of solid green. Then they sprang with the swishing roar of a locomotive, casting a solid shadow across the sun as they rose, just out of range.

"Now youse'll have to shoot flying," said Ignatz reproachfully.

He slithered off in his tractor while Tony instructed. We were late for the morning feed but some of these birds would return from the slough all day. He would lie in the hedgerow downwind where the breeze would carry our kill. We were to take cover in the wheat itself.

Cover? We scratched duck droppings and rocks aside and lay on our backs in the frosted mud, covering bodies and glinting gun barrels with wisps of wheat straw, hoping we looked enough like the many rock piles in the field.

We did. Tony was still walking in the lower end of the field when six mallards, more brazen or voracious than the others, whipped out of the sun, streaming downwind across us. In the hard clear light they looked as big as geese; the white collar markings on the drakes were vivid.

We struggled up, fired together, and got one faint slapping feather rattle for our feverish haste as they arrowed off unharmed to the slough.

"Maybe we could learn croquet," said Dutch.

We reloaded, using the old alibis. It was journey

fatigue, the wind, the sun, the sitting position, the light, the absence of cloud in the sky for tracking — it was all of these things and the sum of them, which is bad shooting and we knew it.

"Down, lads! More coming!" shouted Tony.

Our shots had spooked the field, but a mile away their reverberations were raising the slough itself. Up they came in clouds that obscured the landscape beyond. Most of them merely milled around before dropping back to water. The top thousands, as if reminded by the gunshots of the grain, circled higher, and then a steady phalanx of small flocks strung out in procession straight for us.

We took our first ones breasting the wind high above us. Massive three-pounders, they swished down through the clear air with an impact that broke the frosty crust of the ground. They were mature birds, full-feathered from emerald heads to ebony tail curls, their craws distended with wheat to the rigidity of heavy rope.

We ruffled back the feathers to study our patterning and then propped the pair on wheat stalks about fifteen yards downwind of us, lit our pipes, cleaned our sunglasses, and waited.

Two more pairs dropped dead beside our new decoys were enough of that; decoying birds was too easy. Raising our sights to our situation, we progressed into postgraduate work: high drakes only, high downwind drakes only, high downwind pairs only. Every shot cleared the field for a moment; but often before we could pick up, new flocks were driving in on us.

We let dozens land in the decoys and explode out, unharmed as we accepted ever higher challenge. As he absorbed confidence in our drop, Tony deserted his downwind hedgerow to smoke his pipe beside us in the field and discourse, between shots, on the institution of the bunch.

3

ESTIMATES of size, like the bunches themselves, vary from five thousand to a quarter of a million birds. Photographic count has seemed to justify both limits; the naked eye might as well try to count snowflakes in a blizzard.

They begin to congregate in family groups soon after the hatch in bush and tundra hundreds of miles north of the grain belt. Concentration itself depletes their natural vegetable food. Frost and the immemorial migratory urge do the rest. Snaky thin and still feather-mottled with summer molt, they sweep in from beyond the rim of civilization to encounter at the grain belt a banquet table roughly three by five hundred miles in extent. Horizon-crowding grain is broken only by the second imperative of innumerable waters for roosting sanctuary. Here, until ice closes the waters, they fatten, feather, and harden with long daily practice flights for the further migration ahead, gathering

up the local hatch and trading casual thousands with other bunches. We shot a bird that had been banded that summer three hundred miles south of us. But the preponderance of them were red-legged wilderness hatch.

The general habits of a bunch are consistent. Just before daybreak and sundown they roar up from the roost with wing thunder audible a mile downwind, and string out in orderly procession of small flocks for the feeding field.

From a moraine top one afternoon, with the granary spires of two distant hamlets for solid markers, we measured part of a bunch at seven miles in length, a flock crossing our heads at regular intervals of about ninety seconds. They were still crossing when darkness closed the sky. We had marked that crest with confidence for a pass shoot. We never fired our guns. Every flock passed at a uniform height about fifty yards above range. A week later, amid squalls of snow on a driving wind, we dropped a limit apiece on that same pass in fifteen minutes.

The difference between general consistency of habit and particular feeding fields is what makes it hunting. Big as the bunches are, the country is bigger. The birds choose; the hunter guesses at a selection that defies logic.

There is metabolistic necessity, as well as practice for migration, in the daily flights. But none of this explains why a bunch will fly thirty miles, over car-sized piles of shelled wheat standing in undefended fields, to storm like a multicolored blizzard into the scant gleanings of cutover stubble. Next day the same bunch will decimate the uncut acres beside its roosting water while you smoke your pipe in the deserted section of three days' swarming.

Until the leading flocks choose a field, one untimely shot may deflect a flight line five miles long. With selection made, half a dozen gunners may shoot as fast as they can load in the same quarter section. Every flock in the bunch will come straight to the barrage.

Too easy? In a hot field, indeed it is. But one shoot will usually burn a field. The birds that storm your muzzles tonight will breakfast forty miles away in a field that has never known a feather.

In two weeks we had several limit shoots and, in the midst of incredible opulence, some very thin scratching. We were to spend as much as three days in utter frustration: miles of searching, horizon scanning, marking and mismarking, miring the car and walking till our legs hurt — only to shoot the odd straggler.

We were to abandon the car altogether for a remoter trek by tractor and hay wagon to the very borders of bush and grain. There we rolled our sacks out in willow clumps and broke slough ice for morning coffee water, and the same ice again for Martinis when the guns were cased and the fat fowl roasted on the fire. Two days of it brought us back to civi-

lization and the nearest hospital, not for succor but to give away our limits.

All this was still ahead of us as the flight of Ignatz's bunch began to thin out with the advancing morning. Tony had been studying the skies beyond our field. Two birds short of the provincial limit he stopped us.

"Different bunch yonder, lads, and geese among 'em. One of those could teach us something."

Half a mile's walk put us in good buckbrush cover precisely under the flight line. But this bunch had fed farther away. They swept down over Ignatz's moraine with eyes only for the roosting slough, each flock thirty or forty yards out of range above us. At greater intervals and height, honkers and spees arrowed down the wind with the same single-minded course to water. We were giving up when an overthirsty bunch of pintails started lowering from the crest of the moraine. We still estimated them at seventy yards but we had goose loads in the guns now and a morning's practice on high downwind birds.

As we shot together, two white frock-coated drakes somersaulted over and over slowly before swishing down with a crash that burst their over-stuffed craws. Tony turned the wet grain over in his hand thoughtfully.

"Barley. Ignatz will know who planted it."

4

ONLY twenty?" Ignatz scowled. "Can't they shoot?"

"Fair," said Tony. "We only shot flying."

"You ought to got twenty to the shell," said Ignatz severely.

We held our peace, for we had seen enough to know that legality and moderation take on a different perspective in the light of Ignatz's troubles. We had very literally been making sport of his salvation.

Ignatz's father, like most of the colonists of this township, had left Lemberg fifty-odd years ago, the hot breath of the Czar's recruiting squads accelerating his quest for the promised free land.

He had validated his homesteader's papers with the erection of a soddy fifteen miles from rails, forty from a doctor. He had exchanged labor for his turn at the steam plow that broke the prairie sod, planting new acres each year, harvesting at first with a scythe as he saved for machinery.

Five times in that span his crop had been ravaged in varying degree by ducks. The last time, Ignatz estimated the loss at four thousand bushels of wheat in one night.

"We burned the straw piles, two sheds, and a corner of the field. The beggars still come. I like to see you kill every one."

"I'd not," said Tony. "It's still rare sport."

"Sport for some, starving for us," said Ignatz

implacably. "And you had it worse than me, Tony."

Ignatz had had seasons without a duck on the place. Tony's disasters had fallen in three successive years. A flood had climaxed them, but it was ducks that added his homestead to the melancholy numbers of abandoned farms dotting the wheat.

"I've not starved," he persisted stoutly, "and I'd not see them exterminated."

"Why you say this morning hunt, not shoot?" demanded Ignatz.

We explained that our father had seen concentrations of ducks like this in our native Iowa. He had thought it an extravagant excursion to travel two hours by horse and buggy for his fowling.

With a model T we had extended that range to about fifty miles: forty-eight on primitive gravel, two in hub-deep prairie mire. To shoot at Ignatz's, we had driven seventeen hundred miles of high-speed concrete and three hundred of graded gravel before putting on tire chains.

We were fugitives from more than our own mobility. Concrete and gasoline are the prime culprits, but we told our hosts the rest of the sad recital: the tiling, ditching, dredging, and draining of our waters, the five-millionth serial number already on America's most popular shotgun, the two million federal duck stamps sold annually, the forty-nine different sets of laws, the sanctuaries and fences.

Without laws and fences our wild fowl would already have followed the passenger pigeon and buffalo. Conservation is imperative; its price is our heritage of free hunting. In a few favored places the American gunner may still shoot. He no longer hunts.

The grain-belt farmer, pinched between a late growing season and early snow, has little time to spend on sport. We left most of our kill in grateful hands on the farms, but we were more welcome for the protection of our guns than for the meat. We had come to hunt, and in the lushest abundance we shot with rigid restraint. Happily, the grain belt offers diversity as well as elbowroom.

"Got any Huns, Ignatz?" asked Tony.

"Not here," Ignatz apologized. "For them you'd have to go a mile. But plenty chickens in the rough."

We walked the tough prairie sod with which wind-borne silt has long since covered the gravelly rough of the moraine. Knee-high buck and badger brush, clumps of wild rose still showing frost-nipped flowers, and low copses of popple make a perfect cover. We heard indignant cackles before the heavy gray lumps sprang high to labor away on stunted wings. It looked too easy and it was: another deception of light and size. They were eighty yards out before we shot. They flapped and soared a tranquil half mile more without a loosened feather.

"Quiet, lads, they're lively with the sun."

Four times in the next mile we flushed again,

pairs and singles always just out of range. Then, at the base of the moraine, a late or lazy pair rose almost at our feet.

Chickens they were not, as a glance at the sharp tails and bare legs showed. We were still a couple of hundred miles short of the pinnated grouse's continuing retreat from the plow. Prairie lore adds another factor, insisting that the importation of the pugnacious Hungarian partridge has hastened the retreat of the native bird half again its size.

True or not, Huns and chickens are seldom found together; but it would take a purist to cavil in a land full of sharptails. They exceed a pound and compensate for a ponderous flight by elusive skulking. Again and again they rose wild on us and soared a half mile to bare popple tops from which they blinked with unapproachable disdain.

We took two more singles on the far side of the moraine and were resting over a pipe at its end when a low-soaring red-tailed hawk exploded a covey of Huns out of the stubble in the long valley below. We watched them glinting gray and silver across the golden field, knocking out our pipes as they pitched by a willow-fringed pothole.

"They take a main of walking without a dog," warned Tony.

Walking they take indeed, but they reward it nobly. Only the grain-growing states of our northern tier know the Hun, and even there his foothold is precarious. Despite the fiercer winters of the Canadian grain belt, he has so multiplied in it that dog fanciers bring field-trial champions from as far as Florida to train on him.

Like our bobwhite, he leaves a scented feeding trail and holds well for dogs. Finding him without one is arduous. At sunrise and sunset the ear can locate his querulous cheeping along the borders between grass and grain. Feeding, he ranges widely into the grain, returning when full to the shade of willow thickets. One covey may hold till your feet are among them. The next will rise a hundred yards from you, fly a quarter of a mile, and run another two hundred yards while you beat the cover into which they vanished.

We took our first lesson from the covey we had just marked into pothole willows. They had pitched to the west end but were not there. We walked parentheses around its perimeter and were facing each other at the east end when they rose between our guns with a disconcerting *brrr* and, doubling back, glinted off unscathed through the bush.

"They're artful," Tony consoled. "But there'll be more."

We drew blanks at the next three pothole willows and then stumbled into them in mid-field a hundred yards from the fourth clump. Calmer this time, we saw the feather puffs and short drops of two clean kills on the covey rise.

"Small, but they make a rare breakfast," said Tony with a truth we verified next morning. Mid-

way in size between our bobwhite and pheasant, the Hun is a conservative little dandy of beautifully shaded browns and grays. On the table, his white meat makes the perfect complement to the darker flesh of sharptails.

5

JULIAN KLABOWSKY planted barley," said Ignatz, "but the road there ain't good."

It was not, but our laborious progress discovered still another of the grain belt's diversities. We had slithered down a mucky road allowance to what should have been an isthmus between two large lakes, only to find a foot of water concealed by marsh grass over the last tire tracks. We were turning, to backtrack, when we heard the wing roar and saw the weaving, wavering chain across the pass.

"Just brownies," said Tony contemptuously.

The grain-belt gunner expects to shoot and pick up dry-footed. For hundreds of miles, the water-feeding diving fowl that darken his lakes enjoy relative immunity at the expense of the ubiquitous mallards. For us, however, the flashing formations of red, black, and white were stirring evocative memories.

"You'd be over your boots," protested the scandalized Tony. "Why bother with brownies?"

Bother, for a natural canvasback pass? Limited with ducks, we contented ourselves for that day with a firm mark on the map. Our return confirmed Tony's morose prophecies and our own delighted surmise.

He clucked unhappily on the bank while we cut heavy popple poles and inched warily out onto the isthmus. The flooded roadbed was possible wading, but the deep borrow pits on its flanks precluded picking up anything but the narrowest of drops.

Returning to shore we divided, one each side of road and pits, and worked slowly outward again, wading at our very boot tops until, half leaning, half kneeling on muskrat houses, we found precarious stands a hundred yards apart.

In half an hour we had four boots full of ice water and a mixed limit of diving fowl that ran the gamut of cans, redheads, three kinds of scaup, goldeneye, and bufflehead.

It was wickedly hard shooting. Every bird was taken high overhead at the full-throttle velocity which some authorities insist is the divers' only speed. Traffic was continuous; in singles, pairs, and flocks ranging up to fifty we could see them rise a mile away across the shimmering waters and, gaining height, hurtle directly toward us.

Even with fine visibility there was scant time to gauge the angle of their passing, thresh frantically for another foothold in the slime, and then swing ahead of them through a quadrant of fire limited by precarious balance. We dared take incomers only,

picking up for each other as momentum carried our kills across pits and road. Each of us managed to drench the other with the heavy splash of high, hard kills, but the man who has taken his divers only as they circle decoys will account a wetting to the waist small price for a diver pass.

Julian Klabowsky reckoned himself a lucky man. His section and a half of barley had been harvested before migration, but his laughter was sympathetic.

"Millions," he assured us. "You can't drive 'em out of barley. But for geese you must pit."

We borrowed shovels and walked, lifting a babel of mallards, sprigs, and gadwall in angry waves ahead of us, to the center of his field. There, in a small area that might have been surveyed for equidistance from protective buckbrush or willows, we found acres of goose droppings the size of a twenty-gauge shell.

A backbreaking hour with the stiff loam cut parallel shallow graves just deep enough to hide the outlines of our bodies. Covering fresh earth and ourselves with barley straw, we settled to the numbing chill of our vigil as the evening flight began to pour in around us.

At ducks, if we had wished, I believe we could have shot until our shoulders rebelled. As the super flight approached climactic intensity, they poured over the moraine from Ignatz's slough in a profusion that mocks the cliché itself. They did, for solid minutes at a time, hide the red setting sun. They did swish and roar and thunder around us until we had to shout across our two-foot separation.

They lit to the very edges of our pits until all visibility was red legs and white bellies. When we waved them out, they barely fluttered fifty yards before pitching once more in a density that turned the tawny field into an emerald sea of nibbling heads.

Through this pandemonium we heard the geese before we saw them, higher, warier, and majestically larger than ducks. Slowly the black hulks of honkers and specs loomed in; the undersides of snows flamed with the refraction of sunset on pure white feathering. Steadily their babel rose in wild, sweet clamor.

"Say when," said Dutch as we burrowed down and shredded prepared wisps of straw over our faces.

The honkers led, and their first pass was high, perhaps three hundred yards. But even there, the purposeful V of traveling formation was breaking into blocky, bunched density, the arrowy line had begun to circle.

Faster and more reckless, the snows cut in under them; changing angles showed us black wing tips, yellow bills, and pink legs. Alone, the snows would

have accepted the treacherous testimony of the undisturbed ducks around us and dropped in willingly. But the suspicion of the honkers was contagious. Checking, the snows strung out behind them in lowering but still wary circles.

Down and ever down they spiraled around us, the throat patches on the honkers and black breast barrings of the specs becoming bolder with each pass. We could watch only half the circle without moving. When I estimated a hundred yards I let the last of the long stream pass visibility again and then, as quietly as possible, slipped the safety of my gun for the next pass.

Did they hear that faint click? It seemed incredible in such a clamor, but wild fowl live in clamor. More than once I have seen incomers flare at a smaller alien noise. Can their ears have a mechanism that filters out their own commotion?

No one knows, but the behavior of these at least sustained the question. They did not flare or cry alarm, but what should have been their last circle became a cautious tangent. A quarter of a mile downwind of us they banked hard, set their wings, and dropped almost vertically into the field.

Now we were in trouble. To spook them out was to alert the whole procession of stately skeins clamoring in after them from the horizon. To leave them where they were was to accept probability that every bird in the feeding flight would go straight to them.

We counseled in whispers and raised slowly. Most of the flock was already feeding ravenously. The old watch gander still kept a stiff-necked vigil. At our move, he jumped high and hard; his clarion call scarcely reached our ears before every wing in the flock was following his retreat.

We raised our chilled bodies upright in the pits and launched another sea of startled ducks around us, but this time they did not flutter back into the field. The cries of the departing geese seemed to communicate to them a graver alarm than the shouting and hand-waving which would not drive them away from us an hour ago.

Now the whole mass lifted and strung out after the geese, who were already circling another field a mile away. We were not the only watchers. Behind them the flight line that still reached the darkening horizon swung slowly across wind to a course corrected for the new field. In five minutes not a feather was left in ours.

"Did you hear my safety?" I asked Dutch apologetically.

"No. I didn't even hear mine; but they did."

We broke our guns and sat laughing together as darkness enveloped the distant flight line and the sharp yapping of a coyote on the moraine became audible through the receding swish of the endless wings.



An American married to a British civil servant, AGNES NEWTON KEITH has spent twenty years of her maturity in the islands of the South Pacific. From 1934 until 1942 she and her husband made their headquarters in Sandakan, North Borneo, and from those years came her prize-winning Atlantic book, Land Below the Wind. Her great war book, Three Came Home, was the painful, compassionate account of her three years in a Japanese prison camp. When she and Harry had recovered their health, they returned to Asia as representatives of the U.N., and from their tour of duty in the Philippines has come the source material for her new and illuminating volume, Bare Feet in the Palace, of which this is an episode.

THE KIDNAPING OF KAMLON

by AGNES NEWTON KEITH

1

LIKE every boy who comes in the garden except those two," I complain to Harry.

"Those big oafs! They're at least eighteen! They're too old for these kids anyway," says Harry. "I'll get rid of them pronto," and he starts eagerly toward the door.

"Now wait a minute, let's do it tactfully. Don't make them lose face. They may be quite nice boys, only I don't like the way they slouch around in Bowery fashion, and they use bad words — well, the words *sound* worse when they use them than when George does. They weren't very polite this afternoon when I told them I'd rather they'd go home because they were older. They just leered at me and waited some time before they finally sloped off, and they were back inside an hour. But do be careful how you handle them, or there'll be a feud on our hands and we'll have everlasting trouble."

"I'll *handle* them!" Harry is out the door now and shouting at them: "You two big fellows over there — be off now, you two. My wife's already asked you to leave. Hurry up, get along, on your way, get going! And don't come back. This is a private garden. I'll put the police on you if you come again. Hurry up, I say!"

It takes a couple of minutes for the astonished two to recognize the fact that this is a command, not a request. Then, while the smaller boys watch with awe, they turn about and slouch slowly out of the garden and up the compound drive that leads to the landlord's house.

"I wonder if they're related to Escoda," I speculate. "There's always a raft of boys around there, and he has hundreds of grandsons. I know they didn't come in over our fence, anyway."

"How fast they go *out* is all that interests me. I

don't think you'll have any more trouble with them. You must just let them see who's the boss!"

Our house is south of Manila at Parañaque, about twenty minutes by car. The compound we're in opens onto Manila Bay and we have a big garden. There's a barrio next door that makes the compound a bit noisy; our back fence is right against it.

The mass of Filipinos live in community units called barrios, having anywhere from a few to over a hundred small houses, overcrowded with people, children, dogs, pigs, chickens, sari-sari (notion) stores, maybe a community loud-speaker, and seldom either a sewage system or good drinking water. Barrios exist in cities and in the country. It is understood in the compound that barrio people don't come in. The landlord is a Filipino — he lives in the first house by the entrance — and *he* doesn't permit it.

Two days later I tell Harry, "Those two big lunks were in again today. They were playing with Kam. You know how Kam insists on being friends with everybody. I just can't get him to go out and bite the right people. Anyway, when I went out to ask them to leave, they started to talk to me about Kam, and say what a nice dog he was, and how they'd heard he cost a thousand dollars. I told them they should divide everything they heard by ten, at least. They don't seem too bad when you talk to them, only they're not nice the way the other kids are. But when I reminded them that we preferred just to have younger boys in the garden, they went on out without an argument. It's better to settle the thing amicably if we can."

"Damn it all, it's our garden! That's what we get for letting it be overrun!"

"The other barrio boys don't have anything to do

with these two. George and the others were up in the tree house all the time and didn't let on. Pricilio told George that one of the boys has served sentence in Muntinlupa for theft, and he's supposed to be one of a big gang in Parañaque."

"It's a good thing we're moving in a month. It'll weed out some of these friendships. . . . What do the kids do up in the tree house?"

"Oh, read comics, and drink Cokes, and tell dirty stories, I suppose. The words are different, but the meaning's the same in all languages. George knows the same jokes now in Tagalog, Malay, Chinese, Japanese, and English. I think sometimes the boys smoke a little, but not much. Ponching's the only one that carries cigarettes. The rest of them are always in training for some magnificent athletic event that's going to make them famous. Pricilio lifts weights every morning, Bing chins himself hundreds of times, Junior does push-ups, and Fred jumps rope. They're all mad about physical fitness and strength, and everlastingly perfecting themselves to grapple with the big opportunity that never comes. It breaks your heart to think that those kids just don't have a chance. It seems wicked when you think that there are people in this town who spend two thousand dollars for a cocktail party! It'd make a Huk out of me, for sure!"

"And we spend a thousand for a boxer!"

"One hundred and fifty you mean, and that's one pup in a lifetime."

"Well, I'm not so sure that a pedigreed pup was a very good idea out here."

"But the city's full of pedigreed pups. It was in the social column the other day that somebody's prize pooch had a set of traveling tweeds made for him in London to wear on a trip to the States, and somebody else's French poodle wears a rhinestone collar. Kam's just a slum dweller compared with lots."

The day has been overwhelmingly hot, and now at six o'clock I am sitting on the doorstep wondering how the boys can possibly have the energy to climb trees. I don't see why they don't fall, or the branches break, as I watch them swinging precariously with complete assurance thirty feet above ground in the tallest mango. The descent to earth is simple; Junior comes first, drifting down from the tree house with the end of a bending bough, sweeping to a branch and catching its end, which plunges him down to a lower limb, which bends with his weight till he drops to the ground. Then Bing's turn, then George. . . . Crack!

I see the leaves and George plummet down together, turning in air, not sweeping. He hits the ground headfirst — it looks. Almost before he alights I am on the way to him, Pricilio shoots down from the tree, and Junior is on the spot. I think he'll never rise, but he bounces to his feet holding his shoulder, and shouts, "I'm all right, Ma," then

falls down again and passes out. Pricilio, Junior, Bing, and the gang support him to the house, and I can scarcely get to him. They carry him in and put him on the bed, where he revives enough to see that he has become a hero. Now he groans, just often enough to show he is in pain, and infrequently enough to show he is being brave. He can't move his shoulder, his face is cut, but nothing else seems wrong. I cut off his singlet and call the doctor.

"A fractured shoulder," the doctor says. "That's not much to complain of for a thirty-foot fall."

"I didn't fall," says George proudly. "The branch broke with me."

"You're still up there, eh?" says Doc.

"George, you can't possibly go swimming with your shoulder swaddled up like that!"

"I won't get wet. I'll sit on the life raft, and the boys will paddle it."

"Only in shallow water then."

"And can we go in the banca Sunday?"

"No, you can't go in a banca again until your shoulder is quite all right and you can swim."

"But, Ma, in a banca I don't have to swim."

"I know all the answers, and they're all NO."

"But, Ma, there's nothing to do but read comics or go to the movies — and you know Dad doesn't like me to do that. Anyway, I can swim fine with one arm."

"Now, George, Dad will be home very soon, and if he agrees that two arms are superfluous, then you can try swimming with one. But not till he's here." As soon as Harry comes back from his trip to the pine forests of the Mountain Provinces we are moving to another residence, as the friends from whom we rent this house are due back in Manila from their holiday.

Renting a furnished house in Manila usually means moving every few months, a process called puddle-jumping. Fortunately I have found a very nice place only five minutes walk from where we are, and situated so that you can walk from the garden into the water of the bay.

2

MOVING days are even worse than Christmases for cataloguing age and disintegration of the human spirit. This one in Manila began badly at 8 A.M. when the station wagon came to move our ration of luggage and Harry said, "Where's Kam?"

"Isn't he on the rope?"

Kam has started to wander, so we have formed the habit of clipping his lead to a long rope. Later in the day, when we are prepared to be on vigil and whistle at intervals, he is allowed to run free. I keep a rope tied from coconut palm to coconut palm across the length of the front garden for this purpose, and Harry, who is usually first out of bed, always attaches Kam to it.

"On the rope?" Harry says. "Oh, I took the rope down last night and packed it with his dish and blanket so that we wouldn't forget it this morning. I just let him run loose this morning. I thought he'd be all right for once."

With the station wagon waiting, I run around the compound from house to house, whistling and calling, and asking one and all if they've seen Kam. I run up Quirino Avenue, down to the bay shore, back to the barrio, whistling, calling, and asking until my mouth is parched, my voice hoarse, my temper bad. Now as I pant up the compound drive, the station wagon honks as if to convey the impression that I am deliberately delaying the move. Breathless, almost voiceless, very mad, and beginning to worry, I gasp out to Harry, "That damn dog's no place to be found. No place!"

"Well, we can't wait all day! Come along! He'll turn up. I've asked the boys to watch out for him and bring him around if they see him. It's only three minutes to the other house anyway," says Harry.

"Come on, Ma, he'll find us when he gets hungry. Nobody else around here can afford to support him," says George.

"I'm afraid he's been stolen," I worry. As the station wagon rolls down the drive I look back anxiously, half expecting to see a plump, fawn-colored Teddy bear with his leg up at somebody's pet bush. No hope.

As soon as we unload our possessions at the new place, I hurry back to the old house to superintend the frantic cleanup that is going on. Again I half believe that I'll see Kam asleep in the drive, nosing somebody's garbage, chasing the ducks — and again I don't. It is midday before I begin to feel about me a conspiracy of silence, reinforced by meaningful looks, which Luz and Lavandera are enclosed in, as we scrub closets and shelves. At one o'clock Luz calls me to come to the kitchen, and says, "Tomás talks now over the back fence to people who say they know where Kam is."

"Where are the people? I'll go and see them. I'll tell them to get Kam and bring him back right away." I start for the door but Luz says, "I think better you do not go out, or they will be frightened and go away. Best to leave Tomás talk to them. I think they wish reward."

I peek out of the back window and see Tomás plastered against the fence on our side and a crowd of dark heads sticking up on the barrio side. "You go, Luz, and see what's happening," I urge. "I don't understand all this mystery. If they know where the dog is, why don't they bring him?"

As Luz appears voices are raised; then the crowd thins out and Tomás leaves the fence, talking to Luz. She is back in a minute and says, "A friend of Tomás brings a message from people who see the dog this morning. They can find the dog if you give a reward."

"I'll give a reward when I get the dog back. Tell Tomás to tell them so. But who saw the dog? Are they the ones who stole him, do you think?"

"Tomás says his friends didn't steal the dog, but they know who did. I think it is that Parañaque Gang."

I have always laughed at the hair-raising stories that Lavandera and Luz tell about the "Parañaque Gang" — stories they manufactured, I have thought. Now I say, "Well, I don't care *who* did it. Tell them we want the dog and we'll give a reward *when we get him back*."

If it hadn't been moving day I would have felt much worse. As it was, I was too busy to assess my sense of shock; I just wanted to get the dog back, the house clean, and the new beds ready to sleep in. I was still cleaning the closet when Luz came back.

"They say that if people give rewards *now*, they get dogs back more quickly."

"I won't give a reward till I get the dog — that's definite. They've got a lot of nerve. It must be the very people who stole the dog that Tomás is dealing with, if they're making conditions."

"No, this is friends of the people who took the dog. Lavandera says for sure this is that bad gang. The uncle of one boy lives next to her, and the boy is bad. He is the big boy who comes in the garden that day the Master says to get out."

Then I recall my conversation with the big boy: "This is a very fine dog, I guess?" "Yes, Kam's a fine pooch." "I think this is a very expensive dog, eh? I hear you pay one thousand dollars for him!" "Heavens, no! Divide that sum by ten . . ."

"Luz, tell Tomás to send word that I will pay a reward as soon as I get the dog, but *not before*. And I want him back tonight!"

It all seems silly and like a tabloid except for the fact that it is true, and Kam is gone. This time Luz comes back to say, "The people are frightened, and they have gone away. Tomás says maybe they won't come back now because you didn't pay the reward."

"But, Luz, they'll come back *for* the reward. That must be why they stole the dog — to get a reward."

"But they are very bad gang. Maybe they do it because Master says, Get out!"

3

BY NIGHTTIME Kam has not turned up and we go to bed a very sad household. With sorrow, George becomes extremely morose and won't talk at all; I keep on talking endlessly in the effort to make it make sense; and Harry just says, Wait. Luz and Lavandera, who have decided to come with us rather than return to their former jobs, have been talking endlessly all afternoon. Lavandera has gone home to the barrio now, and I am hoping she may hear

news there. Tomás, our closest link with the dog, has stayed in the old house.

"But what shall I do if they don't bring Kam back tomorrow?" I ask Harry, who is leaving early next day for the Mountain Provinces again. "I'm not going to just sit back and let Kam go, forever. It's all so stupid. If somebody stole him for a reward, and I agree to pay the reward, why don't they bring him back and get the reward?"

"Give them all day tomorrow, and if Kam's not back by the next morning go to the local Parañaque police and report it," Harry advises. "Promise the reward to the police if they find the dog."

"I think maybe it is not good to go to the police," suggests Luz. "The thief will be frightened then to bring back the dog."

"But what can I do? Go out and call the thief pet names to reassure him?"

"Lavandera says best to wait," Luz warns.

Next morning Harry leaves. No messages come about Kam and he doesn't appear. Pricilio wanders up the road to the compound gate and the watchman won't let him in, so he comes up the shore instead and whistles to George from the beach. They sit on the wall in front and talk for a long time. George tells me later that Pricilio feels bad about Kam being stolen, and says he will watch for any news of him inside the barrio.

The following morning I get out of bed determined to go to the police. I tell Luz and rather expect her to protest. Instead she says, "I will go with you to help you talk." I am now beginning to think less lightly of her "Parañaque Gang," and do not wish to involve her in any local gang wars, so I say, "Never mind, Luz, I'll make them understand if I have to bark like a dog to do it!" But when I go out to the car Luz is there in her shopping dress waiting, and Lavandera is with her.

Arrived at the police station, we work our way through several minor gangsters till we get to a man who looks as if his part in law enforcement were to intimidate witnesses. I start to give my report in English, but Lavandera cuts in in Tagalog, and Luz carries on a duet with her, and I soon give up and sit back. The only facts the policeman makes a note of are how much we paid for Kam and how much Kam eats, which latter item has to be told to him twice, and he obviously finds it incredible. Lavandera is in top form, and I imagine tells our entire family history, true and false, and her own, while Luz is an affirmative refrain.

When at last the two of them slow down, I say loudly and firmly, "We will give a generous reward to the police if you get the dog back."

Then, for the first time, the policeman turns around and really looks at me. He suddenly looks quite cheerful, and smiles pleasantly, and seems to be waiting for something nice to happen. Nothing happens. It isn't until after I've left the station that I realize that of course this was my cue to press the

reward right into his palm. I don't know why I didn't see it at the time; I guess because it seemed too crude that way — the little station cubicle was full of police and their clients, and somehow, although I knew one bribed the police, it never occurred to me that one did it so openly.

It isn't until I get right away from the stale station smells of urine, tobacco, and garlic that I recognize the fact that there isn't any finesse about this deal, and nothing is too crude. I know then for sure that the police will not be heard from. I have forfeited my rights.

4

Now comes the part of the story that I still can't quite believe. By midafternoon verbal threats are coming in from all directions, via third parties, that the gang that has stolen Kam is angry with me for going to the police and has sworn to kidnap George and tie a stone around his neck and drop him in the bay off Cavite Point, a favorite gangster disposal system here. The story comes through Luz, through Lavandera, the compound gardener, the night guard, the neighbor's cook, the cook's neighbor, Lavandera's neighbor who is uncle to a boy in the gang, the new houseboy, the policeman at the corner, Justino our driver, and everybody's friend. Each one has gotten the story through somebody else, nobody has spoken with the person who made the threat, but everybody swears it is true. And then everybody, even strangers whom I do not know but who know me as George's mother, sends warnings to me, comes to me to tell me, or tells a friend to tell me, Keep George at home; don't let him swim, go to the movies, go away, go off in bancas, go in buses — keep George at home!

It is fantastic, it is ridiculous, it is terrifying, it is hysterical — things like this don't happen. But things like this do happen in Manila.

Ordinarily, I do not believe third-person stories. I always ask, "Who said it?" and don't accept it unless I can verify it firsthand. I cannot verify these rumors, I can find no one who will admit hearing the threat made; each one has heard it through somebody else, but each swears he has heard it, each one swears it is so, and obviously believes it.

"But why?" I ask. "What does anyone have against George? If they stole the dog for money, I can understand it. But why this crazy threat? It doesn't make sense. What's George done to anyone? What can they get out of it but trouble? It's not even a kidnap-ransom threat. It's just plain evil. It doesn't make sense. It can't be so."

I wouldn't believe it. I must be growing hysterical, I told myself; I should know better.

But I did believe it. I knew that one mistake would be too many. I was a stranger here, a foreigner among an impoverished people, people of violent emotions, a people with wrongs to resent.

So I didn't believe it, and I did believe it, till I was nearly crazy. Meanwhile Kamlon, the victim of the original crime, is not forgotten — but has become just a dog, while George is our only son.

The servants establish a voluntary relay guard over George, which annoys him frantically. George refuses to take any of it seriously, except the absence of Kam. He laughs at me and everybody else who tries to talk precautions to him. He says, "Oh, Ma, they're kidding you!" and "Don't let them spoof you!" and never loses a wink of sleep, and goes swimming in the bay with the boys, just one more bobbing head among the rest, while I strain my eyes after him and wait anxiously on the shore for him to come safely in. Or, alternatively, if I manage for a minute to persuade him that it might not be a joke, and that he should stay near home, then he arms himself with a bolo and a pair of knuckle dusters, traded for with a barrio boy whose brother uses them professionally.

"That's the best way in the world for you to get bumped off, you crazy child!" I warn angrily. "You can't use a bolo the way the Filipinos do. They'd have your head off before you got the thing out of its shell."

"Not shell, Ma, *please*. That's a sheath. And I'm better than you think with a bolo!"

Next day a neighbor tells me that he had a car stolen once and he gave twenty-five dollars to the local motorcycle cop, Luis, and Luis traced the car and brought it home, so why don't I ask Luis to get to the bottom of the mystery?

So I do ask Luis. He comes around and I present my case, and he says he'll need some expense money to begin on. This time I get the cue immediately, and go well above what I think he expects, just to be on the right side. Luis says he'll report when he gets something to report, and he disappears and is not heard of again.

Meanwhile Harry has been gone ten days in the pine forests, and I can't get word to him. Half the time I do not dare to go to sleep at night, and the other half I cannot sleep. This night as I lie in bed wondering how long I can stand it, and wishing I could get Harry home, I hear a whistle outside my window. I sit up and look out and see a white-clad figure standing in the shadow of the tree ten feet away.

In a minute a masculine voice calls softly, "George! George!" in a clipped Eurasian accent.

"My God," I think, "a decoy! They're trying to get him to come out, and then they'll snatch him! They dare to come right into the compound and up to the house!" I shout out, "Get out! Get out! Get out! Get out!" quite hysterically, and the figure melts into shadow. I fall back in bed feeling quite ill, then — but with my mind made up. I have waited long enough.

I will go to the American Embassy tomorrow and ask them as an American national for protection for

my son. I'll ask them to investigate the whole matter, and meanwhile to give me a United States military guard for the house, or else take George into the protection of Embassy quarters until they can determine if the threats are genuine. After all, I have approached the police here, and they have done nothing, and I have crossed Luis's palm and he has disappeared. We have two armed guards in the compound — but who can tell to whom they owe allegiance? With my mind made up, I fall asleep.

5

THE next morning at seven, while I am having coffee, Harry walks in. It is one of the best surprises I have ever had, and a wonderful relief to tell him all about it. At first I wonder if he will pooh-pooh it and think I am being hysterical. Perhaps I am.

". . . And we'll have to do something right away. Today," I say. "I can't stand it any longer. I've watched George day and night now for eleven days, and even if nothing happens to George, I'll be completely crazy if this goes on. I've made up my mind to go to the American Embassy today."

"No. I'll go to the Secretary of Foreign Affairs myself first thing this morning," Harry says. "The Philippine Government is responsible for our protection here, and Foreign Affairs is the legitimate liaison between the government and the United Nations. I know they will take immediate action. If you go to the American Embassy, they will have to go through government in any case. Now don't worry any more, we'll get to the bottom of it."

"Thank God you're home. I'm getting so jittery I can scarcely tell fact from fiction. At the same time I'm angry with myself for feeling so frightened when perhaps the whole thing is ridiculous. I never appreciated before how wonderful it was to have a police force you can rely on in time of trouble!"

At ten o'clock Harry calls me. "There will be a National Bureau of Investigation agent out immediately. Tell him all about it. And cheer up."

In half an hour Agent number X, who goes unnamed, of the N.B.I. is in the house and on the job. He is a fine-looking, well-built young man, gentle in speech and in manner, and intelligent. He is as reassuring to meet as my police friend was disappointing. I tell him the whole story, and add, "If you can assure me that I'm being hysterical and foolish, and that there is no danger to George, I'll believe you, and refuse to believe these threats."

"I cannot tell you so, madam," he says cautiously. Then he talks with George, Luz, and Lavandera, asks for snapshots of Kam and a description, asks for our address in the other compound, and says, "I will place a guard on your house until I know what is behind this. Meanwhile, keep George within sight, or inside the house. I will report to you later." And he leaves to visit the barrio, the old compound, the neighboring houses,

and Lavandera's neighbor who is the uncle of a boy in the gang.

As the young agent walks down the path I feel like a person whose sentence has been lifted. I am no longer helpless against an unknown, evil force; something is being done.

Next day I hear from Lavandera that Agent X has done some thorough investigating of the old compound, the local sari-sari stores where gossip sells with goods, and the house of Lavandera's neighbor. Pricilio drifts down from the barrio in the afternoon to talk with George, and he tells us of house-to-house visits in the barrio by Agent X. Everyone in the barrio is being questioned, and I begin to feel decidedly apologetic to them.

Most of the boys are staying away from us now, and I realize it is in order to protect themselves from being classed on our side by the thieves, and as such being exposed to a venom from which they have no protection. For we can hire guards, we can call in the N.B.I., but the barrio has no one but the police. In the barrio, saint lives by jail mate, and innocent child beside ex-convict, and their only protection is to mind their own business.

Five days later at five o'clock, Agent X telephones me. "I think I have your dog. Can you come with me to identify him?"

I agree eagerly, and am waiting for Agent X when Harry arrives home. Agent X, accompanied by another agent, picks us up in his car. He has located a dog he believes to be Kam in the home of a Chinese family who breed dogs and who claim to have purchased Kam for one hundred dollars from a Filipino who was offering him for sale on the street. Now, about ten minutes drive from our own house, we turn up a well-known street in a good district and stop at a large compound.

"Are you sure you can identify the dog?" asks Agent X again.

"Yes."

While we walk toward the rear of the compound the occupants of the houses are gathering to see what business brings four strangers here with such an earnest air. There is a garage at the extreme rear where I see a small brown object on the floor by the door, and while Harry and the agents stop to argue with a Chinese who intercepts them, I call, "Kam!" For a moment the brown thing doesn't move, then a head lifts wearily and I see it is Kam — but Kam doesn't see it is me. He is chained to the floor with a short chain, and although he lifts his head dispiritedly at the sound of my voice, it seems to mean nothing.

It is Kam, but he is no longer the golden Teddy bear, as wide as he was long, who left us. This is a thin, ribby, worried creature with a dull, soiled coat, who has already learned that the world is harsh. I call again, and he looks up again. Suddenly the idea penetrates, the golden body jerks and pulls against the chain, while I run to the garage, and end

up on the floor with Kam slobbering all over me in a crazy, hysterical fashion, wagging his rear end madly, tangling me in his chain so that I can't escape, and getting up and sitting down in nervous anxiety for fear I will disappear. Now, to the crowd which has gathered and watches with interest, it becomes quite plain whose dog this is.

Agent X detaches himself from Harry and the Chinese, who are now shouting at each other, and looks at Kam and me with satisfaction and says, "I guess the dog has identified *you*."

Now I hear Harry say, "I certainly *won't* pay you what you paid for the dog! It's people like you who buy stolen goods who encourage people to steal. You must have known that no good dog would be offered for sale on the street without papers, if he hadn't been come by crookedly."

The man, who doesn't seem to have much faith in his own case, says rather feebly, "Then just pay twenty-five dollars please, to help my loss."

"I won't pay you a damn cent," Harry shouts. He strides toward me and Kam, jerks the chain right out of the staple in the floor, and starts for the car. Meanwhile, to the aggrieved keeper of Kam, the agent hands a little paper saying that the dog has been confiscated by the N.B.I. as stolen goods and returned to the owner; that any redress the man seeks must be from the person who sold him the goods. With Kam in the lead, we sweep out of the compound, leaving a very depressed man surrounded by his neighbors enjoying his misfortunes.

6

I THOUGHT you said we might have to wait for a court order before we could take the dog home," I said to Agent X.

"There was no doubt the dog was yours," says X with a grin. "So I think we can call this case closed. That man will do nothing further."

"But what about George? Is *he* safe now? Do you know *who* stole the dog?"

"We think we know who took the dog, but we do not have proof, and probably could not get proof, because people are afraid to testify in court. After we learned who took the dog, we were able to trace him through some relatives of the thieves who are respectable people and work in government offices. The relatives are very unhappy that the young men always make trouble. These relatives know they might lose their jobs because of this. So we tell them that if they can help us find the dog, we will take it as proof of their own good faith. So they find out that the dog was sold to this Chinese breeder, and we get the dog. Now we tell them that if anything happens to the Keith family while they stay in Manila, the N.B.I. will come straight to them and hold them responsible, and they will lose their jobs — so better to make the young relatives behave themselves."

"But why did anybody want to do this to us? We don't have half the money wealthy Filipinos have. Most of these people around here are our friends."

"This is a bad neighborhood. It is outside the city. There are many gangs here. There are many very poor people, and rich people live beside them. There is temptation."

"But what about George? Will this gang be waiting for revenge on him?"

"I think George will be all right now, because the thieves are frightened. But it is best not to let him go away from the house alone — always let a servant go with him, or let him accompany friends. That is for safety's sake, but I don't think there will be any trouble. We could not prove this case in the courts and convict the thieves, because we cannot get sworn evidence. But we got the dog back."

Now Harry asks the agent to accept the reward we had offered for Kam, but he refuses firmly and says, "It is our reward to solve the problem. We are here to serve the people."

The next day Harry writes to the head of the N.B.I. and thanks him for the efficient work of Agent X, and encloses a check as contribution to whatever welfare fund they may have. The check

comes back with a letter saying again, "We are here to serve. Our reward is to help solve your problem."

"Well," says Harry. "The return of the check is the only unbelievable part of the story!"

"The N.B.I. agents probably get paid a living wage," I suggest.

Whether or not the two young men who were thrown out of our garden were the thieves, we cannot say, and we will never know, for silence has fallen. Lavandera says nothing now about her neighbor who is the uncle of a very bad boy. Luis is too cautious to make any report. Luz, if I ask her who she thinks the thieves are, says, "Best not to speak of these things." Justino, our driver, a Tagalog, says when I ask him, "Tut-tut-tut! These Filipinos!" Rustico, the new houseboy, a Visayan, says haughtily, "All these Tagalogs are thieves!"

But Esteban, the compound guard, solves the problem in the popular way by saying, "You see? No Filipino would do such a thing! There was Chinese initiative behind it. That's the way it is with these crimes, Chinese master minds plan them and make us poor Filipinos commit them."

"But Esteban, in this case the Chinese master mind got stung by the poor Filipino!" I suggest.

"You see? It served him right, ma'am."



HORIZON THONG

by GEORGE ABBE

Go BACK now; pause to mark
that hill town cut in two:
one half, green summer's charm,
the other, chasmed in snow.

Horizon, a thong of red
knotted by smoldering sun;
wind, the wind in the drifts,
and crystal blossoms flung
downward — so near, so warm —
to where orchards bend and lift.

And father — father who kneels
to pull snowshoes from his back,
looks down to the shining field
where his son runs, easy and fast;

he must follow, follow to save,
but the snowshoes will not free;
they are rooted to shoulder blade,
they are flesh of paternity.

Only a quick run down,
but helpless he kneels in cold,
watches his young boy run
over meadows lyric and full
towards woods, a woods of his own.

Wrenching, and wet with pain,
the father downward bows;
the village of homes and men
grows faint in the blizzard's glow.

The boy flashes under trees
and fades. The horizon mark
binds throat of man on his knees;
the sun-knot tightens to dark.



On the eve of the Geneva Conference, Marshal Bulganin, in a speech to the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, acknowledged the shortcomings of the Soviet industrial organization. For an appraisal of Bulganin's far-reaching report we turn to EDWARD CRANKSHAW, the English author and historian. Mr. Crankshaw first visited Russia as a member of the British Military Mission to Moscow; he went back again in 1947 as a writer for the London Observer; and it was in the course of these tours of duty that he assembled the source material for his two readable and authoritative books, Russia and the Russians and Cracks in the Kremlin Wall.

SOVIET INDUSTRY

by EDWARD CRANKSHAW

1

FOR very many years one of the show places of the Soviet Union has been the huge automobile factory at Gorky named after Molotov, where the ZIM cars are made. It is one of the prides of Soviet industry and a popular symbol of Soviet power. Another is the ZIS automobile factory in Moscow, named after Stalin. In a speech to the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party released on the eve of the Geneva Conference, Marshal Bulganin rudely upset the complacency of the managerial staff of ZIM. He said, "What we have here is not an automobile works but a universal production works." He said the same applied to ZIS in Moscow and to almost every other factory in the Soviet Union. He explained what he meant, and at the same time he inaugurated a revolution in Soviet industrial thinking.

He was criticizing the ZIM works because it had allowed itself to be sidetracked from its proper business of producing motorcars. Only 67 per cent of its total production came out in the form of automobiles, he said. "In addition to automobiles, this factory produces bicycles, machine tools, forging, stamping, smelting and welding equipment, small electrical installations, agricultural machines, various instruments, electrically welded piping, and much else. Each month this works produces for its own consumption tens of thousands of oilcans which could be successfully made by any workshop employing craftsmen. . . . A wide range of production impedes the organization of output, the use of flow methods of production, complicates the technological equipment of production processes, and acts as a brake on the introduction of highly productive automatic equipment. All this leads to increased production costs."

In other words, it is very interesting to work in a great Soviet factory — as interesting as working in

a small-town garage; more interesting, even, because there is so much more scope. But it is not modern industry. The qualities required are the qualifications of the super-handyman; the worker's horizon is being constantly widened. But the result is not all that is required. At Bryansk, for example, to quote Marshal Bulganin, there is a large locomotive works, but a great deal of the floor is taken up by anything but locomotives. "In addition to producing several types of wagons, it is manufacturing steam turbines, trains for electric power stations, trolleys for conveying molten pig iron, small rolled metal items, cast iron and steel for other works, tractor and locomotive spare parts, spare parts for electric power stations, and various other items. In a word, this factory is working on the principle, as the popular saying goes, of tinker, tailor, baker, and candlestick maker." And Marshal Bulganin had further shattering examples. He revealed in passing that it is the practice of most engineering works to manufacture their own nuts and bolts. The average cost of these is fourteen times greater than that of the same article turned out by one of the few specialist factories, and the operation consumes just about twice as much metal — for example, "in order to produce one ton of bolts a specialized works uses 1000 kg. of metal, while a non-specialized works uses 2000 kg."

The situation, he said, was particularly bad when it came to metal castings and forgings: instead of taking their castings and forgings from specialized shops, individual enterprises of all kinds are making their own — at treble the cost. The same applies to components of all kinds. Furthermore, each individual ministry manufactures its own machines and tools, often unskillfully, always at the expense of far more money, material, and labor than is necessary in a specialized works.

Marshal Bulganin's report is the first statement by any Soviet minister since 1931 which attempts to tell the truth about Soviet industry. It is a mine of information and enlightenment. It acknowledges all those shortcomings of Soviet industrial organization which have been familiar to the student for decades — and steadfastly denied by the Russians. It admits that much of the finest Soviet engineering is obsolete. It compares with extreme frankness Western performance with Soviet performance, and instructs Soviet engineers and designers to jump out of their complacency and look to the West for guidance — and not only to America: Britain, Italy, Sweden, and the West German Republic are all cited as producing goods and machines superior to their Soviet counterparts.

Marshal Bulganin introduced a new slogan into Soviet industry: specialization. What he meant was rationalization. What he was saying in effect was that Soviet industry, notwithstanding its mighty achievements, had reached a crucial phase: if it was to move forward and become comparable with American industry, it must rationalize itself from top to bottom. And until it can make itself comparable with American industry, the consumer will continue to suffer.

2

THIS is really what Marshal Bulganin's speech was about; and this is what the consequent upheaval in Soviet industry is about. It is the first major change of direction since the inauguration of the Five-Year Plan period in 1928. The change is from sprawling, wasteful *extensive* growth to the *intensive* development of existing resources. For nearly three decades Soviet industry has proceeded on the general assumption that it had at its command unlimited manpower and resources. It did not matter at what cost the machines were produced — in terms of manpower, money, raw materials, and human suffering — provided they were produced.

In countries liable to flooding, the construction and maintenance of dams and dikes proceeds normally in a planned, orderly, and economical way; but when the floods rise and a dike bursts, then everything is flung into the breach, regardless of cost, regardless of the dislocation of the normal national services, until the waters are held. It is like a war. And this was the mood in which Stalin tackled the forced industrialization of the Soviet Union. Starting more or less from scratch, he gave himself ten years to make the Soviet Union strong enough to withstand invasion by mechanized forces of the industrial West. Nothing else mattered. Thus the Soviet industrial revolution was started under what were effectively war conditions. Then came the real war, with the accelerated development of heavy industry east of Moscow and its destruction west of Moscow; then, in 1945, in the great

reconstruction, a repetition of the early days, but on a larger scale and with the experience and techniques collected in twenty years to draw on.

In 1946 Stalin set himself another quasi-military target. He said: "We must achieve a situation whereby our industry is able to produce each year up to 50 million tons of pig iron, up to 60 million tons of steel, up to 500 million tons of coal, and up to 60 million tons of oil. Only under such conditions can we regard our country as guaranteed against all accidents. This, I think, will require at least three new Five-Year Plans, if not more."

Everything else was to go by the board until these figures should be fulfilled — by 1960 at the earliest, thought Stalin. Until then, there was to be no question of sacrificing heavy industry and capital expansion to light industry. The Soviet people were called upon to work and suffer in silence.

Stalin in those days took little stock in the atom bomb. He also believed that long before 1960 there would be a disastrous slump in America. But the atom bomb was there; and the hydrogen bomb, its successor, has brought it home to the new rulers that their country can never be guaranteed against all accidents. Also, instead of slumping, the American economy has continued to expand at a rate beyond all possible Soviet foreseeing — and with it the economies of other Western lands. So that Stalin's figures for 1960 now seem pathetic as an insurance against all possible contingencies.

Nevertheless, they represent a very considerable achievement, and in terms of a war economy they are more formidable than they look. Only a fraction of America's tremendous output of primary products goes into the war machine; whereas in the Soviet Union the greater part is at once converted into the sinews of war. Also it appears that Stalin's figures will be fulfilled. In oil they have already been surpassed. In his report to the Central Committee, Marshal Bulganin concerned himself not only with the shortcomings: he also had progress to report. He was able to announce the fulfillment of the current Five-Year Plan for industry (but not for agriculture) in May of this year, eight months ahead of schedule. He invoked Stalin's 1946 figures. Thanks to the swift development of rich new oil fields, oil production has this year reached 70 million tons. Pig iron stands at 33 million tons, steel at 45 million tons, coal at 390 million tons.

The increases have been spectacular. It is probable, though not certain, that Stalin's goal will be achieved before 1960. But the rate of increase is already dwindling. The most easily worked coal and ore is being exhausted, and development here will be slower; the manpower problem is already acute and will grow still worse when the annual intake begins to fall in a year or two because of the decline in the birth rate during the war years. The Russians find themselves in a spiral, familiar enough in the West, which works on the principle that the higher

the national product the more men must be taken away from primary production and put into factories and public services to exploit those products. The Soviet transport system, for example, if it is to be made adequate to cope with the increased level of production, will make tremendous demands on manpower and material. Again, as the national product increases, the same volume of increase each year must express itself in a dwindling percentage increase.

Finally, the conditions under which Stalin carried out the exploitation of his country's wealth were inimical to the development of a balanced relationship between skilled and unskilled labor. The demand for unskilled labor in its crudest and cheapest form, as expressed most absolutely in the forced labor system, militated against the growth of that huge body of skilled artisans and technicians now required to make the best use of existing resources.

It is clear that, to achieve the figures cited by Marshal Bulganin, the ramshackle Soviet industrial economy cannot go on in the present haphazard manner. It is clear also that it is in no position to provide the Soviet people with the consumer goods they must have if they are to be turned into a modern society. Here, I think, is the crux. Beyond reaffirming the Party line on continued priority for heavy industry at the cost of consumer goods, Marshal Bulganin had little to say about the consumer. But the consumer must have been very much in his mind.

One of the first acts of the Malenkov government after Stalin's death was to declare that heavy industry was in such good shape that thenceforth the government proposed to concentrate on the needs of the consumer and on raising the standard of living. New factories were to be built for light industry; existing factories devoted to heavy industry were to divert a proportion of their resources and floor space to turning out consumer goods (this expedient was partly responsible for the chaos in factories like the ZIM factory); the disproportion between the output of capital and consumer goods was to be corrected. This disproportion was very marked. In 1940, Malenkov said, the ratio of heavy industry to light industry was 60:40; in 1953, the year of Stalin's death, it was 70:30. This disproportion can be put in another, more dramatic way: at the end of the first post-war Plan, in 1950, it was claimed that industrial output as a whole had increased over 1940 by 73 per cent, but the increase in light industry had only been 17 per cent. The disproportion was all the more striking in that heavy industry largely exceeded its target — by 48 per cent — while light industry fell below its target — by 23 per cent. The Plan had thus been distorted in the process of execution to increase the burden on the unfortunate consumer.

In the second post-war five-year period, begun while Stalin was still alive, the first serious attempt

since 1938 was made to satisfy consumer needs. On paper it looked more impressive than in fact it was. Heavy industry was scheduled for an 80 per cent increase, consumer goods for a 65 per cent increase. But in contemplating those figures it is necessary to bear in mind that the 65 per cent increase for consumer goods referred to a 65 per cent increase on an intolerably low figure, and that the consumer goods turned out in this period, from 1950 to 1955, were virtually the first available to the Soviet people since 1941. Malenkov pledged himself to increase this figure; and according to Marshal Bulganin the 1950 level will be surpassed this year by 72 per cent instead of 65 per cent. On the other hand, the reaffirmed emphasis on priority for heavy industry has brought about the raising of its target from 80 per cent to 84 per cent. So the consumer has gained very little from Stalin's death.

It is imperative that he should gain more, and the Soviet leaders know it. It is impossible to turn Russian peasants and unskilled laborers into sober, alert, and responsible members of a modern society, fit to cope with the skills, the tempo, the obligations of that society, without raising their standard of living correspondingly. There is a stage in every industrial revolution in which production is best and most economically served by housing the workers in slums, compelling them to long hours, and treating them as mindless "hands." The industrial revolution of the Soviet Union is now passing out of this stage. After Stalin's death the new leaders showed their awareness of this, and started to take immediate action — only to find that the industrial machine as it existed was incapable of swift adaptation to the production of consumer goods without total dislocation. They called a halt and thought again.

While Khrushchev on the agricultural front launched his stupendous effort to increase food production to feed the towns more adequately without increasing the rural labor force, Bulganin (who before he became a statesman was one of the most able industrialists in the Soviet Union) was evidently sitting down with his advisers to diagnose the basic ills of Soviet industry. His report to the Central Committee said, in effect, that until the whole industrial machine could be reorganized and streamlined, until more advanced technicians could be got into it and the most gifted organizers given their heads, there could not be the overall increase in production necessary to raise the standard of living of the Soviet Union.

What he did not say was that until this standard is in fact radically raised the Soviet Union, for all the high peaks of its achievement, will remain a backward country. The Soviet industrial revolution has turned Russia into a first-class power. The question is whether it can be continued so as to transform her into the sort of prosperous modern society which alone can sustain great power.



JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN, a poet and teacher long associated with the Poetry Center of the YM-YWHA in New York City and now teaching at the University of Connecticut, was instrumental in bringing Dylan Thomas to America in 1950. He handled the many details of the poet's three tours; he became an intimate friend and the deeply troubled observer of an unfolding tragedy. His account of those fateful years is, as Katherine Anne Porter puts it, "most honestly and movingly and disturbingly told" in his new book, *Dylan Thomas in America*, which will be published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown and from which this is an excerpt.

COCKLES, BRAMBLES, AND FERN HILL

Dylan Thomas in Wales

by JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

I

ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1953, I joined my friend Rollie McKenna, the photographer, in London. Dylan and Caitlin Thomas had been guests of hers during the first part of their recent American visit, and now we were to be their guests over a long weekend. We set out in the late morning in a hired Hillman-Minx, drove leisurely across the western Midlands, and arrived in Laugharne, the village where the Thomases lived, in the long marine twilight. After parking the car at the end of the path by the sea wall, we loaded ourselves with photographic equipment, walked to the Boat House, and picked our way carefully down the stony steps of the ragged garden. We could hear scratchy music on the radio as we approached, and the sounds of children's voices with which the house was always humming. Surrounded by her brood, Caitlin opened the door to welcome us with the characteristic momentary shyness that always made her expression beautiful. Dylan was not at home, she said, but was awaiting our arrival at Browns Hotel; we would all go there for a drink before returning to dinner at the Boat House.

Dylan was in the midst of a card game when we got to the smoky, dimly lighted little pub. A Woodbine hung tremulously from his lips, and his brow was furrowed as he sat absorbed in his grimy handful of cards. He left his game to greet us and we sat down at a table under a naked light bulb.

Dylan and Caitlin had recently been up to London for a holiday, and tales of their visit set us off on gossip about people whom we knew there and in New York, and we all got merry and outrageously unkind. Two or three drinks later, having lightheartedly tried, condemned, and dragged to the guillotine a number of inflated liter-

ary reputations, we were on our way through the dark sea-heavy evening toward the Boat House.

Someone had made Caitlin the gift of a brace of wild duck. To ensure its proper preparation she had consulted a French cookbook. There she had been warned that the one offense against wild duck was overcooking; it was a delicacy best eaten as close to its natural state as possible. As we took our places at table in the close-quartered little dining room, where coals hissed in the grate against the chill evening, we were all prepared for a festive meal. Since Dylan was inefficient in the art of carving, Caitlin asked me to serve the duck. When the platter was set down before me, I merely touched one of the ducks with a carving knife when dark wine-colored blood spurted out.

"What a bloody mess you've got there," Dylan said to Caitlin.

"I cooked it just the way the bloody book said," she answered.

Llewelyn, the only one of the children privileged to dine with the adults, began to make faces from his corner of the table. Dylan told him to stop or he would be sent upstairs to bed. When everyone had been served a clammy slice or a dripping leg, we all began to nibble courageously.

"It's delicious," Caitlin announced through the laborious silence, "nothing wrong with this duck at all."

"I can only eat it if I keep my eyes closed," said Llewelyn, and made a series of disgusting noises.

"For God's sweet sake," said Dylan, "take that bloody thing off the table."

Caitlin removed the offensive carcass and we filled up, finally, on vegetable greens and milk and gooseberry tart.

There had been a murder in the neighborhood of the Boat House a few months previous, and the terror of it was still on the village. When I was about to escort Rollie to Dylan's mother's house, where she was to stay, both Dylan and Caitlin announced that we could by no means go there alone. I protested, but Dylan insisted that he accompany us, particularly since I would be returning alone. Rollie and Dylan and I walked hand in hand through the Stygian lanes, brushing against overhanging brambles that switched our eyes, tripping over stones, and scaring ourselves further with fearsomely detailed horror stories as we went.

On our walk Dylan spoke of his unhappy restlessness through the long summer in Laugharne, and of his desperate attempts to remain anchored to his writing table long enough to complete new poems. There was one new work that he thought might "go." This was a companion piece to "Do not go gentle into that good night." While it started off in the same tone, it then changed abruptly toward a more syncopated use of meter and a looser stanzaic organization. As we inched our way through roots and brambles, he recited the first lines: —

Too proud to die, broken and blind he died
The darkest way, and did not turn away,
A cold, kind man brave in his buried pride
On that darkest day. Oh, forever may

He live lightly, at last, on the last, crossed
Hill, under the grass, in love, and there grow
Young among the long flocks, and never lie lost
Or still all the slow days of his death. . . .¹

When we had come through the dangerous darkness unscathed, I said good night and went to bed in Llewelyn's room, to read for a little while in a boy's book of adventure, and to wonder, as my thoughts went back to my previous visit to the Boat House, what storms were brewing, what crises to prepare for.

2

AFTER a long deep sleep I woke up in the reflected dazzle of the estuary. At the side of my bed stood silent little Colm with his agate-blue eyes and golden curls, staring at me as if I were Gulliver asleep. To my perhaps overcheerful "Good morning," I got no reply but a large-eyed slow examination of my face. As I continued to make one-sided conversation while I dressed, Colm studied me with distant judicial interest, then suddenly went babbling away with the dog, Mably, who had just come in with his lazy tail wagging expectantly. I went to breakfast on the terrace with Dylan and Caitlin, ate kippers and toast with strong tea, and watched the skitterish movements of hundreds of sea birds wheeling through the sea-rinsed morning.

For months now nothing had been said about

Dylan's coming to America again, and as we lingered over the sunny breakfast table, I asked Dylan what his plans were. He said he was undecided. There were so many perplexing matters to take into account. An offer which he had received to come to a conference in Pittsburgh had apparently been ill-timed or mistaken, since he had heard nothing further from the sponsoring organization. But the most disheartening news of all had come from Stravinsky; he had written that dealings with Boston University for the commission of a new opera had fallen through and that, for the present at least, no sponsorship would be forthcoming from that quarter. Meanwhile Stravinsky wanted very much to go on with the ideas he had discussed with Dylan on his previous visit to Boston, and hoped he was still planning to come to Hollywood in the fall. Dylan's pleasure in the opportunity of working with Stravinsky was as strong as it had been on the day they met. But the prospect of having to bring this about by his own finances made the possibility remote.

One other strong temptation from America was a letter sent by a lecture bureau, offering Dylan a transcontinental tour at fees astronomically far above those I had been able to get for him on the purely academic circuit. If he accepted this offer, his audiences would be of quite another stripe — mostly women's clubs and "culture series" appearances. While this aspect of the offer was little inducement, the fat fees he might command as a "personality" were a genuine allure. At home there was still another good possibility — any day, he said, he might be given a high-salaried contract to work on the script of a new movie in London, a movie about the voyages of Ulysses. Against these developments, there was his determination to get on with his novel, *Adventures in the Skin Trade*.

When Dylan asked me what I thought he should do, I told him I felt he should try to stay in Laugharne by whatever devices, and find his way back toward a working routine, adding that I was certain *he* knew that this would be best for him. And of course Dylan did know in his heart that his energies would be more properly directed toward remaining where he was, but he was in the same sort of mood of which he had written: —

On no work of words now for three lean
months in the bloody
Belly of the rich year and the big purse
of my body
I bitterly take to task my poverty and
craft:

To take to give is all, return what is
hungrily given
Puffing the pounds of manna up through
the dew to heaven,
The lovely gift of the gab bangs back
on a blind shaft.²

¹ Printed by permission of Caitlin Thomas and the Trustees for the Estate of the late Dylan Thomas.

² Reprinted from *The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas* by permission of New Directions.

While he could easily admit the truth of his better instincts and could acknowledge that the rigorous patience they demanded was essential, he had no confidence that he could force himself to remain at home to work, and no assurance of livelihood that would make such a decision tenable. To earn money, he would have to spend a great deal of time in London. There he would have to work even harder and with less certainty of income than in America.

While we discussed these matters under high white clouds, in the soft warmth of late morning, a distant hiss and rumble resounded through the sea wind, and the whole house suddenly went into a little fit of trembling. Dylan cursed. "I *can't* stay in this place!" He explained that the Government had recently established a testing range for guided missiles within earshot of Laugharne. As I soon learned, these whooshings and grumbings, and the sort of minor earthquake that shook the house after them, were apt to punctuate any time of the day. Dylan said he could never get used to them. "I know I won't do a bloody thing between now and Christmas. We've got to find another place to live, away from here — away from London, too, somewhere on the sea, perhaps on the east coast."

3

THROUGH these outbursts, I was aware of a self-deceptive ambiguity in Dylan I had frequently encountered before. It was not dishonesty, but a confusion of reasons overlying a simplicity of sentiment. One thing was clear. He did not want to condemn himself to months at home, even though staying at home would be the only way in which he could ever meet and overcome the challenge that now, beyond all other known or unknown forces, dominated his existence. While he perhaps did not know the way toward his creative salvation, he did know ways in which creative exercise could be postponed or superseded. It was sadly apparent that Dylan's energies were directed not toward fighting through to freedom. The draining forces of guilt, and indolence, and onerous little commercial assignments had brought him into a state of mortal anxiety. Desperation had so muddled his sense that even his most intimate relations were affected. He could not admit to himself, much less to Caitlin or to me, that he wanted above all to come back to America, and that he *would* come back to America. Attempting to give himself the certificate of reason, he seized on anything — financial worries, guided missiles, or invitations from Hollywood — that might support his assertion that he could no longer exist productively in Laugharne. I did not want to give in to his attempts to make his reasoning seem logical, even though I could see that his heart was set on getting away. But at last I did give in — and so abetted his final effort to escape from himself.

If America were what he wanted most, these would be the justifying reasons: first, collaboration with Stravinsky on an opera might very well lead to the bettering of his yearly income for a long time; second, signing for a tour under the auspices of a high-powered lecture agency would mean that in ensuing seasons he could come to America and, in very short periods of time, earn enough money to support himself through the whole year. If, as he thought, lack of money was the main factor that kept him from working, the thing to do was to get money. Nothing else, to my mind, could justify another trip to America. Dylan agreed. But, he asked, how was he to get to America and support himself there, and his family in Wales, while he was working with Stravinsky? I answered that I could, of course, offer him readings at the Poetry Center, not only of his poems, but further productions of *Under Milk Wood*. If the fees involved were not sufficient to underwrite his whole visit, I would reach out to get him engagements involving a moderate amount of travel along the eastern seaboard.

Caitlin remained with us most of the time through this discussion. When, every now and then, she left to attend to household duties, Dylan would call her back — to listen to some new idea of his, or to have me repeat some notion of mine. I had the feeling that Dylan wanted to convince her that we were not engaged in any sort of complicity that might exclude or displease her. From the beginning of our discussions she had been outspoken in her reluctance to be left alone in Laugharne, no matter how brief Dylan's contemplated absence might be. When America entered the picture as a real possibility, they discussed the feasibility of her living in London with Colm while Dylan would be in California. Since both Llewelyn and Aeron would be off to school in late September, their welfare would not bring new problems. But Caitlin was not happy in this prospect and gave Dylan no encouragement to entertain it further. I offered the suggestion that, if they would not mind traveling inexpensively across the Atlantic, they might be able to stretch things so that there would be just enough money to take care of them both. Dylan seemed pleased by this, and immediately tried to have Caitlin agree. But, wary, disbelieving, she held back. It struck me that she knew Dylan's real feelings were not his spoken feelings.

It was a disheartening conference, but at least I had made my feelings plain: against my better judgment I would act for Dylan within the limited resources at my disposal. The dominant problem — the endless, old, and insoluble problem — was money and how to get it. The problem of how to keep it seemed never to have entered anyone's head.

Just before noon we strolled into the village, where the high sun made the little pink-washed and white-washed houses look like candy houses, and

went to visit Dylan's mother in The Pelican. She moved about the house on two canes and, in spite of her long convalescence from a broken leg some months before, was as chipper and sweetly hospitable as I had remembered.

Rollie had already been out with her camera for hours. After a chat with Mrs. Thomas, Dylan and I retired into her small, airtight parlor which had the atmosphere of a room embalmed for generations. All of Dylan's books were kept here in a neat state of preservation, not only his own published works in plain and fancy British and American editions, but also his schoolbooks and those he had read as a child. Our business there was an accounting of Dylan's American finances which the income tax board had demanded. I settled myself in the little coffin of a parlor while Dylan went across the street to have a pint of bitters and pass a morning's gossip with Ivy Williams. Rollie returned from her reconnaissance of the village just as I was tediously completing long lists of figures. We called for Dylan at the hotel and went back to the Boat House to have lunch on the terrace. Over our meal we again discussed the plans and possibilities which had occupied us all morning. Both Dylan and Caitlin were still in a state of distressed uncertainty, and our talk was rambling and without the resolution that might have brought relief to us all. Rollie made photographs of our conference: the results show us independently absorbed, thoughtful, and not very happy.

4

OUR project for the afternoon was a drive into the countryside of Dylan's childhood — to the landscape of "Fern Hill." Caitlin said she preferred not to join our excursion. We called for Dylan's mother and set out toward St. Clears. There we gained the road leading into Carmarthen and drove a few miles before turning off at Banc-y-felin. The day was blue, the country still in its midsummer green. Mrs. Thomas entertained us with a flow of anecdotes of gentry and yeomanry, called Dylan's attention to a hundred houses or woodlands or chapels, and seemed altogether delighted in her role of cicerone. Outside the village we stopped by the hilltop church one can see from the Boat House — the one which Dylan had in mind when he wrote, "Pale rain over the dwindling harbour / And over the sea wet church the size of a snail / With its horns through the mist" — and walked in pastures around it to look back on Laugharne and to pick out through the distance landmarks we had come to know.

In Llanybri we went into a shop to buy ices and brought them out to the car. Villagers passing by recognized Mrs. Thomas and stopped to chat. "These are Dylan's friends," she would tell them. "They've come all the way from America to see my boy."

From Llanybri we soon came to Fern Hill, the highland farm where Dylan spent long childhood holidays with his now deceased aunt and uncle. A yellow-washed wall glowing in the afternoon light hid nearly all of the house from the road. As we drew up, the new owner and his dog came out, as if by appointment. When Mrs. Thomas had introduced us, he led us through a little fine-graveled courtyard and into the house by way of a tiny conservatory roseate with giant geraniums. Great sides of cured bacon hung in neat rows from the rafters of the dining room above heavy dark tables and chairs and a glinting exhibition of blue and white china. When our host suggested we wander through the house at our own pleasure, Dylan led Rollie and me through a series of curiously antiseptic and lifeless rooms. In the parlor, that memorable room of "a stuffed fox and a stale fern" where once Dylan was "a desolate boy who slits his throat / In the dark of the coffin and sheds dry leaves," there stood now only a few overstuffed pieces of mail-order furniture. It all seemed much smaller and emptier than he remembered, Dylan said, and I could see he was becoming nostalgic and unhappily thoughtful in this pilgrimage to a house that memory and imagination had furnished so differently.

We went then through the front door out onto a greensward hedged by boxwoods, walked halfway around the house and into a sprawling old orchard where rotting apples lay by the hundreds under gnarled trees, and out onto the spongy turf of surrounding pastures. Seen from a little distance, the house assumed a simple beauty, black shutters against yellow-wash giving it the appearance of a child's drawing of a house. The high-domed barn was still as it used to be, and the long sloping view through heavy air resonant with far-off chapel bells and the lowing of cattle. We picked red and yellow apples from boughs that almost touched the ground, and munched on them as we walked, and Dylan told us stories about people who had lived at Fern Hill — about a hangman who, overcome with remorse for his long career as master of the gallows, had hanged himself; and about his roistering uncle, whose fabulous drunkenness had made him the terror of the district. But the experience of Fern Hill so many years after his last visit had saddened Dylan, and he remarked many times how shriveled and colorless everything now seemed. These were, after all, the same fields where

the blue altered sky
Streamed again a wonder of summer
With apples
Pears and red currants
And I saw in the turning so clearly a child's
Forgotten mornings when he walked with his mother
Through the parables
Of sun light
And the legends of the green chapels

And the twice told fields of infancy
 That his tears burned my cheeks and his heart
 moved in mine.
 These were the woods the river and sea
 Where a boy
 In the listening
 Summertime of the dead whispered the truth of
 his joy
 To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide.¹

5

WHEN we came back to the car after our rambling tour of the farm, Rollie took shots of Mrs. Thomas and Dylan as they chatted with the congenial new owner, and then we drove to the village of Llanstephan and on to Lords Park. Mrs. Thomas seemed as happy as a baby in a pram when we left her in the car to saunter awhile through tall groves of druidical trees, to stare at the moss-grown ruins of a castle, and to watch from a distance the movements of a few solitary bathers on the long strand at the point where the River Towy flows into Carmarthen Bay. But there was nothing to linger over; so we went on to pay a call to distant relatives of Dylan's in their ancient homestead.

To get there we had to leave the macadam road and follow a wagon track uphill. At the top of the rise we turned into a mud-filled farmyard surrounded by big and small buildings stark with new white-wash. A cluster of people, from infants to withered crones, suddenly popped out of half a dozen doors to look at us with curiosity, and then to welcome us. Since Rollie was anxious to get some pictures, we left Mrs. Thomas to the women, who led her into the main house, and went with Dylan and an old man to wander the surrounding pastures. We could not understand a word of our guide's English, but Dylan seemed to, so we left all conversation to them. Sinking in the soaked fields up to our ankles, we followed the old man as he limped along on his staff. We found little of special interest to photograph, and returned through mounds of "house-high hay" around which white chickens pecked and scratched.

Inside the bare, scrubbed kitchen with its fireplace big enough for five men to stand abreast in, its hanging sides of bacon, great black iron pots, and witches' brooms, we were given large white cups of warm milk out of a pail brought in by a red-faced milkmaid. We drank it, bravely, and were surprised to find we liked it. Four women, gathered in a semicircle, chatted with Mrs. Thomas. While we could make out but snatches of their Welsh-accented English, we could tell by their glances that we were part of their conversation.

The fifth woman of the farm, the matriarch of the family, remained in an adjoining room. When she was ready to receive us, we were led by Mrs.

Thomas, proceeding slowly and almost ritualistically on her two canes, into her presence. We were told that she was ninety-six years old, quite deaf, and unable to speak a word of English. As she sat in the reflected glint of long shelves of heirloom china, her shriveled little body entirely covered in a Spanish profusion of rich black silks, she addressed us with an interest and pleasure that made a kind of benediction. Deeply moved by the dignity of the woman and the power of matriarchy that sustained her bearing, we could only bow and smile and somehow try to convey our respects. Through Mrs. Thomas, who acted as interpreter, she extended an invitation to stay for tea. Mrs. Thomas felt that we could not refuse, and we could see that she herself wanted us to accept. But Dylan demurred, partly on his own account and partly, we supposed, because he knew we wanted to take advantage of the early evening light for more photographs in the region.

Everyone attended our departure, and we waved to the figures in all the doorways as we drove out of the yard and down the wagon-rutted hill. Not far along the bramble-lined road we came to a little gray house. A smiling old man in an unblocked felt hat that made him seem taller than he was by a whole foot was standing by his gate. Mrs. Thomas said, "There's old Tom, my brother. We'll have to stop." As we drew up alongside the sagging wooden fence, she spoke to him through the open window of the car. Looking puzzled, he merely smiled. Then Dylan realized that, since Mrs. Thomas was wearing sunglasses, her brother did not recognize her. When she took the glasses off, he grinned broadly but still did not seem disposed to speak. Mrs. Thomas asked him a number of questions in quick succession, but his answers were mumbled and inaudible. Undaunted, she went on, promising to come over soon to help him out, reporting the names of some of the people we had encountered on our drive, and asking about the health of relatives. Then she waved him a blessing and we drove off. Tom, she explained, had lived alone ever since the death of his wife forty years ago. Once a year she came over to his house to help him put things in order.

Near Llanybri again we stopped close by a gray chapel surrounded by a graveyard in which stone crosses and wind-smoothed gray slabs stood in little huddles. The sun was low in the sea now, and the music of hymns from the evening service floated over the windless hilltop. This was the burial place of all of Dylan's maternal ancestors. When we left the car and walked toward the crowded gravestones, Dylan and his mother went ahead. Proceeding slowly on her canes, she paid respects to one grave after another, pointing out to Dylan names he had probably forgotten. The newest inscription, outlined in shining gold that seemed inordinately bright among the uniformly weathered

¹ Reprinted from *The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas* by permission of New Directions.

grayness, was the name of Anne Jones, Dylan's aunt. Dylan followed after his mother silently, listening to her little stories of the dead. Mrs. Thomas moved staunchly yet laboriously, her eyes wet as she now and then looked away from a grave and into the yellowing distance, her words to Dylan merely informative, betraying little of what we could tell she was feeling. In the cool evening sun, each with his own thoughts, we stood in a glassy silence. The only sounds coming into our meditations were a rumor of vespers from the chapel, a low chorus of voices answering one voice, and the sweet whistling cries of swallows as they wheeled and dipped over the churchyard.

The drive homeward, over the Coomb, into St. Clears, and across a little stone bridge over the River Taf, was lighted operatically by a long gaudy afterglow that colored our faces as we caught glimpses of the sea from the many hilltops we climbed and descended. Mrs. Thomas, sprightly again, laughed with Dylan as they recounted old stories the day's visits had recalled, and waved greetings to friends who, in their Sunday best, stood by gateposts or fished from bridges.

We came back to Laugharne at dusk. When we had seen Mrs. Thomas to the doorstep of The Pelican, we dropped by at Ivy Williams's. She took us into the kitchen that was always comfortable with gurglings and rumblings, and served us a pint before the card players arrived, settling themselves by habit around the oilcloth-covered table. Leaving Dylan to sit in on a game of nap, Rollie and I went to join two fishermen who had that morning offered to take us out onto the tidal flats. These were villagers whom, once, Dylan had described: "Out there, crow black, men tackled with clouds, who kneel to the sunset nets." When they mounted a motorcycle, we sped after them on a road running through darkening sand dunes, then walked with them in our bare feet through the cold sand scabrous with cockles for nearly a mile into the sea. There they picked up the silvery wriggling fish, mostly plaice, that had become ensnared in the little fence-like nets, and plopped them into burlap bags slung over their shoulders. When we got back to the Boat House, Dylan had returned from the pub and was listening to news on the radio. We warmed our benumbed feet at the grate fire in the dining room and Caitlin served us heavy soup and bread. Then she brought in an enormous tin pail of cockles which we cracked open and ate by the hundreds.

Dylan was still asleep when I went into the village early the next morning. At The Pelican I found Mrs. Thomas and Aeron in bed together, propped up on huge downy pillows, having a morning's chat with Rollie. While Aeron made drawings with her crayon set, among which was a picture of a princess who looked for all the world just like her grand-

mother, Rollie and I had breakfast on trays, talked with Mrs. Thomas of Dylan and America, and showed her a number of photographs of Dylan that had been taken in New York. Since the morning sun was good, we then set out to make an attempt at documentary coverage of Laugharne. We climbed brambled walls, peeked into gardens, moseyed through narrow lanes, and otherwise insinuated ourselves into every nook and cranny, from the muddy edge of the estuary to the top of the hill from which the shining roofs and gables made patterns that sometimes looked medieval and sometimes cubist. We got many suspicious glances as we went and, at times, found that whole streets would suddenly be shut up against us. Trying to look harmless and genial, we patted the heads of dogs and spoke to those children who had not been snatched inside by wary mothers. But the evil eye of the camera could not be concealed or the threat of its spell overcome. For half the time we went like pariahs.

Lunch at the Boat House was occasion for another long discussion of uncertainties. It was quite apparent now that we would come to no firm resolution before Rollie and I would have to return to London that evening. Dylan's mind was really quite made up, I thought; and he would come to America against all hazards, but this decision would not be announced until he had conferred with Caitlin and found some means of overcoming her intransigence. I felt in any case that the difficulty in coming to a decision was due only partly to the many troublesome practical considerations that had to be taken into account, and more deeply to some basic disagreement between them.

When lunch was over, all three of the children walked with us into the village to have their pictures taken with their grandmother. The most promising background we could find was an old gnarled apple tree in the kitchen garden of The Pelican. There in the checkered shade of a summery afternoon, with the whole family gathered on or about a green bench, Rollie took a series of group portraits. During the sitting, Aeron became cross and irritable, announcing that she was going back into the house. Her grandmother calmed her with a kindly but stern admonition, and soon everyone was looking expectantly into the eye of the Leica. Dylan, perhaps momentarily overwhelmed by his position as paterfamilias, was coöperative and interested, yet seemed rather expressionless and had little to say. His notably quiet manner may have been simple deference to Rollie and the family scene she was bent on capturing. Yet one cannot help thinking that there was a solemnity in the event of which he was wholly conscious.

Now it was time for Rollie and me to set off for London. Surrounded by three generations of Thomases, we piled into the little car and drove off to a chorus of good-by and the excited barking of Mably, who had had his picture taken too.



An Atlantic Story



A native New Yorker, MARJORIE HOUSEPIAN grew up near Gramercy Park not far from the Armenian section where most of her Armenian relatives still live. In her early teens she spent two years abroad; she attended the New York public schools and graduated from Barnard College in 1944. She is now working as secretary to the president of Barnard, and has been studying writing at Columbia under Martha Foley. Her first appearance in the Atlantic was in the January issue, when we published "How Can You Shame a Donkey?" We are happy to have her back with this new story.

SATURDAY NIGHT

by MARJORIE ANAÏS HOUSEPIAN

SHE told herself that she wouldn't start worrying until five o'clock, when it would begin to get dark. If he drove carefully and didn't stop at a bar, Jim couldn't possibly be back before four anyway. If only he had left Jamie at home!

By four-thirty she had scrubbed the bathroom and kitchen floors, waxed them and the woodwork, put the baby to sleep, and vacuumed the rugs. She turned on the radio before she began dusting the furniture. The good-music station was getting interference from the Italians again, and all the other stations seemed to have hillbilly music. She finally got Uncle Hugh's Houseparty. Uncle Hugh was interviewing a Mrs. Entwhistle. "Entwhistle. Is that right, madam?" That was right. Mrs. Entwhistle was from Savannah, Georgia, and she had raised eight children, all living. "Eight children! Think of that, friends!" Mrs. Entwhistle giggled, the friends applauded, and Peg turned off the radio.

She heard the baby crying and went in and picked him up and began rocking him. Soon his eyelids fluttered and closed and he was asleep again. His head was damp where it touched her arm, and his dark hair lay in small wet curls around his forehead. As she held him she marveled at how much he looked like herself. The first time she saw Jamie, when the nurse brought him in and handed him to her with that condescending smile all maternity nurses seem to have at such moments, she had wanted to cry because he had nothing of her. He was all Jim, and she might as well have had no part in him at all.

"He's his father every bit of him, isn't he?" the nurse had said. "I've never seen anything like it. It was the funniest thing to see them looking at each other — your husband on one side of the glass and this little fella on the other. I've never seen any two look more alike." She had wanted to hit her.

She held the baby in her arms awhile, watching the jerky way he drew in his breath, the quiver of the skin on his closed eyelids. She ran her hand over his hair a few times before laying him gently in the crib face down. He drew up his legs and raised his rump, like a miniature porpoise, the moment he touched the bed, and she covered him and went into the kitchen. It was five after five by the kitchen clock.

Looking out the window she could see the street lights going on. She noticed the headlights on Bob Grant's car glance off the wall as he swung into the driveway across the court. The car door slammed reassuringly and Bob, his collar turned up against the rain and his shoulders bent, ran for the back door of his apartment. Carol Grant operated very much on schedule and at five after five she would be setting the table. She would have bathed Roger and fed him his evening cereal and changed her dungarees for one of the frilly pastel cotton dresses she was endlessly sewing for herself. "Bob hates seeing me in dungarees," she always said. "He likes me to kind of primp up for him in the evening. And he throws a fit if I don't have dinner ready when he gets home." Peg had come to realize long ago that Carol was endowing poor bland Bob with

the one quality he didn't have; but just then it mattered very little that Carol Grant was fooling herself, or that Bob Grant was a bore — myopic, bald, and ineffectual in his middle age. As he shut the kitchen door and disappeared inside, she felt a twinge of envy, even for Carol.

She went into the living room and picked up a magazine. No use worrying until five-thirty, really. It might be snowing up the mountain. If the roads were bad, it would surely slow him up. It would slow him up despite himself. If the brakes held.

"Jim," she had said that morning, keeping her voice low, "it's bound to be skiddy on the mountain. Will you stop and have the brakes checked?"

"The brakes are all right."

"You have to step down all the way to the floor board."

"They were tightened in September."

It's the way you've been driving lately, she had wanted to say, your damned erratic driving; and if you get one more ticket, they'll take your license away and I wish to heaven they would.

"Must you go today? It might be nice tomorrow and we could take the baby and drive over to Carey's."

"What do you want me to do, sit around here all day and go nuts?"

She had walked out of the room then, because there was too much she wanted to say. All right, take the car and go wrap it and yourself around a tree. Be sure to stop at a bar first and then drive like mad because you can't do anything halfway, and have another accident, only this time do it up right. We've got no hospital money now; you spent it on the power saw you had to have so you wouldn't sit around and go nuts Saturdays. Dear God, she thought, why is it everybody can go nuts except me?

She had waited a little, until it had worn off, and then she had come in to where he was sitting, tearing pieces out of the newspaper and throwing them into the fire. "Will you try to be back by four?" she had said, standing between him and the fireplace. "I promised Jamie I'd run him over to play with Mike this afternoon."

"I'm taking Jamie with me," he had said, not looking at her.

That was when she could have started it, she thought later. That was one of the ten thousand times she could have brought it to a head. Was it weakness, she wondered, or an aversion built up over the years when her parents' voices had come to her shrill and taut, as she lay in bed, and she had felt something within her shrivel and turn inside out? The way it did when she first saw Jamie. The way it did when Jim quit his job while she was pregnant. The way it did when Jamie had pneumonia and Jim didn't come home for three days.

She flipped the pages of the magazine on her lap. "How the Berchwassers Manage on \$3800 a Year," an article said. Bully for the Berchwassers, she

thought. Why don't they ask me for an article? "How the Clarks Have Managed on Less than Nothing and More than Enough," or "The Ups and Downs of the Clarks — a Study in Adjustment."

"Jim Clark is a genius," the article would begin. "He can do anything he wants to do and nothing he must do. He can be witty, charming, and brilliant, and he has very often been almost successful. His faults, of course, are not his. They probably go back to a great many things his parents did to him and quite a few things his wife did not do for him, and now if he's drinking too much it's because nobody, nobody, nobody understands Jim Clark."

It's almost five-thirty, she thought, but I won't start worrying until I finish looking through the magazine. "He also has a wife who worries too much. But she can't help it either." She turned over a few more pages. "Are You Helping Your Husband?" The headline shouted at her. "Every wife wants her husband to be a success, but find your score on the following quiz to see if you're really helping or hindering him."

"Do you go to bed with cold cream on your face?" Never, never, never. Not for the first few years, anyway, and no hair curlers either.

"Do you let him know in little ways that you secretly think he's wonderful?" Of course. Always. Little ways, big ways. But you run out of things after a while. "Jim, you're wonderful. I'm sure you would have gotten the promotion if you hadn't quit the job."

"Do you nag at him?" Stupid question. Ask twice at four-hour intervals and then do it yourself. Any fool knows that.

"Do you interrupt him when he's enjoying himself at a party because you want to go home?" Only when he gets insulting. What would *you* do? Lord, he ought to be president of the company. She picked the magazine up and took it into the kitchen with her.

2

THE clock said ten of six and the rain was splintering, half frozen, against the kitchen window. She stepped on the trash can and dropped the magazine into it. She thought, I ought to finish dusting. I ought to wake the baby — he'll never get to sleep tonight if I don't. I ought to start worrying — it's just about the time Jamie will be getting cranky and tired. "Daddy, when are we going home? I'm hungry." "We'll be home pretty soon. We'll stop here first and get you a hamburger." "I don't want a hamburger." "Behave now, Jay, or Daddy won't take you along next time." If they weren't in a heap halfway down the mountain. She closed her eyes and held her face in her hands thinking, But *somebody* would call — if anybody happened that way.

The phone rang just then. She ran, tripping over the hall rug where Jim still hadn't nailed it down, and caught the call on the second ring.

"Hello?" she said. She could hear her voice cracking.

"Peg?" It was Susan, next door. Their walls adjoined, and they had discovered how thin the wall was when she and Susan had both been in bed with the flu and they found they could converse through it by shouting only slightly.

"Just wanted to check if you were in," Susan said. "It's so quiet over there and your car was gone. I'm desperate for a can of tomatoes. The rain's so bad I can't see going out."

"Want me to run it over?"

"No, dear, thanks. I'll come over and get it."

I ought to wake the baby up, she thought again after she hung up, but she turned on the lights instead and lit a cigarette; then she heard Susan's knock and let her in, quickly.

"Lord, what a night!" Susan said.

"How about splitting a beer?" she said. "Or are you in a rush?" If she would only stay a little while. Surely Jim would drive up any minute.

"Good idea. It's a madhouse over there and I'll have to put the stew in the pressure cooker anyway. The kids go wild on a day like this." She looked around. "Jamie away? Baby asleep? Lucky you!"

"I'm beginning to get worried," Peg said from the kitchen, and her voice sounded strangely unconcerned to her own ears. "Jim took Jamie with him up to Bailey's Ridge this morning. They left at ten and they're not back yet. It's not more than a two-hour drive, is it? The roads will be fierce."

"We've done it in an hour in the summer. What in heaven's name did he go up there for in this weather?"

"He looked at that Llewellyn property last summer, and he decided he wanted to see how it looked in December. It had to be today, of course. I don't know how he thinks he's going to pay for it."

"Isn't that the truth," Susan said as Peg came into the room with the two glasses on a tray. "Bruce got the bug a year ago spring. Hunting lodges, no less, and the car hadn't been paid off. Don't worry, one trip in this weather will cure him."

You don't know Jim, Peg thought; lordy, you don't.

"Well," said Susan, settling back with her glass and raising her eyebrows, "our neighbors to the left were at it again this morning."

"Oh, goody," Peg said sarcastically, but she felt a well of nausea building up inside her.

"Honestly," Susan was saying, "I'm not going to let Jeremy go over there any more. The language! Half of it Bruce has to translate for me. It's unbelievable!"

"She seems rather nice when you talk to her," Peg said, hating herself.

"Oh, sure. Sweet as pie. You ought to come over some morning and hear them. Bruce keeps threatening to knock on the wall and referee. Oh well, it

takes all kinds, I always say. I really ought to go." She drained her glass.

"No, look, the stew'll wait. One more cigarette." She looked, involuntarily, toward the window. It was snowing. The large white flakes drifted endlessly in the glow of the street lamp.

"I know you're worried," Susan said. "But you *know* they're all right. Look, if they're not back in half an hour leave a note on the door and come on over and have supper with us."

"I have to get Allen up and feed him. He'll be awake all night — he's all off schedule."

"Bring him along and we'll put him in the play pen. Okay?"

"I'll see," Peg said. "Thanks anyway. If I'm not there by seven, go ahead and eat."

3

SHE hadn't eaten all day, she realized as she shut the door. She was hungry, but the thought of food repelled her. Even the one glass of beer made her head light, and if she could forget about them, they would surely show up soon. Forget about them, she said to herself. You're just an old worry-wart anyway. Remember the time you were worried sick because he went to Galveston overnight on flying time during his vacation and didn't show up for four days? And he had a perfectly good reason. He always had a perfectly good reason, in those days. The boys chartered a boat and went deep-sea fishing for a couple of days. Sure, he'd called, but you were out hanging clothes and Jamie answered the phone and when you came in Jamie said, "Daddy's gone fishing." He was pretty good to remember that much when he was hardly three. And you said, "No, dear, Daddy's gone in his airplane to Texas," and Jamie kept saying, "Nope, Daddy's gone fishing." "Serves you right for taking your son for a moron," Jim had said, laughing, when she told him. "You know perfectly well Base Operations would have told you if anything had happened."

It's me, she thought, I anticipate trouble. But then that time when I didn't, they called me from the hospital; and another time I didn't they had to carry him home, drunk — he'd always managed to walk in before then. And now he has Jamie with him on top of a mountain and it's snowing. But I'm not going to think about it.

She went into the bedroom and picked up the baby. He was soaking wet and the side of his face on which he had been sleeping was red and creased. He kicked his legs and cried lustily while she changed him.

"Cheer up, old fella," she said, "chow's on." She carried him to the kitchen and held him in one arm while she put on some water, to heat the bottle, with the other.

The refrigerator rumbled and started to hum when she slammed the door. It made the apart-

ment seem ominously quiet. It was a quarter of seven, and the snow was beginning to settle. An hour and a half to Winchester, another half hour up the Ridge. One hour — at the most one hour — to walk around the property, and two hours back. Say three, if they stopped on the way. If the car was stuck halfway up the Ridge it would be pretty cold, even with the heater on. And Jamie would be hungry. I wish the damn phone would ring, she thought.

She fed the baby and put him in the pen, then made herself a sandwich and sat on the couch to eat, wondering whether to start the mending or write some letters or straighten out the desk drawers or pay some bills; but the thought of the bills depressed her. The rest can wait, she thought, and she wrapped the baby in a blanket and ran next door to Susan's.

They were in the midst of dinner when she arrived. She declined the plate Susan offered, but Bruce drew up a chair for her by the table and brought her a drink, while they finished dessert.

"Jim not back yet?" Bruce asked it almost too casually.

"Did Susan tell you? They went up to the Ridge. I guess the weather's slowed them up."

"Sure it has," Bruce said. "It's a rough climb even in the summer. He has probably holed up somewhere till it blows over."

"Probably." Why don't you say what you're thinking? Why don't you say nobody in his right mind would go up that mountain in December?

"Jim'll be all right," Bruce said.

Jim'll be all right. She remembered Wynn Kelly at Jim's promotion party, right after the war ended. Wise old Kelly, who never did make major. How she had hated him that night!

"Colonel, suh, f'faction above 'n' beyon' the call of duty — ah present you with the Croix de Guerre avec Trois Palmes!" Joe Rocca, whose Mississippi accent veritably curled after three drinks, was sticking a toothpick speared in an olive into Jim's blouse while everybody screamed. Peg, her face a little tired from smiling, had retreated to the chartreuse settee at the rear of the club lounge and had been caught there by Bonnie Richards, who never conversed with anyone whose husband was below the rank of lieutenant colonel, though she occasionally flirted with the younger officers. It had amused Peg to see her coming toward her.

"Peg Clark! What are you doing hiding back here on a night like this?"

"Hello, Mrs. Richards," Peg had said. They had been introduced at a dozen parties since she'd been living on the post, but this was the first time Bonnie Richards was acknowledging the fact that they had met before.

"Oh, call me Bonnie, please! We're all informal here on the post. I've been meaning to call you up for the longest time, but you know how it is."

"Of course I do," Peg said.

"It's awful how little time you get to do all the things you want to. Now that you'll be putting in for larger quarters you'll know what I mean. They're wonderful, of course, but much too big to take care of without the kind of help we used to get before the war."

"I hope we don't have to move," Peg said. "There are only three of us, and our quarters are almost too big now." Bonnie was looking at her as though she were a little odd.

"Naturally you'll have to move. I'll never forget the quarters we had at Hamilton. They've divided them in two now, I hear. Six bedrooms. But they even gave us a houseman in those days, and Rog was only a major. Well, times have changed."

She had finally bored Bonnie into leaving. Now Jim and Joe Rocca were singing a duet, a rollicking ditty about what the boy did on Pig-Alle. In pantomime. "Hallelujah!" Joe was shouting between choruses. "Man, ah'm gettin' stewed t'night!" And then she noticed Kelly standing in a corner and looking at her. When he caught her eye he came over, slowly, until he was standing by the settee, looking down at her with his twisted smile.

"Hi-ya, m'am Colonel?" he said. "Bursting with pride?"

Why, you ten-cent runt, she wanted to say, what's the matter — sour grapes? But she had never been the type to hit back.

Jim and Joe Rocca had their arms around each other singing: ". . . and . . . they . . . gave him up for lost on . . . Pig . . . Alle!"

"The Colonel's in great shape tonight," Kelly said.

"You're pretty sharp-witted yourself."

"I'm drunk," Kelly said. "Mind if I sit down?" She moved over. "What're they gonna do without a war to fight? Maybe we oughtta cook up a new little war for 'em."

"What are *you* going to do?"

"Don't worry about me," Kelly said, "worry about those poor bastards. I'm only a misfit *inside* the outfit."

"You're pretty insulting," she said, "even if you were right."

"So you know I'm right! I thought you would. You're a misfit around here yourself."

"Thanks," she said.

"What's he gonna do, stay in?"

"No. Why are you so concerned about him?"

"I *like* him," Kelly said. "I like you too. I like you even better."

"Look, Captain," she said, "that's not necessary."

"Who said it was necessary? I'm merely exercising my prerogative of saying what I think 'cause I'm drunk and don't know any better. What's he gonna do when he gets out?"

"I don't know. Do you want me to lie awake nights worrying about it?"

"You have, haven't you?"

"Oh shut up," she said.

"I'm sorry." Kelly was looking pretty sober now. "I'm sorry. I was being rotten. Don't worry about Jim, he'll be all right." But he had said it as Bruce was saying it now. It sounded like a dirge.

"How about some three-handed bridge? The dishes'll wait." It was Susan talking. She didn't feel like bridge, three-handed or any other kind, but she said she'd love to play. She played sloppily, and after a while she offered to start the dishes while Susan put the kids to bed. Glancing at her watch as she took it off, she noticed that it was almost nine-thirty, and the thought suddenly occurred to her that if her phone were ringing, she wouldn't hear. She raced through the dishes, picked up the baby, and left, rather abruptly, before Susan was through with the children.

"Give us a ring if you get worried," Bruce said, looking at her with pity, she thought.

"Thanks," she said, and she wondered just at what time he would advise her to get worried.

4

SHE had half expected the phone would be ringing as she opened the door, but it was relentlessly silent. Her tongue felt dry and she recognized the slightly sickening feeling of panic gathering in her stomach. She put the baby to bed mechanically, and felt the panic gather momentum when he quickly fell asleep and she was left with nothing more to do. What do I do now? I ought to call somebody, she thought. Who do you call — the police? "Pardon me, have you had an accident reported? Could you send a patrol car up to the Ridge? I've lost a husband and child. They left this morning at ten and it's after ten-thirty now and they're not home yet." "Yeah, yeah, lady, we'll let you know." I wonder how many calls like that they get every night. I ought to go to bed and sleep, and they'll be here when I

wake up. But how'll I get to sleep? Why did I let him take Jamie along! I wouldn't worry if Jamie weren't with him. I wouldn't care if he *never* got back. I'd wish to heaven he'd never come back!

"Oh, ring, damn you!" she said aloud to the telephone.

She felt her anger toward him growing, almost physically. When she went in to brush her teeth and found that he had been squeezing the toothpaste from the top again, it appeared in front of her eyes like a great black blurb. She could feel the sweat forming on her chin and above her eyebrows and on the back of her neck. Her face, in the mirror, was chalk white. She took the bottle of aspirin and a glass of water into the bedroom with her, and was about to put them on the dresser, when she heard the door open and suddenly she froze.

"— in there and get to bed, Jay," his voice came through a slate wall, grating. "For God's sake," he was grinning in the doorway, "what in hell's wrong with you?"

She hurled the glass. Violently. With such force that it splintered as it struck his chin and left a diluted stream of blood running along the edge of his still half-grinning mouth. He didn't move, and she threw the bottle after it but it missed its mark and shattered against the wall, and she heard herself screaming.

It wasn't her voice. It was an aggregate of the voices that shriek from the windows of tenements on hot summer nights, filled with all the measure of the world's despair and frustration and failure. It was a wild voice; coarse, distorted, malignant. It came out in words she thought she had never known before, and he stood there and didn't move. Then she saw that Jamie was standing behind him, his eyes wild with terror and the saliva dripping down his chin, looking ridiculously like his father, even now. She ran past them into the nursery and closed the door and leaned, exhausted, against it. And then she picked up the baby and held him so tight that he began crying too.





A lawyer who has taken an increasing responsibility in business management, a citizen who is public-spirited and outspoken and who works without stint to put his ideas into action, LELAND HAZARD took the lead in educational television when very few the country over knew where it was going. Station WQED in Pittsburgh, of which he is president, has blazed a trail and has served the citizens of western Pennsylvania in an extraordinary number of ways. Mr. Hazard has been vice president and general counsel of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company since 1947.

EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION

by LELAND HAZARD

1

AFTER three years of thought and action I am ready to set down a few certainties about educational television. To some it means surcease from the insistent voice of the advertiser. To some, usually parents, it means the hope of children's programs in which no hoofs clatter, no pistols crack, and no one gets killed. To some educators it is just another technique for enrichment of curricula already loaded beyond taxpayer tolerance. To other educators and to a small band of determined laity, educational television is a movement to salvage some part of this printing of the air for systematic use in and out of the schoolroom.

In 1952 the United States Federal Communications Commission decided that approximately 12 per cent of American television should be conducted, not for business, but for nonprofit, noncommercial educational purposes. Some 242 channels, so restricted, were set aside — one in each of the sizable communities as well as in some of the smaller communities of the United States. No money was provided to implement these channels. No criteria were set up to determine what programs would be considered educational. But there is one clear, inescapable prohibition: these educational channels cannot carry advertising and cannot operate for profit. If a community is to have educational television, it must pull itself up by its own devices.

Commercial television is a business — a legitimate business as proper as the business of making shoes or ships or sealing wax. Furthermore it is a business which must sell its product — time and space on the television screen — to advertisers whose payments are the revenue for payrolls, other expenses, and profits, the necessary end of all business. To expect such a business to engage in sustained educational endeavors would be naïve. On the other hand, to concede that all television should be conducted as commercial enterprise would be

irresponsible. Suppose Gutenberg's press and all of its successors had been used for printing only those books which some manufacturer or purveyor of a service was willing to finance. Business has its important disciplines and values, but as a be-all and end-all it is not enough unless America is to become another Carthage.

Western Pennsylvania's WQED, the first community-financed educational television station, has been broadcasting from Pittsburgh since April 1, 1954. Today there are 15 educational television stations which bespeak no commercial product and derive no financial support except of that type which keeps churches, colleges, and all charities alive. Educational television stations are located at Birmingham, Alabama; Boston, Massachusetts; Champaign-Urbana, Illinois; Chapel Hill, North Carolina; Cincinnati, Ohio; East Lansing, Michigan; Houston, Texas; Lincoln, Nebraska; Madison, Wisconsin; Miami, Florida; Munford, Alabama; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; St. Louis, Missouri; San Francisco, California; and Seattle, Washington. They reach an area inhabited by 46 million people. Seven of these stations are financed by broadly based community fund-raising programs, six are financed by educational institutions, and two are financed by state funds. Eleven additional educational television stations are under construction, and some hundred other communities are in various stages of planning.

The Ford Foundation provided the funds which were used by the Fund for Adult Education to breathe life into the embryonic movement the country over. In Pittsburgh the Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation (my older readers will remember the chocolate-brown, paper-bagged coffee — fifteen cents per pound) gave almost half of its remaining funds, and the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust picked up the remainder of the

cash requirements; Westinghouse Electric Corporation, itself an applicant for a commercial TV channel in Pittsburgh, provided a long-term, rent-free lease on an existing tower, and the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company effectively expressed a hope that a building it gave to the University of Pittsburgh would be used for the educational television studio. Thus almost a half million dollars in money or values assured equipment and facilities. But where would the operating funds come from?

A valiant publicist, Dorothy Daniel, with a borrowed typewriter in a rent-free office began to assert that Pittsburgh was to have community television. "It is God's station," she told Fred Rogers and Josie Carey, early staff members whose all-on-the-earth, nonviolent "The Children's Corner" now draws an average of 3000 scrawled epistles per week. "So it can't fail," Dorothy Daniel said, reasoning that enough of the television area's 635,000 set owners would give two dollars a year and enough of the area's 485 school districts would give thirty cents a child — a minuscule sliver of their budgets — to make up a minimum \$250,000 operating budget. About 8 per cent of the set owners and less than half of the school districts did make those contributions, and WQED took to the air. A more nearly adequate operating budget would be \$350,000. In any case there must be volunteers.

At WQED the number of unpaid, voluntary, regular workers is almost equal to the number of paid staff. Organized labor, although scrupulously watchful of its interests, has been coöperative. The station for many purposes is a television training school. High school and college students sometimes learn quickly and perform regularly and voluntarily quite important functions — this despite the fact that television professionals make a mystique of the art, as if the proper decorum of the air had been laid down by a Chesterfield. As a matter of fact, everybody is new at the television game because it was only yesterday that instantaneous, simultaneous transmission of picture and sound became a practical reality.

2

THERE is the delusion that all television must be entertaining — as if all I.Q.'s from 65 to 165 could be entertained alike and as if all books should be written in the mode of Elinor Glyn or Mickey Spillane. This delusion is a heritage from the movies and from the radio, which fell almost wholly to commercialism. But a necessity for popular appeal is no more inherent in television as a means of communication than in the human vocal cords or the hand that writes.

There is the delusion that education is not entertaining — as if the classes of the great teachers have not always been crowded, even by those who

had no plan about learning beyond the desire to qualify for the university club back home. Dr. Frank Baxter responded almost mournfully to the suggestion that his regular classroom instruction in Shakespearean plays be put on television. He and CBS were equally astounded that the audience quickly reached 400,000.

There is the delusion that every television audience must be large — as if an Arthur Miller play could attract at any one performance as large an audience as a World Series baseball game. This delusion springs from the natural desire of the advertiser. When he talks about his product, he wants the world to listen. Why not? But it does not necessarily follow that there should be no television programs at all unless they attract the masses.

There is the delusion that educational television must compete with commercial television and will therefore fail, because where would the money come from for another Ed Murrow show or, for that matter, another Ed Murrow? And there is the delusion that charitably supported television should not, if it could, compete with commercial television. One Pittsburgher, a power in the financial world, said, "I am against it because it is not commercial." This naïveté made me realize how highly the ideological reflexes to television are already conditioned — as if the medium belonged exclusively to business. Even good friends of the movement falter on this point. They complain of the lack of realism of the Federal Communications Commission in barring all advertising. They speculate about schemes for consolidation between educational and commercial stations — only to learn that the very hours which are needed by God are also needed by Mammon. Why should television be considered the exclusive property of the bazaar?

There is the delusion that commercial television with its public service time will provide ample opportunity for cultural offerings if only the educators have the wit to grasp the nettle. But at what hours and for how long? There is no point to offering courses by television at hours when millworkers are on shift, when housewives are in the kitchen, when teen-agers are in the sand lots — no point to beginning what cannot be finished. Furthermore, if a cultural or educational program becomes popular, some product will try to get as close to it as possible in the hope that the osmosis will be financially rewarding. Of this I am sure. I have watched the screens at all hours and in many places — and I know. As an advertiser I would do it myself — get my product as commingled as possible with the emotional and intellectual appeal of some eternal truth or beauty. This personal concoction is no exaggeration of the daily television screen: —

LADY MACBETH:

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

GENTLEWOMAN:

'Tis strange indeed, the lady's blind,
It's not perfume she needs to find;
But Acme Flakes within the pan
Will do the job and also scan.

I know that sound thinking and enduring emotions are not induced by a bedlam of irrelevancies. And I believe that television, which appeals simultaneously to the eye and to the ear, and instantaneously upon the event, has a potential for men's minds not less critical than that of atomic energy for their bodies.

There is the delusion that people will not give money for what they can get free. But they will; they have done so already in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Chicago, and in some twenty-five other cities and communities. Churches are free; a person could pray for a long time without suffering ostracism as a free rider. But enough people give money to keep the churches going, not as a purchase of service but from a conviction of the worth of organized religion. The case has been the same with hospitals, colleges, and social work. Voluntaryism in cultural affairs is an American way which is not defunct. Indeed, it is a positive principle — a bulwark against statism.

In Pittsburgh a majority of our television board discouraged the idea of an all-out appeal for legislative financial support. Admittedly we knew that the legislature would turn us down, but over and above that we knew the importance of developing local community standards for this new cultural medium. Poor but proud we have remained — like Samuel Johnson and his worn shoes. This is not to say that municipal and state grants-in-aid are not to be sought, once the soundness of the local controls has been proved the hard way. The decentralization of decision-making power is as essential for educational television as for education itself, for health and welfare, and for business. Only by this means can the force of community television remain dynamic — free of bureaucracy.

3

Now, what have we done in a year and a half of broadcasting? We have done best when we have been systematic. An estimated 70 per cent of the eligible people of western Pennsylvania do not possess a high school diploma. (It is estimated that only half of the students who currently enter American high schools stay to graduate.) In September, 1954, WQED in collaboration with local and state school authorities established the High School of the Air. Algebra, English, and American history are telecast systematically by teachers drawn from the school systems. Enrollments at five dollars per semester were in the hundreds. We are driving now toward thousands for the third

semester this fall. One Pittsburgh educator predicts that with a little more know-how we can enable a person who never attended high school to do four years' work in two years or less of television and pass the state-prescribed examinations for his diploma. Of our television high school viewers who have already taken the official examination, 71 per cent passed. WQED's High School of the Air comes at 7 P.M., nine months of the year. What commercial station could, or should be expected to, devote that revenue-rich hour to a noncommercial project?

In western Pennsylvania 10 per cent of high school students fail in some subject each year. The taxpayer bears the load of cramming these failures into already overloaded classrooms and upon already overburdened teaching staffs for a second try. This summer, again in collaboration with the school systems, WQED tried out television programs for making up high school courses. If the experiment works, the cost will be a fraction of the cost of any other method available to enable these less apt young students to keep pace with their fellows and get off the taxpayers' bounty.

Here was a case in which we programmed an hour and a half per day five days a week for only 323 people — the number of enrollees. Two hundred sixty-five took the state-prescribed examinations and 78 per cent passed. We have proved a point. Over 8000 Allegheny County high school students fail in one or more subjects each year. We estimate that by television we can cure these failures at less than 10 per cent of the taxpayers' present cost. Meanwhile we know that a much larger audience is having some fun brushing up on the R's.

This fall, with foundation funds WQED will launch a world first in education by television. Fifth-grade arithmetic, reading, and French will be taught in nine demonstration schools selected by public school authorities from the school systems. The youngsters whose parents consent will view on a screen and listen to a teacher who stands, not in the classroom, but in our studio. Into Mother's living room will come the same sights and sounds of teaching which reach her child in the classroom.

What are the implications of all these systematic educational uses of television in Pittsburgh and western Pennsylvania? Lower costs of education for taxpayers; keeping educational pace with the population explosion; multiplication of the influence of the great teachers; more economical design of school housing; at long last effective adult education; what more? We make no claims. But we have grasped the nettle and will not put it down until we know what television holds for systematic education.

What about adult education? The path of experiment for educational television in this area is not equally clear. Anyone who has attended a convention of adult educators knows what a sprawl-

ing diffusion of concepts exists. Everything from Greek drama to cooking is involved. In Pittsburgh, Don and Art, two inspired teachers of polytechnics, were an original WQED show. They started on a basement floor with a sawbuck and the simplest tools and have moved to quite sophisticated wood and metal working. Their "Shop Talk" continues today — a systematic, utilitarian aid to home-making in a full employment economy with its prohibitive costs for small jobs. Edwin Peterson, of the University of Pittsburgh, a nationally known teacher of creative writing, for thirteen weeks on our screen reduced the mysteries of good writing to their honest, unpretentious simplicities. Ben Spock, of "Mother, you know more than you think" fame, presided for months over his informal, unrehearsed panel of mothers learning with their viewers, case by case, the attitudes and techniques which make childhood — and adulthood — flower. Colin Sterne, composer and musicologist, is experimenting as a classical music disc jockey. What were the social, personal, and economic influences upon Bach or Beethoven or Brahms? Why did each write as he did in his special language of sound, melody, and rhythm? The story cannot be told in commercial television's occasional symphonic or operatic hour. Systematic regularity is the key to education. Only community television can essay so deliberate a process.

Admittedly, educational television will never intrigue as large an audience as Arthur Godfrey once commanded. But, free of the compulsion of the profit motive, educational television can probe for higher levels of cultural response. Already WQED has interested the networks. Dr. Spock has gone to NBC with his program intact according to his own academic standards. On August 20, "The Children's Corner" began a demonstration series on the NBC network. How would its delectable puppet, Daniel S. Tiger, President of the "Tame Tiger Torganization," that humanitarian tiger of good will — how would he fare commingling his young wisdom with plugs for Acme Flakes? Who knows? But he has already proved in Pittsburgh that television does not live by commercials alone. If educational television blazes trails in the cultural wilderness — trails which commercial television can use — this will be a marginal plus for the endeavor.

Even if we do not seduce the networks from their convictions that all I.Q.'s are subnormal, still the movement may avoid provincialism. The Educational Television and Radio Center, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, a creation of the Fund for Adult Education, provides a program exchange. By kinescope, a process of filming television productions, the good shows of one station may become available to others. Contributions are thus produced for the creative station and costs reduced for the others.

The Center, itself a nonprofit institution, must use its donated dollars on both sides. But it has produced for low-cost rental to educational stations some good programs. For example: "Date Line," done under the auspices of the Russian Institute at Columbia University — an analysis of the current Soviet press; a series on music by the colorful Dr. Howard Hanson of the Eastman School of Music and groups from the Rochester Symphony; and a series of twenty-six films called "Frontiers of Space," produced near White Sands by New Mexico's College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. WKAR-TV at Michigan State College has produced a poignantly lovely children's program called "The Friendly Giant." KETC at St. Louis has produced a hard-minded, irresistible program for scientifically oriented teen-agers called "The Finder." These two programs, with WQED's "Children's Corner," cover the gamut from crib to post-adolescence. The Center has them for distribution to educational television stations. The educational stations which produced them received from the Center some revenue. All other educational stations, in being or to come, are relieved at the outset from the high costs of children's and teen-agers' programs. The Center's kinescopes (films) will start them off at a modest rental.

We are searching for an educational television policy in Pittsburgh. Plainly we should be systematic in what we do. The casual extravaganza, however superbly done, is not educational. But in what areas should we seek to educate? Clearly we must not indulge the delusion that we can invite all men to come and be cultural. This would leave no provision for those who will always consider Shakespeare mere bombast and would never choose a Martha Graham recital in preference to an hour at the Folies. But we must also avoid the delusion that all men are either eggheads or others. This delusion would make no provision for those who can graduate from calendars to Speicher or from ham to Hamlet. Individual human sensitivities are not constants but variables, moving more often than not in direct response to the quality of the stimuli. Educational television must, like education itself, have no fear of truth, feel no shame of the esoteric, hold no brief for the momentary taste of the majority.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead
Thro' which the living Homer beg'd his bread.

A teacher at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute of Technology told me, "We have a test for the success of WQED. It will occur when a member of our faculty buys a television set." In three years of thought and action, I have found no better criterion of success. When good teachers themselves are stimulated by educational television, I shall have no fears about the rest of the audience.



An Atlantic Story



FRANK O'CONNOR, the Irish author who has taught several courses on the writing of fiction, was asked how he approached his own short stories. Said Mr. O'Connor, "With me it's a difficulty of temperament. Mine is lyrical, explosive. I write a story with a feeling of slight regret for poor Shakespeare's lack of talent and wake up with a hangover that makes poteen look like cold water. Then, having cursed life and forsworn literature, I start rewriting. If I can work up the Shakespeare mood often enough I may get it right in six revisions. If I don't I may have to rewrite it fifty times. This isn't exaggeration." Mr. O'Connor is now living in the United States. His most recent collection, *More Stories*, was published last year by Knopf.

THE WREATH

by FRANK O'CONNOR

WHEN Father Fogarty read of the death of his friend Father Devine in a Dublin nursing home, he was stunned. He was a man who did not understand the irremediable.

He took out an old seminary group, put it on the mantelpiece, and spent the evening looking at it. Devine's clever, pale, shrunken face stood out from all the others, not very different from what it had been in his later years except for the absence of pince-nez. He and Fogarty had been boys together in a provincial town where Devine's father was a schoolmaster and Fogarty's mother kept a shop. Even then everybody had known that Devine was marked by nature for the priesthood. He was clever, docile, and beautifully mannered. Fogarty's vocation had come later and was a surprise.

They had been friends over the years, affectionate when together, critical and sarcastic when apart, and had seen nothing of one another for close on a year. Devine had been unlucky. As long as the old Bishop lived he had been fairly well sheltered, but Lanigan, the new one, disliked him. It was partly his own fault; because he could not keep his mouth shut; because he was witty and waspish and said whatever came into his head about his colleagues who had nothing like his gifts. Fogarty remembered the things Devine had said about himself. He affected to believe that Fogarty was a man of many personalities, and asked with mock humility which of them he was now dealing with — Nero, Napoleon, or St. Francis of Assisi.

It all came back, the occasional jaunts together, the plans for holidays abroad which never came to anything; and now the warm and genuine love for Devine which was natural to him welled up, and realizing that never again in this world would he be able to express it, he began to weep. He was as simple as a child in his emotions. He forgot lightly, remembered suddenly and with exaggerated intensity, and blamed himself cruelly and unjustly for his own shortcomings. He would have been astonished to learn that, for all the intrusions of Nero and Napoleon, his understanding had continued to develop through the years, when that of clever men had dried up, and that he was a better and wiser priest at forty than he had been twenty years before.

Because there was no one else to whom he could communicate his sense of loss, he rang up Jackson, a curate who had been Devine's other friend. He did not really like Jackson, who was worldly, cynical, and a bit of a careerist, and had always wondered what it was that Devine saw in him.

"Isn't that terrible news about Devine?" he said, barely keeping the tears out of his voice.

"Yes," drawled Jackson in his usual cautious, fishy tone, as though even on such a subject he were afraid of committing himself. "I suppose it's a happy release for the poor devil."

This was the sort of talk which maddened Fogarty. It sounded as if Jackson were talking of an old family pet who had been sent to the vet's.

"I dare say," he said gruffly. "I was thinking of

going to town and coming back with the funeral. You wouldn't come?"

"I don't see how I could, Jerry," Jackson replied in a tone of concern. "It's only a week since I was up last."

"Ah, well, I'll go myself," said Fogarty. "I suppose you don't know what happened him?"

"Oh, you know he was always anemic. He ought to have looked after himself, but he didn't get much chance with that old brute of a parish priest of his. He was fainting all over the shop. The last time, he fainted at Mass."

"You were in touch with him, then?" Fogarty asked in surprise.

"I just saw him for a while last week. He couldn't talk much, of course."

And again the feeling of his own inadequacy descended on Fogarty. He realized that Jackson, who seemed to have as much feeling as a mowing machine, had kept in touch with Devine and gone out of his way to see him at the end, while he, the warmhearted, devoted, generous friend, had let him slip from sight into eternity and was now wallowing in the sense of his own loss.

"God, I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself, Jim," he said with a new humility. "I never even knew he was sick."

"I'll see about getting off for the funeral," Jackson said. "I think I might manage it."

2

THAT evening, the two priests set off in Fogarty's car for the city. Jackson brought Fogarty to a very pleasant restaurant for dinner. He was a tall, thin man with a prim, watchful, clerical air, who knew his way round. He spent at least ten minutes over the menu and the wine list, and the headwaiter danced attendance on him as headwaiters do only when there is a big tip in view or they have to deal with an expert.

"I'm having steak," Fogarty said to cut it short.

"Father Fogarty is having steak, Paddy," said Jackson, looking at the headwaiter over his spectacles. "Make it rare. And stout, I suppose?"

"I'll spare you the stout," said Fogarty. "Red wine."

"Mind, Paddy," said Jackson warningly. "Father Fogarty said *red* wine. You're in Ireland now, remember."

Next morning, they went to the mortuary chapel, where the coffin was resting on trestles before the altar. Beside it, to Fogarty's surprise, was a large wreath of red roses. When they rose from their knees, Devine's uncle Ned had come in with his son. Ned was a broad-faced, dark-haired, nervous man, with the anemic complexion of the family.

"I'm sorry for your trouble, Ned," Father Fogarty said.

"I know that, Father," said Ned.

"I don't know if you know Father Jackson. He was a great friend of Father Willie's."

"I heard him speak of him," said Ned. "He talked a lot about both of you. Ye were his great friends. Poor Father Willie!" he added with a sigh. "He had few enough of them."

Just then the parish priest entered and spoke to Ned Devine. He was a tall man with a stern, unlined, wooden face. He stood for a few moments by the coffin, then studied the breastplate and the wreath, looking closely at the tag of the wreath. It was only then that he beckoned the two younger priests aside.

"Tell me," he asked in a professional tone, "what are we going to do about this?"

"About what?" Fogarty asked in surprise.

"This wreath," said Father Martin, giving him a candid glare.

"What's wrong with it?"

"'Tis against the rubrics."

"For Heaven's sake!" Fogarty said impatiently. "What have the rubrics to do with it?"

"The rubrics have a lot to do with it," Martin said sternly. "And, apart from that, 'tis a bad custom."

"You mean Masses bring in more money?" Fogarty asked with amused insolence.

"I do not mean Masses bring in more money," said Martin, who seemed to reply to every remark verbatim, like a solicitor's letter. "I mean that flowers are a pagan survival." He looked at the two young priests with the same innocent, anxious, wooden air. "And here am I, week in, week out, preaching against flowers, and a blooming big wreath of them in my own church. And on a priest's coffin too, mind you! What am I going to say about that?"

"Who asked you to say anything?" asked Fogarty. "The man wasn't from your diocese."

"Oh, now, that's all very well," said Martin. "And that's not the whole story, and you know it."

"You mean, the wreath is from a woman?" broke in Jackson.

"I do mean the wreath is from a woman."

"A woman?" Fogarty exclaimed in astonishment. "Does it say so?"

"It does not say so. But 'tis red roses."

"And does that mean it's from a woman?"

"What else could it mean?"

"It could mean it's from somebody who didn't study the language of flowers the way you seem to have done," said Fogarty.

"Oh, well," Jackson intervened again with a shrug, "we know nothing about it. You'll have to decide about it yourself. It's nothing to do with us."

"I don't like doing anything when I wasn't acquainted with the man," said Martin, but he made no further attempt to interfere, and one of the undertaker's men took the wreath and placed it on the hearse. Fogarty controlled himself with difficulty.

As he banged open the door of the car and started the engine, his face was very flushed. He drove with his head bowed and his brows jutting down like rocks above his eyes. As they cleared the main streets he burst out.

"That's the sort of thing that makes me ashamed of myself! 'Flowers are a pagan survival.' And they take it from him, Jim! They listen to that sort of stuff instead of telling him to shut his ignorant gob."

"Oh, well," Jackson said in his nonchalant, tolerant way, "he was right, of course."

"Right?"

"I mean, on the appearance of the thing. After all, he didn't know Devine."

"All the more reason why he shouldn't have interfered. Do you realize that he'd have thrown out that wreath only for us being there? And for what? His own dirty, mean, suspicious mind!"

"Ah, I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't have let that wreath go on the coffin."

"You wouldn't? Why not?"

"It was from a woman all right."

Jackson lit his pipe and looked over his spectacles at Fogarty.

"Yes, one of Devine's old maids."

"Ever heard of an old maid sending a wreath of red roses?"

"To tell you the God's truth," Fogarty confessed with boyish candor, "it would never have struck me that there was anything wrong with it."

"It would have struck the old maid, though."

Fogarty missed a turning and reversed with a muttered curse.

"You're not serious, Jim?" he said after a few moments.

"Oh, I'm not saying there was anything wrong in it," Jackson replied with a shrug. "Women get ideas like that. You must have noticed that sort of thing yourself."

"These things can happen in very innocent ways," Fogarty said with ingenuous solemnity. Then he began to scowl again, and a blush spread over his handsome craggy face that was neither anger nor shame. Like all those who live greatly in their imaginations, he was always astonished and shocked at the suggestions that reached him from the outside world: he could live with his fantasies only by assuming that they were nothing more. The country began to grow wilder under the broken spring light; the valley of the river dropped away with a ruined abbey on its bank, and a pine-clad hill rose on their right, the first breath of the mountains. "I can't believe it," he said angrily, shaking his head.

"You don't have to believe it," Jackson said, nursing his pipe. "I'd nearly be glad if Martin's suspicions were right. If ever a man needed somebody to care for him, Devine did."

"But not Devine, Jim," Fogarty said obstinately.

"You could believe a thing like that if it was me. I could nearly believe it if it was you. But I knew Devine since we were kids, and he wouldn't be capable of it."

"I never knew him like that," Jackson admitted mildly. "In fact, I scarcely knew him at all, really. But I'd have said he was as capable of it as we are. He was a good deal lonelier than we'll ever be."

"God, don't I know it!" Fogarty ground out in self-reproach. "If it was drinking, I could understand it."

"Devine was too fastidious."

"But that's what I say."

"There's a big difference," said Jackson. "A very intelligent woman, for instance, might have appealed to him. You can imagine how he'd appeal to her. After all, you know what he meant to us; the most civilized chap we could meet. Just fancy what a man like that would mean to some woman in a country town; maybe a woman married to some lout of a shopkeeper or a gentleman farmer."

"He didn't tell you about her?" Fogarty asked incredulously, because Jackson spoke with such plausibility that it impressed him as true.

"Oh, no, no, I'm only guessing," Jackson said hastily, and then he blushed too.

3

FOGARTY remained silent, aware that Jackson had confessed something about himself, but he could not get the incredible idea of Devine out of his mind. As the country grew wilder and furze bushes and ruined keeps took the place of pastures and old abbeys, he found his eyes attracted more and more to the wreath that swayed lightly with the swaying of the hearse and seemed to concentrate all the light. It seemed an image of the essential mystery of a priest's life.

What, after all, did he know of Devine? Only what his own temperament suggested, and mostly — when he wasn't being St. Francis of Assisi, in Devine's phrase — he had seen himself as the worldly one of the pair, the practical, coarse-grained man who cut corners, and Devine as the saint, racked by his own fastidiousness and asceticism that exploded in his bitter little jests. Now his mind boggled at the agony which could have driven a man like Devine to seek companionship in such a way; yet the measure of his incredulity was that of the conviction which he would soon feel, the new level on which his thought must move.

"God!" he burst out, "don't we lead lonely lives. We probably knew Devine better than anyone else in the world, and there's that damn thing in front of us, and neither of us has a notion what it means."

"Which might be just as well for our own comfort," Jackson said.

"If you're right, I'll take my oath it did very little for Devine's," Fogarty said grimly.

"Oh, I don't know," Jackson said. "Isn't that the one thing we all really want from life?"

"Would you say so?" Fogarty asked in astonishment. He had always thought of Jackson as a cold fish, a go-getter, and suddenly found himself wondering about that too; wondering what it was in him that had appealed so much to Devine. He had the feeling that Jackson, who was, as he modestly recognized, by far the subtler man, was probing him, and for the same reason. Each of them was looking in the other for the quality which had attracted Devine, and which having made him their friend might make them friends also. "I couldn't do it though, Jim," he said somberly. "I went as close to it as I'm ever likely to do. It was the wife of one of the chaps that was with me in the seminary. She seemed to be all the things I ever wanted a woman to be. Then, when I saw what her marriage to the other fellow was like, I realized that she hated him like poison. It might have been me she hated that way. It's only when you see what marriages are like, as we do, that you know how lucky we are in escaping them."

"Lucky?" Jackson repeated with light irony. "Do you really think we're lucky? Have you ever known a seminary that wasn't full of men who thought themselves lucky? They might be drinking themselves to death, but they never once doubted their luck. Clerical sour grapes. . . . Anyway, you're rather underrating yourself if you think she'd have hated you."

"You think I might have made her a good husband?" Fogarty asked, flushing with pleasure, for this was what he had always thought himself when he permitted his imagination to rest on Una Whitton.

"Probably. You'd have made a good father at any rate."

"God knows you might be right," said Fogarty. "It's easier to do without a woman than it is to do without kids. My mother was the same. She was wrapped up in us; she always wanted us to be better than anyone else, and when we did badly at school or got into trouble it nearly broke her heart. She said it was the Fogarty blood breaking out in us—the Fogartys were all horse dealers." His handsome, happy face clouded again with the old feelings of remorse and guilt, unjustified, like most of his self-reproach. "I'm afraid she died under the impression that I was a Fogarty after all."

"If the Fogartys are any relation to the Martins, I'd say it was most unlikely," said Jackson.

"I never really knew till she was dead how much she meant to me," Fogarty said broodingly. "I insisted on performing the burial service myself, though Hennessey warned me not to. My God, the way we gallop through it till it comes home to ourselves! I broke down and bawled like a kid and Hennessey got up and finished it."

Jackson shook his head uncomprehendingly.

"You feel these things more than I do. I'm a cold fish."

It struck Fogarty that, though this was precisely what he had always believed, he would now believe it no longer. "That settled me," he said. "Up to that, I used to be a bit flighty, but afterwards, I knew I could never care for another woman as I cared for her."

"Nonsense!" Jackson said lightly. "That's the best proof you could offer a woman that you'd care for her as much. Love is just one thing, not a half dozen. If I had my eye on a woman, I'd take good care to choose one who cared that way for her father. You're the sort who'd go to hell for a woman if ever you let yourself go. I couldn't go to hell for anybody. The nearest I ever got to it was with one woman in a town I was in. I didn't realize the state she was getting herself into till I found her outside my door at two o'clock one morning. She wanted me to take her away! You can imagine what happened to her afterwards."

"She went off with someone else?"

"No. Drink. And it was nothing but loneliness. After that, I decided that people of my sort have no business with love."

4

AT the word "love" Fogarty felt his heart contract. It was partly the wreath, brilliant in the sunlight, that had drawn him out of his habitual reserve and linked him with a man of even greater reserve, partly the excitement of returning to the little town where he had grown up. He hated it; he avoided it; it seemed to be the complete expression of all the narrowness and meanness that he tried to banish from his own thoughts; but at the same time, it contained all the violence and longing that had driven him out of it, and when once he drew near it a tumult of emotions rose in him that half strangled him.

"There it is!" he said triumphantly, pointing to a valley where a tapering Franciscan tower rose from a clutter of low Georgian houses and thatched cabins. "They'll be waiting for us at the bridge. That's the way they'll be waiting for me when my turn comes."

"They" were the priests and townspeople who had come out to escort the hearse to the cemetery. Ned Devine steered people to their places. Four men shouldered the coffin over the high-arched bridge past the ruined castle and up the hilly Main Street. Shutters were up on the shop fronts, blinds were drawn, everything was at a standstill except here and there where a curtain was lifted and an old woman, too feeble to make the journey, peered out.

A laneway led off the hilly road, and they came to the abbey; a tower and a few walls with tombstones thickly sown in choir and nave. The hearse was already drawn up and people gathered in a

semicircle about it. Ned Devine came hastily up to the car where the two priests were donning their surplices.

"Whisper, Father Jerry," he muttered in a strained, excited voice. "People are talking about that wreath. I wonder would you know who sent it?"

"I know nothing at all about it, Ned," Fogarty replied roughly, and suddenly felt his heart begin to pant violently.

"Come here a minute, Sheela," Ned called, and a tall, pale girl in black, with the stain of tears on her long, bony face, left the little group of mourners and joined them. "You know Father Jerry. This is Father Jackson, Father Willie's other friend. They don't know anything about it."

"Then I'd let them take it back," she said doggedly.

"What would you say, Father?" Ned asked, appealing to Fogarty.

Fogarty suddenly felt his courage desert him. In arguing with Martin, he had felt himself dealing with an equal, but now the intense passions and prejudices of the little town seemed to rise up and oppose him, and he felt himself again an adolescent, rebellious but frightened.

"I can only tell you what I told Father Martin," he blustered.

"Did Father Martin talk about it too?" Ned asked sharply.

"He did."

"There!" Sheela said vindictively. "What did I tell you?"

"Well, the pair of you may be cleverer than I am," Fogarty said. "I can only say what I said before: I'd never have noticed anything wrong with it."

"It was no proper thing to send to a priest's funeral," she hissed with prim fury. "Whoever sent it was no friend of my brother."

"You wouldn't agree with that, Father?" Ned asked anxiously.

"But I tell you, Uncle Ned, if that wreath goes into the graveyard we'll be the laughingstock of the town," she said furiously.

"Whisht, girl, wisht, and let Father Jerry talk!" he snapped angrily.

"Well, Ned, it seems to me to be entirely a matter for yourselves," Fogarty replied. "I can only tell you what I think." He was really scared now; he realized that he was in danger of behaving im-

prudently in public, and that sooner or later the story would get back to the Bishop and it would be suggested that he knew more than he pretended.

"If you'll excuse my interrupting, Father," Jackson said suavely, giving him a warning glance over his spectacles, "I know it isn't my place to speak —"

"But that's the very thing we want, Father," Ned said passionately. "If you say 'tis all right, that's enough for me."

"Oh, well, Mr. Devine, that would be too great a responsibility for me to take," Jackson said with a cautious smile, though his pale face had grown flushed. "You know this town. I don't. I only know what it would mean in my own place. I've told Father Fogarty already that I agree with Miss Devine. I think it was wrong to send it. But," and his mild voice suddenly grew menacing, and he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands with a contemptuous look, "if you were to send that wreath back from the graveyard, you'd make yourself something far worse than a laughingstock. You'd throw mud on a dead man's name that would never be forgotten for you, the longest day you lived. . . . Things may be different here, of course," he added superciliously.

Ned Devine suddenly came to his senses. He clicked his fingers impatiently.

"Of course, of course, of course," he snarled. "That's something we should have thought of ourselves. 'Twould be giving tongues to the stones."

And he took the wreath and carried it behind the coffin to the graveside. That was sufficient to dissipate the growing hysteria which Fogarty felt about him. He touched Jackson's hand lightly.

"Good man, Jim!" he said in a voice that was full of love and tears.

Side by side they stood at the head of the open grave where the other surpliced priests had gathered. Their voices rose in the psalms for the dead. But Fogarty's brooding, curious eyes swept the crowd of faces he had known since childhood, now caricatured by age and pain, and each time they came to rest on the wreath which stood to one side of the grave. Each time it came over him in a flood of emotion that what he and Jackson had saved was something more than a sentimental token. It was the thing which formerly had linked them to Devine and which now linked them with one another; the feeling of their own integrity as men beside their integrity as priests; the thing which gave significance and beauty to their sacrifice.



nel Repington as the foremost military correspondent in Britain. He served as military critic on the *Times* of London from 1935 to 1939 and was also adviser on defense to the *Times* and the War Minister. The author of many pertinent studies of the German commanders in the First World War, Captain Liddell Hart was also the biographer and friend of T. E. Lawrence, whose integrity he defends in the article which follows.

T. E. LAWRENCE: MAN OR MYTH?

by B. H. LIDDELL HART

1

THE book with which Richard Aldington made his mark as a novelist, twenty-five years ago, was *Death of a Hero*. He has recently turned, somewhat late in life, to the writing of history, and now aims to achieve the "death of a hero" in this realm.

In his introduction to *Lawrence of Arabia* (Regnery, \$5.00) he describes his book as "a biographical enquiry," in which he "tracked down" the evidence with "the minute care of a literary detective," and indeed it reads tediously like the report of a backstairs inquiry by a private detective who has been looking through keyholes. At the same time, his deductions from these minute views have the sweep of a novelist's fancy, instead of the carefulness required in forming historical judgments.

Aldington's prime detective performance is to have nosed out the details of a family secret — illegitimacy — with all the handicaps it carried and subterfuges it involved, particularly in the clerical atmosphere of Victorian Oxford, where T. E. Lawrence and his brothers grew up.

Aldington makes much play with this private matter. But it is no such new discovery as he seems to suppose. The fact was known to most of Lawrence's circle of friends — he told me the details frankly and accurately. But his biographers did not contemplate such indecency as that of laying bare this essentially private matter and presenting it for public discussion while his mother and elder brother, a missionary, were still living. It becomes worse because of the way in which Aldington treats the subject and that fine personality, Mrs. Lawrence.

His treatment of Lawrence himself is a continuous series of smears and sneers — smears where he thinks he has found some point on which he can pin a charge of boastfulness and dishonesty upon Lawrence; sneers, disparaging Lawrence's contribution and motives, where other openings cannot be found. The majority of the criticisms are superficial, and many are silly. At the start Aldington

declares that Lawrence falsely claimed that he had been offered the post of High Commissioner for Egypt, and says: —

I thought it well to obtain the evidence of those most likely to know the truth, and therefore applied to a former Cabinet Minister, Mr. Amery [Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1924–29], to the present Lord Lloyd (son of the man actually appointed by the Cabinet as High Commissioner when Lord Allenby [General Edmund Allenby, Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force] resigned) and to Lawrence's friend, Sir Ronald Storrs, who was Governor of Jerusalem after the first war. They were unanimous in dismissing the claim as highly improbable, and though I may not quote I received indirect but equally emphatic disavowal from still higher quarters that Lawrence was ever offered the post.

At the end of the book Aldington goes back to the matter at greater length, saying that "it was this which first aroused my suspicions of Lawrence's veracity." He makes it his main "proof" that Lawrence's stories were "faked" and "boastful" — "the megalomania of a self-important egotist." Aldington quotes, here, the replies he obtained from Mr. Amery, the present Lord Lloyd, and Sir Ronald Storrs, while making it plain that the anonymous fourth was Sir Winston Churchill.

I have seen a copy of one of these letters of inquiry, and find that it was very misleadingly framed. It stated, falsely, that Aldington's book was being written "with the assistance of the executors and of the family"! It put the principal question in this way: "Was the post ever *officially* offered to Colonel Lawrence?" The underlining of the word "officially" tended to divert attention from the supplementary question whether the possibility was ever suggested — which is the real issue. The letter of inquiry mentioned no year, thus conveying the impression that it referred to the time, 1925, when Allenby actually resigned —

whereas Lawrence was speaking of 1922, when Allenby momentarily tendered his resignation, in January, but then agreed to continue. This is made very clear in a letter which Lawrence, who was then Adviser on Arab Affairs at the Colonial Office, wrote to his mother on February 15, 1922, saying: "There was a question of me for Egypt, if Allenby came away: but that of course I wouldn't accept." He told his mother and brother a little more about the proposal when he next saw them, and according to their recollection the proposal was made by the Prime Minister, David Lloyd George. That tallies with my recollection of what Lloyd George told me when I questioned him, ten years later, about this chapter of Lawrence's career.

In 1922 Mr. Amery was not in the Cabinet, the present Lord Lloyd was ten years old and his father was in India, and Sir Ronald Storrs was in Jerusalem. So there is no reason why any of them should have known anything about the matter! They have all protested at the way their brief replies have been misleadingly exploited.

When Mr. Amery learned how his name was being used to support Aldington's charge, he wrote a letter saying: "I was, of course, thinking of 1925 when I was in the Cabinet and in close touch with Allenby's difficulties with the Foreign Office, etc." He went on to say that the brief reply he had originally given to Aldington's inquiry "is therefore entirely irrelevant to what I understand to be the issue, namely Lawrence's truthfulness in anything he may have said about the question of succeeding Allenby in 1922." Although this letter was sent to the publishers in March of last year, Mr. Amery has been retained in the book as first witness for the prosecution.

2

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL's testimony is treated no better. A year ago last summer, he wrote:—

I am sure the post of High Commissioner in Egypt was never offered officially to Colonel Lawrence, but I think it very likely I talked over the possibility of his being offered it and asked him how he felt about it. It is very likely also that his not welcoming the idea played its part in my not pressing it any further.

This letter was sent to the publishers. Yet at the start of the book he is still cited as providing "emphatic disavowal" of Lawrence's statement, and on page 385 as declaring it to be "certainly unfounded"—except that here a subtle change has been made by inserting the word "officially" before the reference to such an offer. At the bottom of the page a footnote is inserted: "Sir Winston Churchill has since affirmed that although he never offered the post of High Commissioner to Lawrence officially he *may* have talked over the possibility of his being offered it unofficially with Lawrence." Al-

lington's substitution of the dubious word "may" for Churchill's words "very likely" is dishonest.

On page 385 he tries to reinforce his indictment of Lawrence as a liar, saying:—

This habit of attributing offers of imaginary grandeur to himself rather grew on Lawrence as the time for his final discharge from the R.A.F. came nearer. It is true that he was offered by a banker, and refused, a position in the City of London, where at one time he had also reserved for himself the position of night-watchman at the Bank of England. . . . But these things were mixed up with such fantasies as his telling his neighbour, ex-Sergeant Knowles, that ". . . he might again be asked to undertake the re-organisation of Home Defence. . . ." The distinguished persons who were asked about the Egypt myth also brushed aside the idea that Lawrence had ever been offered "Home Defence."

But Mr. Amery and Lord Lloyd state that they were not asked about this matter—and would not know about it. Sir Winston Churchill's reply was: "I certainly hoped that Colonel Lawrence would play such a part"—and Lord Winterton, in his memoirs (page 202), says that "just prior to Lawrence's death, Mr. Churchill held the view that he should be appointed Minister of Defence."

The actual defense post for which Lawrence was then being considered was not on such a high level, though of key importance. I was then military correspondent of the *Times*, and well acquainted with the whole background of the matter. There was at the time—early in 1935—a strong urge in government circles to develop our defense planning organization, in view of the rearmament program, and in this connection it was proposed that Sir Maurice Hankey, who was both Secretary of the Cabinet and Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence, should be provided with a deputy and eventual successor on the defense side. Lawrence was quite correct in saying that he had "received approaches" whether he would take the post if asked—that fact was confirmed by several people who were close to the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin. When Aldington dismisses such proposals as "fantasies" on Lawrence's part he merely reveals his own ignorance.

Far more remarkable was the offer which Lawrence had just previously received, and refused—to become Secretary of the Bank of England. That was an offer of which any man might have felt proud. Yet Lawrence merely said, to me and other friends, that he had been offered "a job in the City." I had no idea what the job was until last year, when I was told of it by Lord Rennell, who conveyed the offer to Lawrence. As this revelation shows, Lawrence was apt to be reticent rather than boastful about the big things in his career. They rarely came out unless there was some point that tickled his sense of humor. Aldington's view of Lawrence as merely "an Irish braggart" is badly askew.

**marboro's
annual
all-star**

SALE

You'll thank
your lucky stars
for these great buys.
Each has been
starred to help
you see the big
savings at
a glance.

**fine
books
and
prints**

STARS	MEAN THESE SAVINGS
★	IMPORTED SPECIALS
★★	SAVE AT LEAST 10 %
★★★	SAVE AT LEAST 30 %
★★★★	SAVE AT LEAST 50 %
★★★★★	SAVE AT LEAST 70 %

mail this coupon now

marboro books Dept. A-58, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.
Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled below:

☐ Enclosed find \$_____ ☐ Send C.O.D. Minimum order \$3.00.

26	30	36	56	66	67	237	245	249	396	583	610
740	751	753	757	773	775	798	813	829	835	864	865
869	881	906	932	937	947	961	962	977	978	979	981
985	988	989	1001	1007	1010	1015	1030	1031	1033	1034	1035
1036	1042	1043	1044	1045	1049	1050	1053	P32	P105	P116	P125

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

New York City residents add 3% city sales tax.

*A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.

guarantee: If not satisfied, return item purchased within 10 days and money will be refunded.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY—VISIT THE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED MARBORO BOOK SHOPS

47 West 42nd St. (near Stern's)	8 East 59th St. (off Fifth Ave.)	144 West 57th St. (near Carnegie Hall)	390 Fulton St. (in downtown Bklyn.)
------------------------------------	-------------------------------------	---	--

★★★★865. LINCOLN AND THE WAR GOVERNORS.

By William B. Hesseltine. A new and exciting chapter in the Lincoln story—how he destroyed the forces of disunity in the North and established for all time the power of the government to act in time of crisis—and changed the United States from a federal union into a new nation. The writing has the excitement and color of contemporary political reporting. Over 400 pages. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98

★★★★775. ITALY—ETERNAL LAND.

45 beautiful color photographs reflect the beauty of this land of sunshine, color and eternity and the life and character of the Italian people. Dr. Kurt Albrecht, photographer and author, points out the historical inter-relationships between past, present and future in his interesting text. 9 1/2" x 10". Pub. at \$7.00. Only 2.98

★★★★864. THE BORZOI TURGENEV.

Here in fresh and accurate translation by Harry Stevens are four of Turgenev's novels, *Fathers and Sons*, *Smoke*, *On the Eve*, and *Rudin*—plus three of his long stories, *A Quiet Spot*, *First Love*, and *The Diary of a Superfluous Man*. Introduction by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. 801 Pages. Pub. at \$4.95. Only 2.95

★★★★906. AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

Now Marboro brings you the famous 16-volume American International Encyclopedia at 1/4 the original price, thanks to a special publisher's overstock closeout. This revised 1953 edition contains 40,000 subjects, so up-to-date you can turn to the facts on atomic energy, the Korean War, geographical changes since World War II, etc. Includes more than four million words, 3,500 illustrations, maps in full-color. Bound in gold-stamped maroon cloth. Limited quantity. Pub. at \$39.50. All 16 volumes, only 9.88

★★★★26. A HANDBOOK OF PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE

By Dr. Alfred J. Cantor. Written for the general reader and practitioner, this valuable book is a complete review of the physiology of various intestinal disorders and an investigation into their possible psychogenic sources. It also introduces a new theory and method of treatment. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 2.98

★★★★237. FOUNDATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

By Karl Kautsky. Extraordinarily profound historical study of the hitherto unexplained and unexplored origins of Christianity. Pub. at \$5.50. Only 2.98

★★★★396. DE SADE—Selected Writings.

Ed. & newly trans. by Leonard de Saint-Yves. Extracts from *Justine*, *Juliette*, *Les Cent Vingt Jours de Sodome*. Philosophie dans le Boudoir and from lesser known but equally important writings. Over 300 pp. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 2.98

★★★★937. THE FIRST PICTURES OF AMERICA—The New World.

Ed. and annotated by Stefan Lorant. Eye witness accounts of 16th century America illustrated by 64 watercolors by John White and numerous engravings by DeBry. 9 1/4" x 12". Buckram bound. Pub. at \$20.00. Only 6.98

★★★★1030. THE SOUTH SEAS IN THE MODERN WORLD.

By Felix M. Keesing. 6th printing revised. A timely survey of the South Seas peoples and problems by an outstanding authority on the islands. Pub. at \$5.50. Only 2.98

★★★★1031. LAW AND THE MODERN MIND.

By Jerome Frank. A serious and scholarly attempt to examine legal thought by scrutinizing it under the microscope of modern psychology. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98

★★★★1033. SAMUEL BUTLER'S NOTEBOOKS.

The cream of his notebooks in a scholarly edition, provided with a suitable introduction by Geoffrey Keynes and Brian Hill. Pub. at \$4.00. Only 1.98

★★★★1043. WITCHCRAFT TODAY.

By Gerald B. Gardner. The author is a member of one of the few covens of witches serving in England. For the first time secrets of the cult are revealed by a practising devotee. Illus. Pub. at \$4.00. Only 1.98

★★★★1035. CIANO'S HIDDEN DIARY.

By Count Galeazzo Ciano. This new volume, recovered from the German S.S., covers the Spanish War—the Anschluss—the Anglo-Italian Agreement—Munich. Pub. at \$4.00. Only 1.98

★★★★249. MENABONI'S BIRDS.

By Athos and Sara Menaboni. 31 full-page plates in glowing color and 13 in black-and-white faithfully reproduce the most beautiful bird portraits painted in America in the past hundred years. An authoritative text completes this excellent natural history. 9 1/4" x 12". Pub. at \$10.00. Only 3.95

★★★★988. ROME.

By L. Salvatorelli. A must for everyone interested in this great cultural center. A brilliant collection of 128 magnificent photographs (with explanatory notes) showing every important edifice and work of art in and around Rome. The 90 page English text takes you on a tour through Antique, Old Christian Medieval, Renaissance, Baroque and Modern Rome. Imported from Italy. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 2.98

★★★★1034. **THE CONFIDENT YEARS**
By Van Wyck Brooks. A splendid and inclusive picture of the American literary scene in the period 1885-1915. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 1.98

★★★★1036. **CARAVAGGIO.**
By Roger Hinks. The first full-length book in England about Caravaggio. Many excellent reproductions. Pub. at \$8.50. Only 4.88

★★★★36. **VENICE.**
By Sergio Bettini. An historical visit to the famed city of canals in 128 superb photographs, most of them the full 6 3/4" x 9 3/4" page size. See the famous Lido, the glorious churches and palazzos and the great works of art housed in them. Informative English text. Imported from Italy. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 2.98

★★★★740. **ARTISTS AND ILLUSTRATORS OF THE OLD WEST.**
By Robert Taft. In this fascinating survey of the original art of the latter half of the 19th century, the author brings the common life of the Old West very close to us. 400 pp. 72 pages of illustrations. Pub. at \$8.50. Only 3.98

★★★★1001. **PUBLIC OPINION: 1935-1946.**
Ed. by Hadley Cantril. Monumental compilation of the nation-wide opinion polls conducted by 23 organizations in 16 countries. A compendium on literally every subject under the sun, representing opinion in the U.S., the British Empire and the European continent—an indispensable storehouse of information for everyone concerned with public reaction to current events. Pub. at \$25.00. Only 4.95

★★★★1007. **THOMAS TOMPION: His Life and Work.**
By R. W. Symonds. With almost 300 illus., 4 in color. This handsome volume is the definitive and comprehensive work on England's greatest watch and clockmaker. Tompion's life and work are presented in detail and the author explains the mechanism of his clocks and watches, describing some of the outstanding examples still in existence. The illustrations show an extraordinary variety of clocks, watches, barometers, dials, movements and cases. Size 9 1/4" x 11 3/4". Pub. at \$30.00. Only 14.95

★★★★1015. **SOUTH AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION.**
By Charles H. Baker Jr. The famous 2-volume set of exotic cookery and exotic drinking, containing hundreds of the most prized recipes collected from renowned Latin American chefs and barmen. Pub. at \$5.95. The 2-volume boxed set, only 1.98

★★★★978. **THREE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE.**
Edited by H. M. Hyde. The first complete account of all three of Wilde's sensational trials as well as the opinions of Kraft-Ebing, Block et al. 416 pages. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 2.98

★★★★753. **BEST WORKS OF KIPLING.**
Handsome 8-volume set containing Barrack Room Ballads, Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, Light That Failed, etc. Pub. at \$20.00. The 8-volume set, 5.88

★★★★773. **THE CONCISE USAGE AND ABUSAGE.**
By Eric Partridge. This short guide to good English will give the reader the confidence that only correct speech can bring. It is based on current American usage and does not insist on antiquated forms. Pub. at \$3.50. Only 1.98

★★★★1053. **THE EVOLUTION OF LOVE**
By Donald Day. A forthright account of love, as practiced from Biblical times to the present. Pub. at \$5.95. Only 1.98

★★★★1042. **THE ART OF COLLECTING COINS.**
By Leonard S. Forrer. One of the world's most experienced numismatic experts writes for people who have no knowledge of the fascinating history of coins, their collection and their collectors. Illustrated. Pub. at \$3.50. Only 1.98

★★★★1044. **NEW APPROACHES TO DREAM INTERPRETATION.**
By Nandor Fodor. Recent findings in the analysis of birth dreams, number dreams, telepathic dreams, conception fantasies and various nightmares. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98

★★★★751. **BEST WORKS OF DICKENS.**
Handsome 8-volume set containing David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers, Tale of Two Cities, Oliver Twist, Christmas Stories, Christmas Carol, etc. Pub. at \$20.00. The 8-volume set 5.88

★★★★1045. **THERAPY THROUGH HYPNOSIS.**
By Raphael H. Rhodes. Authoritative discussions by 12 leading physicians and psychologists on how hypnosis has cured impotence, frigidity, anxiety, alcoholism, obesity, insomnia, excessive smoking, etc. With case histories. Pub. at \$3.75. Only 1.98

★★★★979. **THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF YOGA.**
By Harvey Day. How the application of this ancient science can induce clear thinking, control weight and preserve youth. Deals fully with concentration and meditation as essentials of practical Yoga. Pub. at \$5.75. Only 1.98

★★★★835. **THE QUINTESSENCE OF G.B.S.**
Here in one compact volume is the wit and wisdom of Bernard Shaw as selected with an introduction by S. Winsten. The extracts cover the whole range of Shaw's writings: plays, novels, prefaces, letters, etc. A 150,000 word storehouse of delight and good reading. Pub. at \$3.50. Only 1.00

★★★★56. **THREE SHORT NOVELS OF COLETTE.**
"Colette's description of the actual physical manifestations of a love affair makes Lady Chatterley seem one-dimensional!"—N. Y. Times. Three complete novels: *Gigi*, *Chance Acquaintances*, *Julie de Carneilhan*. Illustrations. Pub. at \$3.75. Only 1.98

★★★★798. **DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY.**
Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. Both teacher and layman will find this handy, all-embracing volume invaluable in his philosophical studies. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 2.98

★★★★829. **THE PENTAMERON OF GIANBATTISTA BASILE.**
The first unexpurgated text of the translation by Sir Richard Burton. "The oldest, richest, and most artistic of all popular tales"—Benedetto Croce. Drawings by Michael Ayrton. 400 pp. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98

★★★★947. **PROSE & POETRY OF HEINRICH HEINE.**
Ed. & with an introd. by Frederic Ewen. Nearly 1000 pages of the best available translations of Heine's outstanding works. Lyric poems, ballads, Hebrew melodies, letters and autobiographical writings, stories, etc. Pub. at \$6.00. Now, 1.98

★★★★813. **BIRDS OF THE GAUNTLET.**
By H. Von Michaelis. An unusual combination of text and illustrations presented with simplicity and great charm. The author conveys the unique personalities of eagles, hawks, falcons and owls in his numerous drawings in sepia and black-and-white, 8 color plates and delightful prose. 9" x 11 1/2". Pub. at \$15.00. Only 4.95

★★★★67. **CORYDON.**
By Andre Gide. The famous dialogues on homosexuality published for the first time in English. "The most important of my works."—Andre Gide. Pub. at \$3.50. Only 1.98

★★★★962. **CONCISE DICTIONARY OF ANCIENT HISTORY.**
Ed. by P. G. Woodcock. An excellent dictionary of people and events from the beginning of recorded history in the Mediterranean world to the fall of the Roman Empire. 465 pp. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 2.98

★★★★P-32. **TEN JAPANESE PRINTS.**
Reproduced from the originals in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. All the subtleties of shading and delicate pastel beauty of the full-color originals reproduced in the minutest detail on large 11" x 17" unbacked sheets. These 17th to 19th Century prints include Hokusai's celebrated *Great Wave Off Kanagawa* and other famous works by Shunsho, Hiroshige, Harunobu, etc. Accompanying text by Alan Priest. Pub. at \$7.50. Now only 1.98

★★★★P-105. **VAN GOGH: THE UNDERPASS.**
A magnificent Albert Urban "Ecran Reproduction" of a never-before-reproduced Van Gogh masterpiece now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum. It is a serene and lovely village scene as viewed through a tunnelled underpass. 65 silk-screens and imported oil paints were used to duplicate exactly the original tonalities of jade and pastel green, rose, yellow, blue and black and each vibrant brush-stroke appears in three-dimensional relief. It is the closest thing to owning the original. 22" high x 27 1/2" wide. Pub. at \$30.00. Only 9.95

★★★★66. **DICTIONARY OF MIND, MATTER AND MORALS.**
The world's greatest living philosopher, Bertrand Russell, 1950 Nobel Prize winner, compiles his opinions and views on over a thousand subjects. Arranged for quick reference in dictionary form. 304 pages. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98

★★★★989. **LISTENING WITH THE THIRD EAR.**
The Inner Experiences of a Psychoanalyst. By Theodor Reik. In this work Dr. Reik exposes for the first time the inner workings of the analyst's mind as he probes the patient's subconscious. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 1.98

★★★★757. **CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.**
Handsome eight-volume set containing Robin Hood, Black Beauty, Andersen's Fairy Tales, Pinocchio, Alice in Wonderland, Hans Brinker, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Arabian Nights. Pub. at \$20.00. The 8-volume set 5.88

★★★★583. **THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES.**
By James McNeill Whistler. The delightful classic of vituperation and irony directed by the immortal "Jimmy" against his critics, real and fancied. This is an exact facsimile of the original edition designed by Whistler himself. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 1.98

★★★★30. **THE WHITE GODDESS.**
By Robert Graves. An intriguing investigation into the mythology and history of the earliest European deity: The White Goddess of Birth, Love and Death. She is far from a discredited pagan deity; her worship is still alive outside the conventions of Western morality. Pub. at \$5.00. Only 1.98

★★★★610. **HISTORY OF THE NAVY.**
By Dudley E. Knox. Foreword by Chester W. Nimitz. Comprehensive and exciting story of the United States Navy from its birth during the Revolutionary War to its major role in World War II. 96 photographs, illustrations, maps, etc. 704 pages. Pub. at \$7.50. Only 2.98

★★★★P-116. **ETRUSCAN FRIEZE.**
An enchanting pair of full-color wall paintings created in the early 4th Century B.C. as part of the famous fresco in the Tomb of Triclinio in Greece. They portray gorgeously costumed slaves in graceful poses interwoven with trees, beasts and birds. The scenes are framed by upper and lower decorative borders and imposed on a lovely tan background. These two stunning silk-screen reproductions are distinctive and unique decorations for any wall in your home. Together they measure 16 1/4" high and 74" wide. Pub. at \$20.00. Only 5.95

★★★★985. **INDUSTRIAL DESIGN IN AMERICA.**
Compiled by the Society of Industrial Designers. New survey of modern industrial design illustrating the best thinking, development and creative design of American industry. Hundreds of illustrations, many in color. 8 1/2" x 11". Pub. at \$12.50. Only 4.88

★★★★932. **THE COLONIAL CRAFTSMAN.**
By Carl Bridenbaugh. The craftsmen of the years before the American Revolution—cabinet-makers, silversmiths, pewterers, printers, shipwrights, hat-makers, etc. 17 contemporary engravings. Pub. at \$4.25. Only 1.98

★★★★869. **ARE YOU CONSIDERING PSYCHOANALYSIS.**
Ed. by Karen Horney, M.D. The eminent contributors to this book prepare the patient for the three stages of the therapeutic process: before, during, and after analysis. Pub. at \$3.50. Only 1.49

★★★★981. **COLETTE: CHERI and THE LAST OF CHERI.**
Trans. by Roger Senhouse. In this, her most famous and perhaps her finest book, the late Colette tells of the love of a middle-aged courtesan for a handsome young gigolo. Pub. at \$3.50. Only 1.98

★★★★977. **THE ART OF WYNDHAM LEWIS.**
By G. Handley-Read. The first monograph about the originator of *Vorticism*. Illus. with 48 pages of half-tones and 4 plates in color. Pub. at \$7.50. Only 1.98

★★★★1049. **SEX: Methods and Manners.**
By Dr. L. Berg & R. Street. Direct, straightforward guide to achieving sex happiness in marriage, covering all aspects, basic techniques, etc. Illus. Pub. at \$3.50. Only 1.98

★★★★245. **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ABERRATIONS.**
Ed. by Edward Podolsky, M.D. The first systematic exposition of human aberrational behavior written for the intelligent layman as well as the expert on interpersonal relationships. 550 pp. Pub. at \$10.00. Only 2.98

★★★★1010. **FEININGER ON PHOTOGRAPHY.**
By Andreas Feininger. Hundreds of illustrations in color & halftone. Famous encyclopedic volume by the Life photographer whose picture stories have made history. Authoritative, comprehensive "bible" on the technique and art of making a photograph. Originally \$15.00. Special 6.95

★★★★881. **REFLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIST.**
By P. W. Bridgman. Significant and non-technical writings by a world famous scientist analyze the increasingly important role science is playing in almost every facet of present day life. Pub. at \$6.00. Only 2.98

★★★★961. **DICTIONARY OF WORLD LITERATURE.**
Ed. by Joseph T. Shipley. A survey of the forms and techniques of the various literary arts, their principles and problems, arranged in dictionary form for quick reference. New revised edition. 464 pp. Pub. at \$7.50. Only 2.98

1050. **MODERN FRENCH PAINTING.**
This unusually decorative calendar and engagement book for 1956 contains 54 stunning full-color reproductions of modern French painting. Spiral bound to facilitate removal for framing. 1.95

★★★★P-125. **THE TREASURE SHIP.**
This masterpiece of Japanese print-making by Yeishi portrays a decorative barge bearing nine lovely ladies. Gorgeous costumes and graceful poses are painted in gray, violet, chrome green, tan and black on a delicate ochre background. This magnificent 15" high x 29" wide reproduction is silk-screened on a 23" x 35" sheet. Pub. at \$10.00. Only 2.98

The only recognition of Lord Rennell's evidence is that Aldington now casually says, "It is true that he was offered by a banker . . . a position in the City" — without any indication of what the position was.

3

IN RECENT articles explaining why he decided to "debunk" Lawrence, Aldington focuses his detective spotlight on four other points which he evidently regards as important examples of Lawrence's "unfounded claims." The first he sarcastically calls the "History of How Lawrence Arranged the Surrender of Erzerum." What Lawrence himself said was merely that, by a message sent via the War Office and the military attaché in Russia, he had put the Russian commander "in touch with certain disaffected Arab officers in Erzerum." Aldington dismisses the story on the ground that Sir Archibald Wavell "was then military attaché" on that front, and must therefore have passed on the message if there had been one. But, in fact, Wavell was serving in France at the time and did not go to Russia until much later, so naturally would not know anything about it.

His next point he calls the "History of How Lawrence Planned the Alexandretta Landing," and dismisses this on the ground that "this plan was actually formulated by Kitchener and Maxwell before the war ever began" — citing a remark in Sir G. Arthur's life of Maxwell that he and Kitchener "more than once discussed the project before the war." It is startling to discover that Aldington does not understand the military difference between a mere "project" and a detailed "plan."

His third point is that the Akaba operation in July, 1917 — "which first brought Lawrence out of the obscurity of the Arab Bureau" — has been greatly overrated, since the place had already "twice been captured by small landing parties of French and British sailors." But the key value of the 1917 operation was that it captured the mountain passes *behind* Akaba which were the strategic gateway to the interior. A landing at Akaba was useless by itself, for there were many defiles where "two or three machine-guns could have stopped an army corps." Aldington actually quotes this comment of Sir Hubert Young's, yet appears to misunderstand its significance.

Fourthly, Aldington tries to ridicule and discredit Lawrence's account of the Tafleh battle, suggesting that the award of the D.S.O. to Lawrence for "splendid leadership and skill" was based on a false account. Aldington picks out what he calls "the absurd story of a machine-gun duel at 3,100 yards" and says that "the most extreme range" of 1914-18 machine guns was 2900 yards. But his quibbling point merely reveals his own combined ignorance and carelessness. For while the 1914-18

machine gun was only sighted up to 2900 yards, it could reach as far as 3500 yards. Moreover, most enemy machine guns were placed *within* 2900 yards.

Aldington then goes on: "Let us end this chapter by briefly disposing of another Lawrence story that has grown deep roots — that the enemy offered a reward ranging (according to the teller) from £5,000 to £50,000 for the capture of the great guerrilla leader, Lawrence. No evidence for this is forthcoming beyond Lawrence's assertion. . . ." Evidence was provided, long ago, by Colonel Stewart Francis Newcombe, who stated that he was told of this fact in November, 1917, by Ismet Bey, then A.D.C. to Jemal Pasha (Newcombe had been taken prisoner, and was at Damascus in transit).

Another charge is that the description of Lawrence as a "Sharif" — a "Prince of Mecca" — was bogus. Speaking of this title, Aldington says: ". . . there seems a strong probability that Lawrence conferred it on himself" and that it "was plainly ridiculous as a title or description for an Anglo-Irishman since it is restricted to descendants of the Prophet, but possibly most people didn't know this." Aldington is evidently ignorant of the fact that the honorary status and title were conferred on other foreigners besides Lawrence who rendered special service to the Hejaz kingdom. The suggestion that it was one of Lawrence's false pretenses is the more absurd since it should be obvious to anyone that Lawrence could not have worn the insignia of a Sharif in Feisal's presence unless this had been properly conferred on him.

As for Aldington's insinuation that Lawrence was responsible for putting this supposedly false claim in *Who's Who*, the publishers of *Who's Who* have stated that "Lawrence at no time supplied the details which appeared under his name"; that "the entry was editorially compiled"; and that Lawrence several times asked them "to remove his entry altogether," which "we steadfastly refused to do." The publishers of *Who's Who* also state that they informed Aldington's publishers of these facts in 1953 — and emphatically remark that "the book perpetrates a flagrant misrepresentation, which is in no way absolved by the equally misleading reference to merely one of our letters."

The errors, distortions, and false assumptions are so continuous and cumulative that to tackle Aldington's book is like wrestling with an all-pervasive smog. For example, Lawrence remarked in a note that before the war he came to know "Syria like a book, much of North Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt and Greece." Aldington changes the wording to "like a book Syria, North Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt and Greece." Having thus represented Lawrence as pretending to claim that he knew not only Syria but all the other countries "like a book," Aldington scornfully exclaims: "Wild exaggerations!"



PUNCH has so many surprises for you

*Witty parodies and satires...sparkling criticism...
clever comment...and over 1000 brilliant cartoons a year*

ALL YOURS FOR LESS THAN 10¢ A WEEK

IF YOU are looking for something to read that is fresh, different, funny — try PUNCH from London.

PUNCH has been poking devastating fun at the world since 1841. To survive that long takes something special—and Punch really has it. In its unpredictable pages, you'll meet contemporary Britain's keenest wits, cartoonists, and critics.

Everything is fair game to Punch's impish wits. When the headlines announced that, after years of patient waiting, Sir Anthony Eden had finally succeeded Sir Winston Churchill, Punch showed a passerby commenting, "You'd think he'd move over and make room for a younger man."

PUNCH specializes in riotous and deadly parody. Authors, newspapers, and magazines come under fire—as, for example, in Punch's four-page, full-color version of the Russian magazine, Krokodil. In it appeared this modest note:

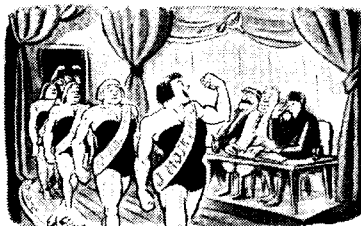
Krokodil Was Able to Help

Krokodil is happy to report that, as a result of its recent criticisms of the leading articles appearing in Pravda, the Editor of that Journal has been removed and the members of the editorial board are under investigation by the Ministry of the Interior. Next of kin have been notified.

If you know of a deviation in your district, write to Krokodil about it

More Than a Humor Magazine

Of course, Punch is much more than a humor magazine. The pungent editorials by its new editor, Malcolm Muggeridge, have been widely quoted in America—by *Life*, *Time*, and many others. And the signatures in his new Punch read like a Who's Who of modern English letters: Robert Graves, P. G. Wodehouse, Evelyn Waugh, A. P. Herbert,



Punch's idea of a Beauty Contest in Russia

Punch's columns of review and criticism give you fascinating insights into current British (and often *American*) plays, movies, television, books, politics.

A Special Christmas Offer

You might expect it to be terribly expensive to receive from overseas a whole year of Punch—PLUS an extra bonus, the big Winter Almanack crammed with special features and full-color illustrations. But special arrangements have been made to send all 53 issues of Punch for only \$5.25 — less than 10¢ a week, including overseas postage!

In fact, in a burst of Christmas spirit, the publishers have decided to go even further: only \$4.00 for each *additional* subscription over your first one. Can you imagine a less expensive way to delight, and flatter your most particular friends and relatives? Each person on your gift subscription list will get an attractive Christmas card in your name telling of your present.

This special offer can be made only once a year, however. So better clip and mail the coupon below right away, before it's too late.

P.S. Even the ADS in Punch are a treat!



"I can't think why Henry is so long. He only went out for a quarter of an hour to practice driving on the right-hand side of the road."

**LET THIS COUPON BRING YOU
(OR SOME OF THE FOLKS ON
YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT LIST)**

MY WORD!
THAT'S LESS
THAN 10¢
A COPY!



**53 Issues of "Punch" FOR ONLY \$5.25
OR ONLY \$4.00 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTION**
—including postage for mailing each copy direct from London

To: **PUNCH, Dept. 11
30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N. Y.**

Please send to me direct from London (and/or to the people whose names and addresses are on the attached list) 52 regular weekly issues of PUNCH plus the Winter Almanack (November, 1956). I enclose payment as follows:

One subscription at \$5.25..... \$5.25

—additional subscriptions at \$4.00 each.....

Total.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Another early example is the way he exploits a passage about Lawrence's youth in Robert Graves's book, *T. E. Lawrence to His Biographers*, conveying that Lawrence claimed to have read "every book" in the Oxford Union Library, "50,000 probably," at the rate of "six volumes a day." Aldington elaborately argues that this was an impossibility as "6 books a day for 6 years doesn't make much more than 13,000." He omits to mention that Lawrence's own words, in his note to Graves, were: "I read every book *which interested me* in the Library" — a very different statement. Aldington then goes on to say that the "six books a day" claim is repeated in my book. But the actual wording here is: "He used to borrow six volumes at a time" — while merely adding that he "often changed them daily." Aldington chooses to ignore Lawrence's own explanatory remark: "I normally read one novel each afternoon and 2-3 other books during the day. Sat in the Union and read, skimming through those that were not worth taking home."

A more serious piece of dishonesty comes in the pages where he alleges that the Lawrence "legend" was "eagerly backed up" by the British Government to serve its "purpose of excluding the French as far as possible from the Middle East and establishing British influence in that area." To support this grave charge, Aldington quotes from a document written by Lord Milner that is included in Lloyd George's book on the peace treaties. As Aldington gives it, the quotation reads thus: —

. . . although I am aware that I have almost every other Government authority, military and diplomatic, against me, I am totally opposed to the idea of trying to diddle the French out of Syria.

On looking up the original, however, one discovers that Aldington has falsified Lord Milner's statement, by substituting a comma for a full stop — which, in the actual text, comes after the words "against me." The omitted part of the first sentence, and the paragraphs preceding it, refer to Milner's hopeful belief, contrary to other authorities, that it might be possible to persuade the French to make a friendly agreement with the Arabs over Syria, instead of trying to impose their rule by force. The next sentence — starting with the words "I am totally opposed" — merely expresses Milner's personal endorsement of the British Government's attitude, as set forth in his opening paragraph, where he said that "we had no desire to play the French out of Syria or to try to get Syria for ourselves." Yet by linking up the two sentences with a comma, Aldington ingeniously contrives to convey that the British Government was "trying to diddle the French out of Syria."

To disparage Lawrence's performance, the effect of the Arab Revolt is disparaged. Aldington asserts that "militarily its aid was negligible" — an "insignificant contribution" to the defeat of the Turks

by Allenby's army — while accusing Lawrence of squandering British gold in subsidies to the Arabs. He suppresses any mention of the fact that both Allenby and the British Official History described the effect as "invaluable"; and that Wavell, in his history of the Palestine campaign, emphasized the "great value" of the Arab operations under "Lawrence's leading," saying that they "drained much of Turkey's strength." When Allenby launched his decisive attack in 1918, nearly half of the Turkish troops in the operational zone were pinned down in the Arab sector east of the Jordan — close on 50,000 Turks being there engaged, and paralyzed, by an Arab force of barely 3000 men, while little more than 50,000 Turks were left to meet the assault by Allenby's army of 250,000 troops. These figures, from the official records, form the most striking testimony to Lawrence's strategy and its effect. Moreover, a further 150,000 Turkish troops — three fifths of the total — were spread over the rest of the region in a futile effort to stem the tide of the Arab Revolt.

Aldington frequently quotes criticisms of Lawrence by Sir Hubert Young, from a professional soldier's point of view, but abstains from mentioning that Young, nevertheless, termed him "a military genius," and significantly said: "Lawrence could certainly not have done what he did without the gold, but no one else could have done it with ten times the amount."

In building up his case against Lawrence, Aldington makes use of a book which was published twenty years ago by a Major Norman Bray, and appropriately called *Shifting Sands*, which sought to show that Lawrence's part had been much overrated and that he had stolen the credit from others. This earlier essay in debunking made little impression and has long since been forgotten, for Allenby himself took the lead in exposing its fallacies. It is, however, worth quoting two points from Allenby's statement: "There is no other man I know who could have achieved what Lawrence did. . . . As for taking undue credit to himself, my own personal experience of Lawrence is that he was utterly unconcerned whether any kudos was awarded him or not."

More significant even than the verdict of Allenby, from the High Command level, are the judgments formed by the many men who were with Lawrence in the field and saw him in action — particularly men such as Newcombe, Dawnay, Buxton, Young, Stirling, Winterton. The basic absurdity of Aldington's book lies in its assumption that all these shrewd judges of character and military qualities, with experience of the Arabs and of desert warfare, were taken in by a "charlatan," and failed to see — as Aldington sees — that Lawrence's account of the campaign is "rather a work of quasi-fiction than of history." It must be wonderful to have such a conceit of one's own unique detective powers.

A Demonstration Offer
to Readers of
Taste and Intelligence



Choose ANY THREE of these outstanding NEW Books:

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A. by Richard S. Aldrich. The unforgettable life story of the stage's most fascinating personality—crowded with intimate glimpses of her famous and fabulous friends—and the off-stage story of the wonderful love affair between this beautiful, coquettish star and the proper New Englander she married. Photographs. List price \$4.95.

TIGER OF THE SNOWS by Tenzing of Everest, with James Ramsey Ullman. An unknown, humbly-born Tibetan came down from Mt. Everest to find himself a hero—one of the only two men ever to stand on the earth's highest spot. Here's the warm and moving story of this simple man, the mountain, and the bonds that drew them together. List price \$4.50.

LELIA: The Life of George Sand by Andre Maurois. Full-length portrait of the extraordinary being that was George Sand—the unconventional, brilliant queen of 19th Century French letters. Illust. List price \$5.00.

MELBOURNE by Lord David Cecil. Born to the peerage, but unsure of his paternity—adored by women, yet cuckolded by his wife—Lord Melbourne rose above personal crisis to become a history-making Prime Minister. List price \$5.00.

PARIS CUISINE by James Beard and Alec Watt. Two hundred unique recipes to make your reputation as a party chef! Delicious specialties from fashionable Maxim's to backstreet bistros—easily prepared in American kitchens. List price \$5.00.

TREADMILL TO OBLIVION by Fred Allen. The most brilliant satirist of the entertainment world takes apart his 17 years of radio stardom and shows what made them click. Here's the inside story of zany admen, touchy V.P.'s, stuffed-shirt sponsors and authors like Herman Wouk, who cut his eye teeth writing for Allen's Alley. Cartoons by Hirschfeld. List price \$4.00.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR by Nancy Mitford. How to catch a king! Here is an intimate picture of life, love and politics at the court of Louis XV—and of the brilliant and bewitching woman who became Louis' mistress. Illustrated. List price \$4.75.

DUAL SELECTION: Counts as One Book TO THE ONE I LOVE THE BEST by Ludwig Bemelmans. Lady Mendt was 90 years old when Bemelmans met her, weighed 90 pounds without her jewels, and practically ruled the "International set." Actress, grande dame, arbitrator of fashion and high society, here she is as only Bemelmans could portray her. List price \$3.75;

AND

A TRAIN OF POWDER by Rebecca West. A new and fascinating kind of trial and crime reporting by one of today's great literary artists. The Nurnberg trials, the Allied occupation of Germany, two brutal murder trials and an espionage trial are brought to life with the impact of sheer horror. List price \$3.75.

Check the 3 books you want for ONLY \$2.95

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB, Dept. AT-11,
251 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

- ☐ GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A.
- ☐ LELIA
- ☐ MELBOURNE
- ☐ TIGER OF THE SNOWS
- ☐ PARIS CUISINE
- ☐ TREADMILL TO OBLIVION
- ☐ MADAME DE POMPADOUR
- ☐ TO THE ONE I LOVE THE BEST
- ☐ and A TRAIN OF POWDER

Send me at once the THREE titles I have checked here, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me ONLY \$2.95, plus a few cents for postage and packing. Forthcoming selections will be described to me IN ADVANCE, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable FREE BONUS BOOK each time I purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books. **GUARANTEE:** If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

A Genuine Bargain Offer to introduce you to THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB

LOOK at the books pictured above and you will know instantly why the Atlantic Monthly Book Club has attracted so many readers of taste and intelligence. Now this Club makes you an extraordinary offer—choose any THREE of these excellent books for yourself, and receive them at once for ONLY \$2.95 with membership! The books you can get through this unusual sample offer are worth as much as \$17.50 in publishers' retail editions.

Is this the book club you have been waiting for?

Many people with a cultivated taste in reading have hesitated to join book clubs which choose their selections for the "mass market." It was to serve these discriminating people that this book club—sponsored by the Atlantic Monthly Magazine—was organized. It chooses its selections solely for readers of genuine taste and intelligence.

Through the Atlantic Monthly Book Club you can now get outstanding

new books at special Member's Prices. You save as much as 40% or more, including the value of your bonus books.

You take only those books you want; as few as four a year if you wish. You may receive and examine them before you pay for them. And each book is described to you well IN ADVANCE by the Club's distinguished Board of Editors—Edward Weeks, Charles Morton and Charles Reola.

Valuable Bonus Books, Too!

With every fourth selection you purchase, you receive a handsome and valuable Bonus Gift Book from your Club. Thus you save money in two ways, while you are building a really worthwhile library. (Last year members saved an average of about \$2.35 on each selection, including the value of their bonus books!)

Right now is an excellent time to become a trial member of the Atlantic Monthly Book Club, with the privilege of resigning any time after you accept four selections. If you act without delay, you may pick any three books from this page. They are yours for only \$2.95 (plus few cents for shipping) as a special demonstration to new members! Mail the coupon now!



Books and Men



The first volume of de Gaulle's war memoirs, *The Call to Honour*, which

Viking has just published in translation, reveals not only a stubborn French patriot and a dogmatic general, but a writer of remarkable talent. CURTIS CATE, who gives us here an analytical portrait of de Gaulle the man of letters, was born in France, is a graduate of Harvard, and is now on the staff of the Atlantic.

CHARLES DE GAULLE

Self-Portrait of a Patriot

by CURTIS CATE

1

PARODYING Marshal Foch, who once observed that Communism is a disease of defeated countries, a cynic might be tempted to say that memoir-writing is a malady of defeated generals. But the experience of these last few years has shown that this affliction can prove just as fatal to the victorious. Since the Second World War, Gamelin, Weygand, Pétain, and Giraud in France; Halder and Guderian in Germany; Graziani in Italy; Montgomery in England; Arnold, Bradley, Clark, Eisenhower, and (through the voices of Generals Whitney and Willoughby) MacArthur in this country, have bequeathed their memoirs to the world. This is only to mention the best-known; and it does not take into account those cases where, an inborn discretion (Marshall) or an untimely death (Patton) having intervened, industrious wives have sought to make up for the silence of illustrious husbands. But when all has been said and written, when all the great heroes of World War II have had a chance to dip their pens into the inkwells of immortality, it will probably still be true that two, and only two, of these literary post-mortems will stand out as major contributions to the world of history and letters: the massive six-volume chronicle of that soldier-statesman Winston Churchill (for five years a Field Marshal in all but title), and the smaller-scale but no less distinguished memoirs of General de Gaulle, *The Call to Honour* (Viking, \$5.00).

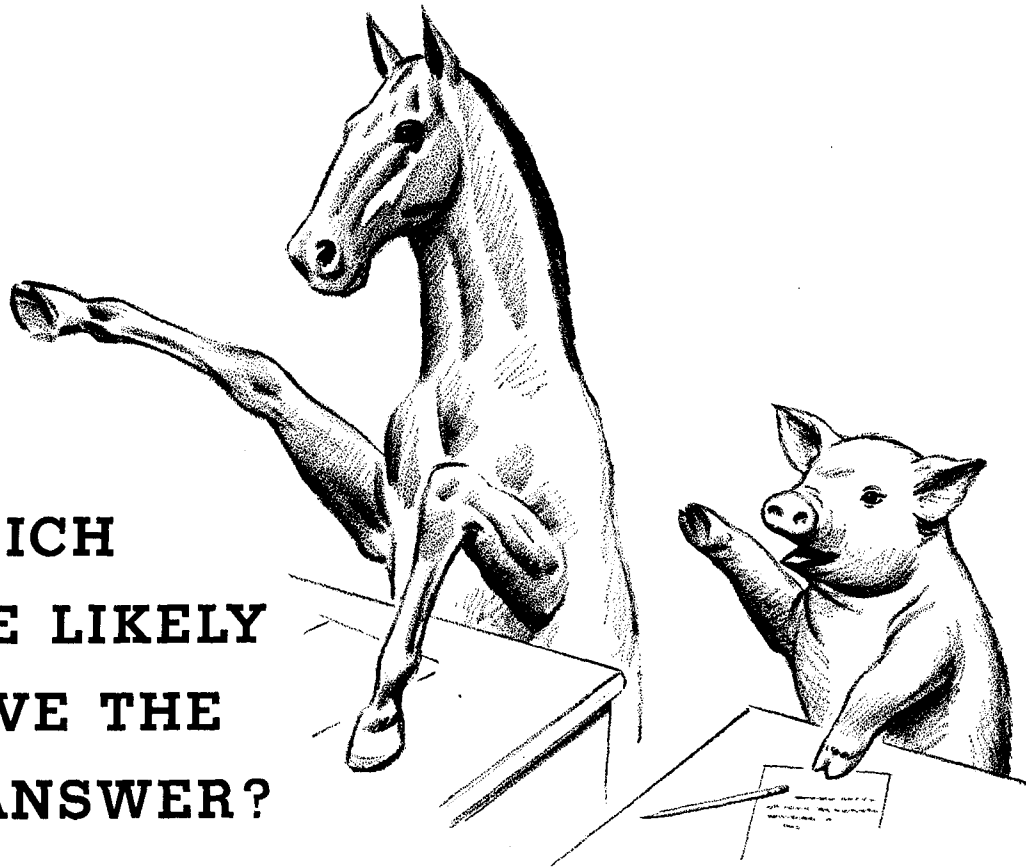
When the first volume of de Gaulle's memoirs appeared last autumn in Paris under the characteristically laconic title *L'Appel* (*The Summons*), it was hailed as the major literary event of the year. One enthusiastic deputy in the French Assembly exclaimed with oratorical verve that it reminded him of the Song of Roland, the replies of Joan of Arc to her accusers, and Napoleon's *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*. A critic not known for being easily swept overboard did not hesitate to place it next to Julius Caesar's *De bello Gallico* and Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*.

Such a chorus of praise for the writing talents of a soldier may well sound strange to us, for our historical experience has prepared us to expect generals to be more at home in the exercise of the riding crop, the whiskey bottle, or the golf club than in that of the pen. But in a literary country like France (where, as a friend of mine recently remarked with Gallic condescension, even politicians must know how to write) it has not been uncommon for soldiers to be men of letters as well as men of the sword.

Even so, the literary quality of this first volume of de Gaulle's memoirs came as a surprise to his compatriots. They had forgotten, if they had ever known, that de Gaulle, by virtue of his pre-war writings alone, deserves to rank with the best French stylists of this century. How many Frenchmen even today have ever glanced at *Le Fil de l'Épée* (*The Sword's Edge*), that immaculately groomed little essay on the qualities and problems of human leadership? How many have taken the trouble to read *Vers l'Armée de Métier* (*The Army of the Future*), the fateful book which inspired the German General Staff to launch that grim monster, the blitzkrieg — a book of such literary perfection that even the most technical secrets of armored warfare are unveiled in classic periods and images as fresh and poetic as a sun-filled morning in the Bois de Boulogne? The truth is: not many. These volumes have suffered the fate that has often befallen works overtaken by the events they prophesy: that of not being read.

No such fate could overtake this latest book of de Gaulle's. The three years covered in this first volume of memoirs (1940-1942) were the most humiliating that the French have suffered since the Franco-Prussian War. Because they are here described by a man who never ceased to believe in his country, this book is more than another chapter of recent history written by one of its participants. It is the chronicle of a passion; the autobiography of a will; the self-portrait of an exiled prophet.

**WHICH
IS MORE LIKELY
TO HAVE THE
RIGHT ANSWER?**



Although the horse has never been known to bet on people, he still isn't quite as smart as the porker who has only a frying pan in his future. This is not intended to be a commentary on people. Rather, it's the result of the findings of a Columbia University professor who concerns himself with such matters as the I.Q. of animals. And it's just one of the hundreds of interesting facts in the fascinating, beautifully illustrated section on "Animals" in World Book, the all-family reference work.

World Book is not only complete and authoritative, but appealing, stimulating, and inviting. That's why, year after year, more families buy World Book than any other encyclopedia. See for yourself. Send for the lively, illustrated reprint, "Animal" and "Ant," prepared right from the "A" volume of World Book. There's no cost or obligation, although we do have a motive. We'd like you to see why World Book deserves a place in *your* home and the lives of your family.

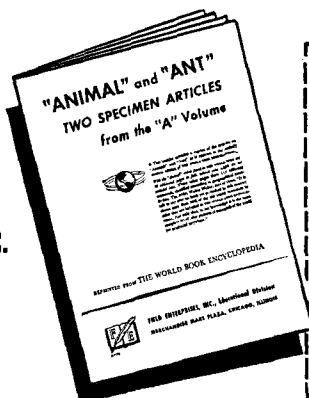
World Book

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

**This
interesting
WORLD
BOOK
reprint is
yours FREE.**

**Use this
convenient
coupon!**



Mr. John Dienhart, Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division
Dept. 132A, Box 3565, Chicago 54, Ill.

Please send me your free reprint from World Book, "Animal" and "Ant."

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

If Churchill's memoirs may be said, by virtue of their gigantic sweep, to form a massive Himalayan range, those of de Gaulle, in their single-minded concentration on one theme, form an icy, isolated peak. But the appearance of this peak suffices by itself to alter the familiar silhouette of the wartime panorama, which up until now has been dominated by the monumental bulk of Churchill's memoirs. For what de Gaulle offers us is a picture of the behind-the-scenes activities of British officialdom which we barely glimpse or are totally unconscious of in Churchill's writings. In its aloof, majestic way it is de Gaulle's apologia for his wartime inflexibility; it is his answer to Churchill's famous lament — that of all the crosses he had to bear during the war, the heaviest was the Cross of Lorraine.

There is a memorable description in these memoirs of a meeting between the two men in June of 1942 which gives us the key to de Gaulle's proverbial intransigence. "Don't rush things!" said Churchill to de Gaulle, as the latter was pouring out his grievances against Roosevelt. "Look at the way I alternately yield and rise again." "You can," answered de Gaulle, "because you are seated upon a solid state, an assembled nation, a united Empire, and vast armies. But I? Where are my resources? And yet, as you know, I am responsible for the interests and the destiny of France. It is too heavy a burden, and I am too poor to be able to bow."

Too poor to be able to bow! How admirably this rigid phrase sums up de Gaulle! Here is a man whom nature seems to have conspired to make so tall, so statuesque, that the slightest bend in his frame would threaten to break him in two like a folded stalk of asparagus — the nickname (*la grande asperge*) that he was given by his colleagues when he was a cadet at the Officers' School of Saint Cyr. Alongside of the robust, ruddy form of Winston Churchill, Charles de Gaulle will always cut a stiff, angular, almost anemic figure. His extraordinarily frigid personality, which members of his family used jokingly to explain away in his youth by saying that he had once fallen into an icebox, cannot but compare unfavorably with the buoyant jocularity and irrepressible vitality of the doughty warrior of 10 Downing Street. Yet, stripped of their corporeal integuments and reduced to the elemental force of sheer will power, it is not an unequal match.

Let us look at the record as de Gaulle unfolds it. Here is a recently appointed general, the youngest in the French army, who arrives in London in the darkest days of June, 1940, with no money, no staff, no arms, and who finds that he must carry on the battle alone. Does he hesitate? Not for an instant. Face to face with a redoubtable Prime Minister, behind whom are marshaled a united Parliament, a determined nation, and the vast resources of a loyal Empire, this solitary general

who has no government, no party behind him, no mandate from electors, who is virtually unknown to his people and an outlaw in his own country, displays the incredible pretension of speaking out not in his own name, but in the name of France!

He has to combat the resignation, the prejudices, the intrigues of his own countrymen who are irritated by the presumption of this upstart general. He has to fight against the ill-concealed scorn felt by certain British echelons about the fighting qualities and discipline of the French; against the British government's natural propensity to treat him as a useful pawn in its chess game with Vichy, and his forces as an arm of the British war machine; against efforts of the British Intelligence to lure Frenchmen away from him to work for them in France. He even has to resort to Machiavellian tactics to force the British Middle East Command to recognize the fighting usefulness of the Free French forces he manages to scrape together in Syria from the colonies in Central Africa. In the end, only by threatening to send them to fight in Russia does he browbeat the British into letting them take part in the Libyan campaign. Yet it was one of these half-strength divisions, under General Koenig, which in June of 1942 held off one Italian and two German Afrika Korps divisions for ten days at Bir Hakeim, helping to save the Eighth Army from destruction by Rommel.

Exaggerated suspicions of British "maneuvers" and genuine misunderstandings no doubt played an important part in exacerbating these differences. Yet these memoirs reveal that even for a man of such a naturally authoritarian temperament it was not easy to maintain the almost superhuman intransigence that he felt the proper defense of French interests required.

Reading these memoirs is enough to make one realize that nations, in victory or defeat, are not the simple pawns of vast impersonal forces. For if — for better or for worse — France came out of the war on the side of the victors and officially resumed her place as a first-rate power; if last July, at Geneva, Edgar Faure could quite naturally sit down next to Eisenhower, Bulganin, and Eden, it was due as much as anything else to the awesome will power and granitic spinefulness of this one Frenchman.

2

IN THE memoirs the consciousness of being a man of destiny sometimes leads de Gaulle to speak of himself in the third person, like Julius Caesar in the commentaries. Nevertheless, it would probably be an oversimplification to attribute to this sole sense of destiny the caryatid-like inflexibility he displayed during the war. Rather this seems to have been the product of a clearly thought out principle which he had expressed years earlier in a

An exciting new magazine...



BERNARD M. BARUCH



BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



NORMAN VINCENT PEALE



HENRY R. LUCE

Editor-in-Chief, Time, Life, Fortune

Through the long period of development during which WISDOM grew from idea to reality, Editor and Publisher Leon Gutterman discussed the magazine's ideals and objectives with many of America's distinguished leaders. This is to acknowledge publicly the great debt WISDOM owes these outstanding men and women for their counsel, their encouragement, their inspiration.

WISDOM can make you rich... for six dollars a year.

Rich in the finer things of life! Rich in a better grasp of the world around you... and the hearts of the people who live in it. WISDOM takes you into the minds of the most gifted men and women of Yesterday and Today. Philosopher and poet, composer and dramatist, artist and industrialist, scientist and statesman... all are here in WISDOM. In its pages the wisdom of the ages comes alive... wisdom you can use here-and-now not only for greater material success but for greater mental and spiritual attainment... for the things that money *can't* buy. Yes, WISDOM can make you rich... for \$6 a year.

Q. What is WISDOM?

A. WISDOM is the first magazine of its kind ever published. It is a new picture magazine in which you meet the Greatest Minds of all time — past and present — in every field of human thought and action. It is designed for men and women of all ages, in all walks of life, whose time is limited, but whose interests are not — who want to go on learning and get more knowledge in less time. It reaches to all parts of the world for outstanding articles and pictures to bring you a clearer, quicker, fuller understanding of today's knowledge and achievements. It is written in clear, understandable language that makes reading a delight. It is brilliantly illustrated by the world's best photographers and artists. It is non-political, non-sectarian, non-controversial. Its contents are of lasting value and importance.

Q. What is the format of WISDOM?

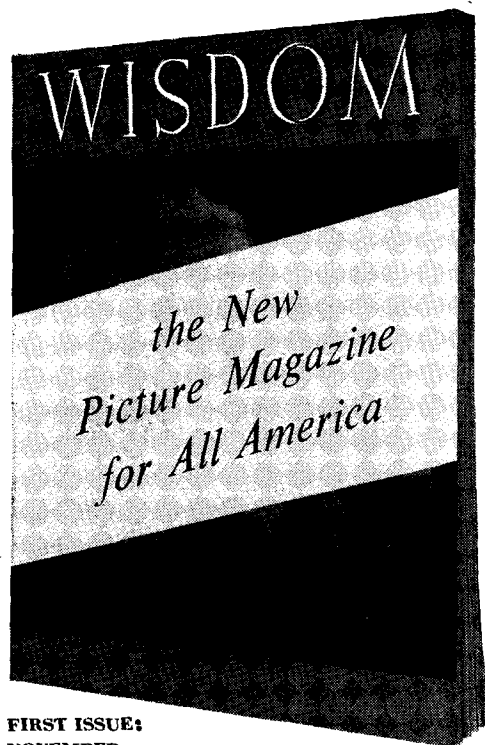
A. WISDOM is a masterpiece of printing craftsmanship characterized by simplicity, dignity, beauty. The page size is 10½" x 13¼", the paper of high quality, the type large and easy to read.

WISDOM MAGAZINE • BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

WISDOM is the Perfect Gift! Enter a Gift Charter Subscription for a friend, relative or business associate. A beautiful card will be sent by WISDOM to announce your gift.

WISDOM WINS HIGH PRAISE!

DAVID SARNOFF: A splendid job! I am much impressed with its format and content. **ADLAI E. STEVENSON:** WISDOM is a beautiful and arresting publication. **CECIL B. DE MILLE:** A handsome piece of work! **SEN. HERBERT H. LEHMAN:** WISDOM's articles are timely and important. **MALCOLM MUIR** (President, Newsweek Magazine): WISDOM will be a real force in the broadening of America's understanding.



FIRST ISSUE:
NOVEMBER

Q. What will I find in WISDOM?

A. WISDOM brings you more information on more subjects than has ever been brought together in one magazine: in Art, Biography, Books, Business, Education, History, Humor, Law, Literature, Medicine, Movies, Music, Philosophy, Psychology, Religion, Science, Television, Theatre, Travel, World Affairs.

In the first issue, you will meet Shakespeare — as husband, father and actor... learn philosopher Bertrand Russell's formula for "Happiness"... walk with Lincoln as Carl Sandburg brings him to life... laugh with the age's sharpest wit, George Bernard Shaw... read an appraisal of wisdom as the key to peace by President Eisenhower... plus many more fascinating articles — all brilliantly illustrated.

Q. What is the only way I can get WISDOM?

A. WISDOM is available only by subscription. You can subscribe to it under a Money-Back Guarantee. You take no risk. You must be completely satisfied with WISDOM or you may cancel your subscription and receive a refund at any time. Thus you are certain not only of getting the First Edition (sure to be a collector's item) but you save \$1.50 by getting WISDOM for a full year—12 monthly issues—at the Special Charter Subscription Rate of \$6 instead of \$7.50. First issue will be published in November.

Mail this reservation today — save \$1.50

WISDOM Magazine

8800 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, California

Please reserve in my name a Charter Subscription to WISDOM Magazine (first issue will be published in November) at the Special Rate of \$6 for one year — 12 monthly issues — a saving of \$1.50 under the regular yearly rate of \$7.50. (Continental U.S. only)

NAME

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

☐ Check enclosed

☐ Bill me

AM

quotation from Hamlet: "Rightly to be great . . . is greatly to find quarrel in a straw, When honour's at the stake." It was no doubt the result of that predominance of the intellect which, from Robespierre down to Woodrow Wilson, has typified ultrarationalist and stubborn politicians.

The key to de Gaulle's personality is the fact that he was the son of a professor of literature and philosophy who taught at a Jesuit college in Paris. He thus underwent the baptism of ideas before the baptism of fire. In de Gaulle the theorist antedates the general, the thinker comes before the man of action. It is this which most distinguishes him from Churchill, just as in a more general sense it distinguishes the French from the British. Just as Churchill's wartime flexibility was his native, Anglo-Saxon tribute to the demands of action, so de Gaulle's inflexibility was his Cartesian tribute to the demands of thought.

A symptom of this essential rationalism can be found in the memoirs precisely where de Gaulle seems most irrational—in his powerfully emotional, almost mystic belief in France. This belief, amounting to a credo, is stated in the very opening lines: "All my life I have thought of France in a certain way. This is inspired by sentiment as much as by reason. The emotional side of me tends to imagine France, like the Princess of the Fairy Tales or the Madonna of the frescoed walls, as dedicated to an exalted and exceptional destiny. . . . But the positive side of my mind also convinces me that France is only herself when in the front rank, that vast enterprises alone are capable of offsetting the ferments of dispersion that her people bear within them."

André Malraux has given this almost Bonapartist declaration an aura of intellectual profundity by observing that, whereas the British have found national unity by withdrawing in on themselves, the French have only found it when they could espouse some international cause greater than themselves—as in the France of Saint Louis, or the revolutionary France of Napoleon.

The failure to understand this will almost certainly lead the reader of de Gaulle's memoirs to see in them no more than a reactionary political testament. But because de Gaulle is first and foremost a rationalist, his nationalism itself can be reduced to laws and principles. "Patriotism," he once wrote before the war, "always has something local about it." It is this axiom which underlies the thrill he used to experience as a child before "the symbol of our glories: night falling over Notre Dame, the majesty of evening at Versailles, the Arc de Triomphe in the sun, conquered flags fluttering in the vault of the Invalides" (as he describes them in the memoirs). The importance of such symbols is that they, above all, are capable

of inspiring martial heroism and ardent patriotism.

Esprit de corps, patriotism—these concepts have always enjoyed a place of honor in de Gaulle's tidy, military mind; for they are the fuels of human greatness in hours of crisis. It was de Gaulle's passionate belief in France, Churchill's massive confidence in Britain, which made them in 1940 the champions of a Europe in chains.

De Gaulle's memoirs are a reminder that that national fervor which has proved so destructive to Europe can also on occasion be a saving grace. It need not necessarily be anti-European. In this there is, I think, a realism which found its echo in de Gaulle's recent dislike for the geometric labyrinth of the EDC. It is due to the realization that in a continent as old and as diversified as Europe you cannot plow under traditional habits, loyalties, or institutions overnight and expect anything living to remain. You cannot make a weak Frenchman or a bad German into a good European simply by putting him into a Continental uniform. As André Malraux once remarked: "We believed that in becoming less French a man became more human. Now we know that he simply becomes more Russian."

Deep down beneath de Gaulle's stiff-necked Gallic patriotism there is, after all, a fundamentally European concern for human individuality and freedom. As the German writer Friedrich Sieburg has pointed out, the Frenchman's growing resistance to European "integration" is but a new expression of his vigilant hostility to any organization, beginning with the state, which threatens to trespass on his sphere of personal autonomy. He has no desire to be part of a monolithic European superstate if the price of its creation is to be the destruction of regional individualities, and if to belong to it he must cease to be a Frenchman, independent, skeptical, and freethinking.

Because every page breathes this fierce Gallic pride at a time when French *amour-propre* is on the defensive in the Far East and North Africa, de Gaulle's memoirs have raised his sagging prestige to a height unequaled since 1947 and perhaps the war. They have been interpreted by many as an indication of the General's definite retirement from French political life. In turning his back on the present to recapture the past, he can now say along with the Chateaubriand of the twilight years: "At my age one has intrigues only with one's memories." If this is true and this eloquent intrigue represents de Gaulle's political swan song, it will be proof that not all generals fade away, that there are still some who can make their exit with *éclat*. It will also be proof that France has usually been better served by her writers—and has always been kinder to them—than by her politicians.

Why You Say It

by WEBB B. GARRISON

More than 700 anecdotes about the origins of words and phrases you use every day. The history of each word is in a separate short story, full of intriguing facts, lively description, and vivid incident. Entertaining *and* informative—a book you'll read, enjoy, and long remember. **\$3.95**



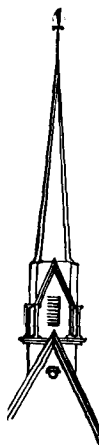
illustration from the book

Walter Russell Bowie

THE STORY OF THE CHURCH

In brilliant pageantry, the Church's long story—from the time of Christ to the present day—sweeps across these pages.

Dr. Bowie depicts the scenes that were the mileposts in the history of the Church. A rare combination of scholarship and easy-to-read narrative. **\$2.95**



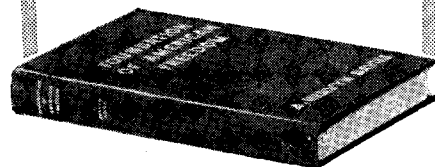
A. Mervyn Davies

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

FOUNDATION OF AMERICAN FREEDOM

A step-by-step account of how the ideas of John Calvin and his followers developed through history to give us liberal democracy and the American Constitution. A forcible reminder that America's concept of government rests ultimately on a religious basis.

\$3.50



Abingdon announces... **NEW BOOKS** for giving, using, enjoying

Volume 11 THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

*Christendom's Most
Comprehensive Commentary*

The introductory articles, texts, and commentaries on 9 of the most important books in the New Testament—*Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon, and Hebrews*. **\$8.75**

Contributors include:

Morgan P. Noyes,

George A. Buttrick,

Ernest F. Scott,

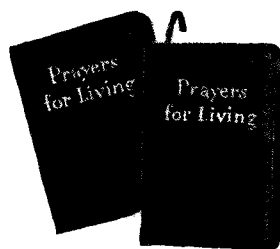
John Knox,
and 8 others.

"An indispensable
commentary."

—Saturday
Review

Prayers for Living

Compiled by
HAZEL T. WILSON



An anthology of 120 prayers. Includes classic prayers of the Christian tradition as well as prayers written for this volume by well-known contemporary religious leaders. *Pocket size*. Deluxe edition: genuine sheepskin, gold edges, ribbon marker **\$2.95**
Regular edition: blue imitation leather **\$1**

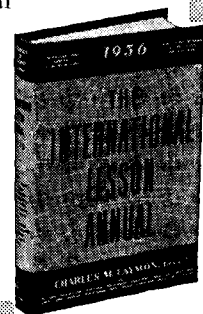
The International Lesson Annual --1956

Edited by
CHARLES M. LAYMON

Lesson analysis by
ROY L. SMITH

The NEW comprehensive commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons. For the teacher of the adult Bible class, here is a book that meets a long-felt need. For the individual, here is the latest, most reliable information for personal lesson study. **READY NOW!**

6x9 inches
448 pages
Only **\$2.95**



THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

WHEN we are young we take all natural beauty for granted. But because memory has a way of treasuring certain special moments, these come back to us unsummoned across the years. The spring robin I heard calling above a wet lawn on West Jersey Street — a shower had just passed — in 1908, I have heard a hundred times since; the sweet peas, dew-fresh, on the Nimicks' latticework which I used to pass on my way to the beach just as the July sun was warming their perfume; the moonlight which made pools of darkness under our maples on Clinton Place — I never meant to keep these, but there they are.

It is a sign of age that as our time becomes limited, so we become concerned about other objects as destructible as ourselves. It never occurred to me to worry about the elms, even in my senior year in the Harvard Yard when a blizzard turned to sleet, hung them with snow and crystal, and broke them with their weight. The damage was dismissed with the thought that you can always plant new ones. I only realized later how indispensable those old trees were in the Yard.

The American Elm is a New England character. It dates the oldest house; its wineglass silhouette is a landmark in the meadow; its branches make a summer cloister of the old streets in Williamstown, Danversport, or Salem; with the lilac bush it is the living memorial guarding the deserted farm. Or it used to be. It has been called "the patriot tree" — under its boughs treaties were signed with the Indians, Washington took command of an army, George Whitefield, the evangelist, preached to thousands on Boston Common; under it came the rushing fierce embrace of

the homecomings after Appomattox. You measure trees with your eyes, and the sight of an old elm makes you feel younger, and surer that good things last.

Nearly a century ago, when the *Atlantic* was in its second year, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table sent out this call for a biography of distinguished trees. "I wish," wrote Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "somebody would get up the following work:

Sylva Novanglica

Photographs of New England Elms and other Trees taken upon the same Scale of Magnitude. With Letter Press Descriptions by a Distinguished Literary Gentleman. . . ." Thirty-two years later the very book was produced, *Typical Elms and Other Trees of Massachusetts*, a handsome green and gold folio with superb plates by Henry Brooks, text by Lorin L. Dame, and introduction by Dr. Holmes.

A labor of love, long out of print, it leads one back to a time when men seemed to revere trees more than we do. The early settlers of New England inherited from their English ancestors a desire for shade trees. In front of the new house for the bride, the bridegroom planted the memorial elm. The elm was their first choice and the reasons, says Mr. Dame, are obvious: it is a rapid grower, requires little care, admits of the severest pruning where branches come dangerously close to the roof, and combines in a remarkable degree size and beauty and shade. The French botanist Michaux termed it "the most magnificent vegetable of the temperate zones."

There are twenty-four superb photographs of elms here, and often we are shown two of the same tree — the one in its copious foliage, the other of its magnificent bare architecture in winter. These pictures were taken in the day of the buggy and the stovepipe hat, and they give us the feeling of another century.

There is a story about every one of these famous trees. The Whittemore Elm in Arlington was set out in 1724 by Samuel Whittemore in front of his house.

A minuteman at the age of eighty, he was shot and left for dead at the roadside. But he recovered and lived on to enjoy the shade of that fine tree until he was a hundred and one. (Postscript: When they widened the road, the highway moved off to one side to preserve the landmark.) For three centuries the oldest tree on Boston Common

THE OPEN HEART, a collection of thirty-six informal, autobiographical essays by Edward Weeks, has just been published. Subscribers wishing to have autographed copies of the first edition can place their order with their local bookseller, or direct with the Atlantic. Price: \$3.50.

Special Books for Special People

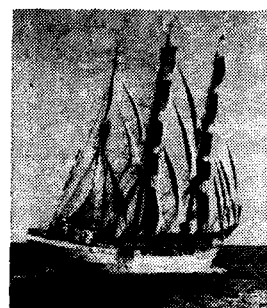
Martin F. Schmitt and Dee Brown's **THE SETTLERS' WEST**



Over 300 photographs of the period and a fascinating text vividly recapture the face and spirit of a bygone era. This definitive and enthralling chronicle of the early American West tells the adventurous story of settlement — from the pioneers who settled the plains and mountains to the little towns which became the great cities. Quarto size. **\$7.50**

Ross Santee's **DOG DAYS**

Stanley Walker said, "Ross Santee, the unpretentious old cowhand and horse wrangler . . . is a deft hand at handling men, horses, cattle and dogs." In this new book, the fine artist-writer of the West recalls his boyhood in a little Iowa town — a tender record of small boys and animals. Illustrated by the author. **\$3.95**



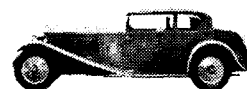
SAILING EAGLE

Alan Villiers

One of the foremost authorities of the great days of sailing devotes his new adventure book to the U.S. Coast Guard, whose officers receive their training in the classic manner — under sail. Mr. Villiers shipped out with them on a cruise to Copenhagen and back — and here, in almost 200 photographs and text, recounts the exploits of these modern mariners. **\$3.95**



At all bookstores
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
Publishers of the *DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY*
and the *DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY*



THE VINTAGE MOTOR CAR

By Cecil Clutton and
John Stanford

89 photographs highlight this expert account of the great cars of the world manufactured between World War I and the 1930's. **\$5.00**



THE REPAIR AND RESTORATION OF FURNITURE

By John Rodd

Written by a professional cabinet-maker with nearly 30 years experience, this practical book shows you in detail how to turn cast-offs into show pieces. Illustrated. **\$5.95**



MASTER GAMES OF MODERN CHESS

By S. Tartakower and
J. Dumont

Must reading for chess enthusiasts — a unique book of championship play sifted from over 1,000 selected contemporary tournaments and match games. **\$3.95**



THE EVOLUTION OF AN INSECT SOCIETY

By Derek Wragge Morley

An extraordinary account of a commune of Wood Ants, detailing the many elements that combine to form the pattern of their life. Illustrated. **\$3.95**

was of course known as the Great Tree, and it was so designated on the maps. Planted about 1640, it suffered from its first major cavity a hundred years later; a tree dentist of the period cleaned out the rot, filled the aperture with "clay, and other substances," and then bandaged it — yes, bandaged it — with canvas. The big beauty lived on until February, 1876, and when the winter gales finally destroyed it, citizens rushed to the spot and took home slabs and cuttings for table tops and chairs. The Washington Elm, which stood close to the Cambridge Common, is shown at two stages: in its full foliage in 1870, and in its spindly decrepitude in 1889 — top gone, big limbs sawed off, the stumps tarred, dying. Just worn out as most elms are that pass one hundred and fifty.

Today the whole Yankee species of elms is threatened by the Dutch Elm disease. The Wethersfield Elm, the great tree of Connecticut, which stood up under the hurricane of '38, succumbed to the beetles five years ago. The big beauties in Williamstown are, many of them, sick; and the same ravage can be seen in Concord or on any old country road. People speak of the Pin Oak and of the Norway Maple as a better substitute for replanting, but I say, "Don't despair."

The blight of the elm is not as desperate as that which wiped out the chestnut. Some of the veterans have shown surprising immunity — as, for instance, the Big Elm in Framingham, not far from Route 9, said to have been planted in 1775; the Whipping Post Elm and the Signpost Elm in Litchfield, Connecticut, are both well into their second century and both immune; so are the three ancient elms in Greenwich which have withstood twenty years of the Dutch Elm contagion. The tree warden of Greenwich deserves praise for this, for he has labored mightily to preserve his more than six thousand public elms. What we need are more exacting tree wardens in every community, who will demand that the deadwood so easily infested be removed. And more spraying. For the American Elm is hardier than the European species and it is just as ideal for civilization as it once was for the country town. It stands any amount of tramping, its roots survive under pavements, its form and foliage are of a beauty that cannot be replaced. Plant on!

The light that lives

I pity anyone who has not been touched in his formative years by the poetry and prose of Rudyard Kipling; who has not had the *Just So Stories* read aloud to him when a child; who has not read to himself *The Jungle Books*; who has not felt the magic enchantment of *Puck of Pook's Hill*; who has not been moved to tears by *Kim* and *The Light That Failed*. But the giver of all this — the author of such memorable tales as "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," "The Maltese Cat," "The Man Who Was"; the

poet whose "Recessional" went straight to the heart of the British people — was himself a man withdrawn; and during the last two decades of his life, following the death of his only son in the First World War, Rudyard Kipling shut himself more and more away from the reading public who revered his work. He became an elusive, retiring figure, and when he died an epoch had ended. Kipling's surviving daughter, Mrs. George Bambridge, entrusted the family papers to the English biographer, **Charles E. Carrington** — and what is more, gave him the far-reaching and vivid details of her own recollections. Mr. Carrington, who as a very young soldier and traveler had been brought up on Kipling, brings to the writing of his illuminating book, *The Life of Rudyard Kipling* (Doubleday, \$5.00), warm sympathy, love for India, remembrance of England in the golden years, and a most discriminating literary judgment. The book is alive with telling and intimate scenes — Kipling's devotion to his parents and the cruelty which they unwittingly inflicted on him when, at the age of six, they left him behind in England; "Rud's" hard-won happiness in school, which he celebrated in *Stalky & Co.*; the return to India, which opened up the wellsprings of his genius; the four years in America — so productive at the outset, so full of feud at the conclusion; his happiness and prodigious power in England in the years directly before the First World War. This is a knowledgeable book, one which conjures up the past and touches the heart.

Letters profound and searching

The Letters of George Santayana, edited by **Daniel Cory**, his private secretary and literary executor (Scribner's \$7.50), cover a period of nearly seventy years; in style and content they are wonderfully expressive, and they speak with a warmth and affection, and at times a sharpness, which the philosopher rarely permitted in his essays. They range widely, and readers will take from them what they please: the man himself stands clear. We see him in his judgment of Boston when he defends his young friend Ward Thoron; we see him in his disappointment when he gives up the hope of advancement at Harvard and, as in his letter to Guy Murchie, prepares for his exodus to Oxford. We see him as critic and editor in his letter to Lowes Dickinson, and as a philosopher defending his "separation from the world of action" in a firm, modest note to Oliver Wendell Holmes. We see him reproaching Logan Pearsall Smith for his *Trivia* and setting William Lyon Phelps straight about *The Last Puritan*. In the very first letter of the collection he writes: "But the beauty of the thing is to be at home in the world of ideas and to remain subject to the fascination of studying the aspects of things." It was a fascination which he never lost, and one which he had the power to transmit not

The Peripatetic Advertiser



No Broadway angel ever suffered more acutely with first night nerves than the book publisher on the eve of autumn publication. (Authors being unworldly do not suffer so.) This is the moment when one winged phrase in the critic's column is destined to echo, amplified in type size, through all the advertising lineage within the scope of a seasonal budget. For book buyers are as canny as box office queuers, and all of an adman's provocative eloquence is as nothing beside one solid little superlative in quotation marks.

We could have told you, for instance, that **The Years of the City** (\$4.50) by **George R. Stewart** is "Almost too good to be called an historical novel . . ." " . . . an impressive feat of imaginary history. Seldom is the remote past recreated with more loving care." " . . . his tale of a city that never was can teach readers a lot about the cities that really were — and the cities that are." But it was better to let *Newsweek*, *New York Times*, and *Time* make these pronouncements.



The same is true of **The African Giant** (\$4.00) by **Stuart Cloete**. *The New York Times* says of it just what we wanted to hear, " . . . a fascinating book from beginning to end." And it seemed that everyone reviewing it liked **Captain Cook and the South Pacific**. (\$3.50) Scott O'Dell of *The Los Angeles Mirror-News* said, "A great man, this Captain James Cook, an inspired cartographer, a humane and resourceful officer, a cool-headed explorer, fearless among the most diverse dangers. And his biographer, **John Gwyther**, so presents him in a book that rivals the most adventurous fiction." And that was typical.

All the more frustrating, therefore, is the harsh

necessity of meeting an advertising deadline six weeks before the critics are allowed their say. These books, ones that will have made their bows in late September and October, are presented now in modest prepublication dress, still uncrowned by laurel.

Roger Tory Peterson, an Alexander among American naturalists invited a British colleague, **James Fisher**, to come west to explore the wilderness. **Wild America** (\$5), their adventure along 30,000 miles linking Newfoundland to the cloud forests of Mexico will have your astral body out of the armchair and off to the wilds. When you get back to the armchair, we commend to your attention the scores of drawings which are, by definition, a joy forever.



People who live or vacation along the coasts accept the ocean as a literary necessity, but for those inlanders who have never seen it, putting the sea into words is a chancy thing. **Rachel Carson** did it in one of the most enriching books of the decade, *The Sea Around Us*. She has made another gift of territory in her new book, **The Edge of the Sea**. (\$3.95) This is life along the shore — rocky, sandy and tropical shore in turn. There are drawings by Robert Hines of the Fish and Wildlife Service.



If editorial influence could be measured in decibels, **Bernard DeVoto's** voice would be among the most resonant of our time. In twenty years' occupancy of *The Easy Chair* his range has been as wide as his attack has been incisive. Some of the best — all that can be gotten into a volume easy to lift — have been collected in as permanent a form as the bound book can give. **The Easy Chair** (\$4.00)



Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

only to his friendly correspondents but to those of us at longer range today.

Andersonville

In 1934 a new writer, **MacKinlay Kantor**, seized our attention with his intense, compassionate story of Gettysburg, *Long Remember*, and a year later he established his popularity with his endearing tale of a foxhound, *The Voice of Bugle Ann*, a classic of dog stories, which made its debut in the *Atlantic*. But the Civil War was and is his first love. He has been assimilating the details of those turbulent years for a quarter of a century, and was moved to pity by the specter of Andersonville, that pine-built stockade in Georgia where ten thousand Union prisoners within fifteen crowded acres waited or died. I think it likely that the revulsion against the concentration camps of our time was the final imperative which compelled him to write his new long, heartfelt novel, *Andersonville* (World, \$5.00), which is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for November.

With consummate skill he sets the scene and shows us the individuals responsible for this festering place hacked out of the wilderness beside that once tranquil stream the Sweetwater. Captain Henry Wirz, the inspecting officer of prisons, made frantic and vindictive by his wounded arm; Captain Winder, the ruthless builder, so contemptuous of what conditions might be in the blazing heat; Brigadier General Winder, the planner in Richmond, so malevolent toward all things Yankee — these malefactors, abetted by the ignorant guards and, within the prison itself, by the New York gangster Willie Collins, were the brute forces that weighted the scales for death.

Then there were the Georgians, white and black, in whose neighborhood this horror arose: people like Cato Dillard, the kindly parson; Widow Tebbs, the soft-minded village whore; and most merciful of all, the planter Ira Claffey, whose three sons have been killed in the fighting, and who is hanging on to the remnants of his place to protect his grief-dazed wife and their attractive daughter Lucy. He stands for mercy, as do Lieutenant-Colonel Alex Persons and the bespectacled, valiant surgeon Harrell Elkins. Andersonville has the smell of doom from the start, and what is so remarkable is that Mr. Kantor has made the reader so sensitive to the tenacity of the living: the grim humor and compassion which hold them together, the essential dignity and sympathy which outlast the most revolting treatment. The novelist employs a thousand different episodes to bring the war within the focus of the prison, and there are times when his power of invention leads him too far afield. In his search for the motivation of the brutal characters such as General Winder, I do not think he is unfailingly successful. But in his pictures of tenacity, endurance, and cleansing mercy he has written with truth and power.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Historical Novels

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN by **Riccardo Bacchelli**. (Pantheon, \$4.50.) Sequel to *The Mill on the Po*, the story of a clan of tough river millers covers politics, economics, peasant superstitions, and builds up a vivid picture of the beginnings of modern Italy.

BATH TANGLE by **Georgette Heyer**. (Putnam, \$3.50.) A conglomeration of queer legacies, elopements, and cross-purpose romances in Regency England, cleverly plotted and full of quiet chuckles.

THE ROARING BOYS by **Robert Payne**. (Doubleday, \$3.95.) Gaudy, improbable, sporadically brilliant novel about Shakespeare, endearing for its old-fashioned assumption that Will wrote his own plays.

Poetry

A LETTER FROM LI PO by **Conrad Aiken**. (Oxford University Press, \$3.50.) Civilized, elegant poems with a slight Chinese bias, circling around the themes of passing time and enduring art.

THE FLOWERS OF EVIL by **Charles Baudelaire**. (New Directions, \$6.00.) Baudelaire put into English by a number of translators, which precludes any steady focus on his style but provides good versions of individual poems. French text included.

POET IN NEW YORK by **Federico García Lorca**, translated by **Ben Belitt**. (Grove, \$3.75.) Rather desperate attempt to move a most difficult poem from Spanish into English, plus some bits of Lorca's prose and an introduction by Angel del Rio, well worth reading.

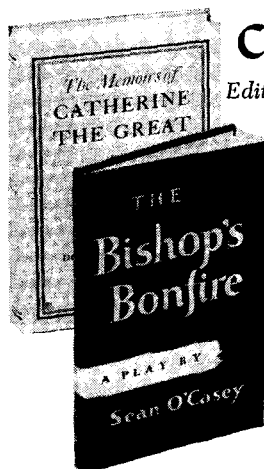
THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON edited by **Thomas H. Johnson**. (Harvard University Press, 3 vols., boxed, \$25.00.) A truly monumental affair. All the surviving poems, all variant versions, and a wealth of detail on dates, circumstances, references. Indispensable for scholars and enthusiasts.

Natural History

MR. GOULD'S TROPICAL BIRDS edited and with an introduction by **Eva Mannering**. (Crown, \$7.50.) Delightful reproductions of plates from various books by a British contemporary of Audubon, specializing in tropical birds.

SALAMANDERS AND OTHER WONDERS by **Willy Ley**. (Viking, \$3.95.) Mr. Ley, a collector of odd information with a gift for making the most trifling matters fascinating, has a go at pygmies, legendary trees, and the Abominable Snowman, as well as the reptiles of the title.

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT by **Joseph Wood Krutch**. (Sloane, \$3.75.) A subtle, sympathetic author discusses the plants and animals he has observed in Arizona, with an engaging drift toward philosophy.



The Memoirs of Catherine the Great

Edited by DOMINIQUE MAROGER
Introduction by G. P. GOOCH

"... Catherine's story has the ring of truth as one of the frankest exposures of a great sovereign on the stage of history... a wealth of detail and literary flair... make this work absorbing reading."

—*The Saturday Review*

"... She looks at us levelly across the span of years and cultures, discussing with the utmost frankness her motives, desires, passions, weaknesses, and ambitions." — *The New Yorker*.

\$5.00

The Bishop's Bonfire

A Three-Act Play
by SEAN O'CASEY

The latest dramatic triumph of Ireland's greatest living playwright — about the eagerly awaited visit of a Bishop to his native village. Against this festive background, O'Casey sets his vivid characters, who, in the rush of preparations disclose the comedy and startling tragedy of their lives.

\$3.00

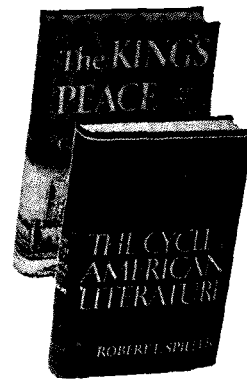
The King's Peace

1637-1641

by C. V. WEDGWOOD

A monumental history of the Great Rebellion which cost Charles I his life and turned England into a republic. This first volume (510 pages) vividly describes the four violent years culminating in the Civil War. "One of the historical masterpieces of her generation and our time." — A. L. ROWSE.

10 illustrations \$5.50



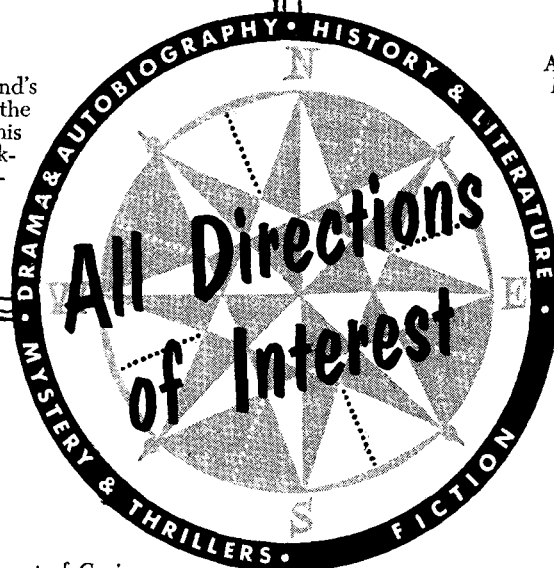
The Cycle of American Literature

An Essay in Historical Criticism

by ROBERT E. SPILLER

A distinguished editor of *The Literary History of the United States* discovers a pattern in American literature like the cycle of life itself: a birth, a maturation, a fruition, and a return to the sources. Faulkner, Eliot, Melville and Whitman are freshly evaluated here — along with many other authors.

\$4.75



Moonraker

by IAN FLEMING

James Bond, the indestructible British agent of *Casino Royale* and *Live and Let Die* is back again. This time he's the storm center of a high-tension adventure involving a super atomic rocket named the *Moonraker*. A story as explosive as the guided missile itself.

\$2.75

Murder in Fiji

by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

Now Lynch and Deane ("one of the most enjoyable Holmes-Watson teams in the business." — *N. Y. Times*) investigate a series of brutal murders blamed on fanatic natives. But Lynch has his own ideas and strange methods of arriving at the truth. A *Murder Revisited* Cock-Robin Mystery.

\$2.75

The Case of the Three Lost Letters

by CHRISTOPHER BUSH

Mr. Baldlow lived in terror of his life — although he couldn't say why. He brings his vague fears to Ludovic Travers, but not soon enough. Travers thinks his deceased client was murdered, but for proof he has to find *three lost letters*. A Cock-Robin Mystery.

\$2.75



The Headland

by CAROL BRINK

A compelling story of beauty and romance bringing you five people whose destinies are linked on the headland rising above a French coastal village. Through their own words, you share the magic of their childhood, the meaning of their love, the fateful impact of war on each of their lives.

\$3.50

The Big Pick-Up

A Novel of Dunkirk

by ELLESTON TREVOR

The tragedy and triumph of a band of British soldiers trapped in the inferno that was Dunkirk. "What 'The Cruel Sea' did for the British Navy in the Atlantic 'The Big Pick-Up' does for the British Army in its time of travail." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

\$3.00



On Sale at All Bookstores

The Macmillan Company 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

RANDOM HOUSE



BOOKS

A remarkable
new biography
of Vincent
Van Gogh



Passionate Pilgrim

By LAWRENCE & ELISABETH HANSON, authors of *Noble Savage*. This exciting portrait of the restless genius is the first to make use of all the Van Gogh letters, including many that have been newly discovered. Beautifully illustrated with Van Gogh reproductions. \$5.00



The Hunting Stories of

William Faulkner BIG WOODS

The memorable hunting stories of the great Nobel Prize winner are brought together for the first time in this deluxe gift book, illustrated by Edward Shenton, and printed in two colors on fine paper. \$3.95

At all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



OF THE many books about Africa published during the past few years, certainly the most unusual is *The Dark Eye in Africa* (Morrow, \$3.00) by Laurens van der Post; and certainly the most comprehensive is John Gunther's 958-page *Inside Africa* (Harper, \$6.00), a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Colonel van der Post has turned to depth psychology to explain the mounting unrest in Africa, and his argument is directed toward bringing about a radical change in the white man's thinking. The question of objectivity and balance is virtually irrelevant in a speculative and missionary work of this kind, but it is highly relevant in the case of a book of detailed survey and appraisal such as *Inside Africa*. Mr. Gunther's warm-hearted liberalism sometimes makes his examination of the policies and personalities of African nationalists somewhat less trenchant than his assessment of the errors and crimes of colonialism. It is not that Mr. Gunther fails to present all sides of any particular case, but rather a matter of tone and emphasis. I was in Egypt, for instance, around the same time as Gunther's last visit, and it seems to me that his sympathy for the Naguib-Nasser revolution has led him to overaccent the positive in describing the country as "bursting with contemporary reality." Gunther's account of the post-revolution developments conveys a rather more cheerful and dynamic impression than did Prime Minister Nasser himself in his little book on the revolution.

Insofar as organization is concerned, *Inside Africa* is more slapdash and repetitious than its predecessors in the "Inside" series; but once again Mr. Gunther left me marveling at his unrivaled talent for dispensing a stunning amount of information about a huge area in an almost unfailingly lively manner. *Inside Africa* deals with no fewer than forty-four countries or political subdivisions. Along with the vital facts there is the customary sprinkling of bizarre trivia — in the Congo language, Kele, the same two words mean "He watched

the riverbank" and "He boiled his mother-in-law"; a Christian sect in South Africa calls itself the "Castor Oil Dead Church"; and so on. The profiles of the continent's V.I.P.s, an intriguing and spectacularly varied lot, introduce to us some men with remarkable stories — Edgar Edouard Sengier, for example, a Belgian Congo tycoon who had never before allowed himself to be interviewed. In 1940, Mr. Sengier, acting on his own initiative, secretly shipped to the United States and stored in a warehouse the uranium ore which was later needed to produce the first atomic bombs.

Mr. Gunther's survey points up the painful dilemma inherent in colonial rule. Of the three main colonial powers, Britain is the most hard-pressed (south of the Sahara); yet, according to Gunther, British rule is all in all the best — Britain is the only power that has had as its official policy the systematic training of Africans for self-government. The quietest situation is in the Belgian Congo, where a stern paternalism has given the natives a relatively high standard of living, but where no one — black or white — has a vote. (A high-ranking Belgian said to Gunther: "Sooner or later we will have to have elections. After that, five years" — and the Belgians would be on their way out.)

Gunther gives race prejudice precedence over politics and economics as the source of the acutest tensions in Africa. If explosive unrest is to be avoided, he concludes, the color bar will have to be relaxed; even some supporters of *apartheid* in the Union of South Africa somberly concede that it cannot work out successfully and will eventually bring disaster to the Union.

The black man, says Gunther, will also have to be given more education, fairer economic treatment, and more self-government. Ironically, the more rapidly he progresses, the more eager he will be to throw off the tutelage of the West. The crucial issue, however, as Gunther sees it, is to stem the rising tide of African resentment which, when the inevitable withdrawal of the white man comes, could easily carry Africa into the Communist camp.

Laurens van der Post's new book consists of a talk on "The Invisible Origins of African Unrest" originally delivered at a meeting of psychologists in Zurich, and of his answers to the questions put to him by this and other audiences. As a good many

A personal memoir of astonishing brilliance and unmatched drama by France's great wartime leader—

GENERAL DE GAULLE

As Churchill spoke for England, as *Roosevelt and Hopkins* spoke for the United States, now General de Gaulle speaks for France in this vital segment of modern history. Written by the man who futilely warned that the Maginot Line could not be held, who stood alone through fateful years as the symbol of Free France, it "will take its place in French literature beside the greatest."
—*France-Soir*

Revealing many pivotal events, including intimate meetings with Churchill, up to the middle of 1942, it also vividly illuminates the motives and actions of a popular idol and gallant wartime hero, who has since become a figure of sharp controversy.

Illustrated, maps \$5.00

Documented edition, 2 vols. boxed \$10.00

THE CALL TO HONOUR

VOLUME I of the
War Memoirs of General de Gaulle

THE VIKING PRESS

The life-story of a beloved cathedral and the age that created it

As did *Mont-Saint-Michel* and *Chartres*, this sumptuous book gives marvelous insight into one of the golden ages of man. It teems with the life and action, color and pageantry of the people who built Notre-Dame, the times that produced it, the religion that inspired it, the art that went into it. *With 60 striking photographs.* \$6.75

Notre-Dame of Paris

by **ALLAN TEMKO**

An eminent biologist considers the scientific evidence for the human spirit

"... a brilliantly developed thesis, adventurous but tightly held within the bounds of scientific disciplines. ... Mr. Sinnott takes us forward, step by step, until he reaches the powers of the human spirit and the possibility of God."

—A. POWELL DAVIES, *N. Y. Times* \$3.50

The Biology of the Spirit

by **EDMUND W. SINNOTT**

The much-acclaimed author of "Race Rock" has a provocative new novel!

In a brilliant story of desperate pursuit through the murky half-world of today's Paris, Peter Matthiessen gives fresh meaning to a young man's urgent search for his own identity among conflicting values and ideologies. \$3.00

Partisans

by **PETER MATTHIESSEN**

A bargain feast of hard-to-come-by favorites

Four complete books in one elegant volume: *My War With the United States*; *Small Beer*; *The Donkey Inside*; *I Love You, I Love You, I Love You*. Plus several choice stories never before in book form. Illustrated with drawings. \$4.95



THE WORLD OF

Bemelmans

At all booksellers

"Hogarth in Hogarth's own spirit: as episodic, observative, charming, witty, caustic, bolsterous, edifying, and discursive as the very Progress of the Rake himself..."

"... One sees, hears, and smells Hogarth's London, meets his friends and literary acquaintances, experiences the ups-and-downs of his fortunes, and enters into the occasion of each of his major productions."

— S. LANE FAISON, JR., *Saturday Review*

"... a knowing and fascinating guide among the harlots and bullies, the stews and sponging houses of 18th century London. The first notable biography of William Hogarth in some 50 years."

—*Time*

A handsome book to give and to own, illustrated with reproductions of the best of Hogarth's works. \$6.50

Hogarth's Progress

by **PETER QUENNEL**





BORZOI BOOKS

Thomas Mann

CONFESSIONS OF
FELIX KRULL, CONFIDENCE MAN

One of Mann's most brilliant masterpieces, *Felix Krull* is an incomparable comedy—ripe, rich and blandly outrageous—whose hero is a dedicated rogue, as persistent and ingenious as Don Juan. A work of stature as well as élan, it is one of the few truly great picaresque novels. \$4.50

"It is such works . . . which hold a mirror up to the absurdities of our time. What we see . . . is the truth as only pure comedy can show it."
—*Saturday Review*

Nicholas Monsarrat

CASTLE GARAC

A thrilling and absorbing novel by the author of *The Cruel Sea*, complete with ruined castles, mysterious foreigners, and a beautiful woman doomed to a strange fate. Not since *Rebecca* has there been a Gothic romance like this! \$3.50

Three Years With Grant

As Recalled by War Correspondent
SYLVANUS CADWALLADER
and edited by
BENJAMIN P. THOMAS

"A magnificent and moving account of the Civil War as a perceptive man at Grant's headquarters saw it. Not in many years has so fine a Civil War book been brought to the public. . . . A complete delight for the casual reader."—BRUCE CATTON
\$4.75

Irving Wallace

THE FABULOUS ORIGINALS

The fascinating lives of those extraordinary people who inspired memorable characters in fiction—the real Robinson Crusoe, Nana, Sherlock Holmes, and many more. A unique combination of literary detection and off-beat biography. \$3.95

At your bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, Publisher



readers know, Colonel van der Post is a native of South Africa; a soldier with a distinguished war record; an explorer who has trekked into uncharted regions of the African hinterland—and a spellbinding writer. His previous books were notable for their eloquence and descriptive power, their nobility of feeling, and their profound insight into the heart and mind of primitive Africa. The same qualities make *The Dark Eye in Africa* a stirring venture into the interior of the human spirit.

A speculative dissertation which has much to do with the Unconscious cannot be persuasively summarized in a couple of paragraphs; but with this warning, I will try to suggest the drift of van der Post's argument. The problem of Africa, he writes, is "fundamentally a problem of being." Western man has become half-blinded by a shallow rationalism which overvalues the conscious, "civilized" self and represses with fear and disgust the so-called "dark," instinctual aspects of man's being, engendering thereby a submerged civil war. In an effort to escape from the pressures of this inner conflict, the white man has externalized it; has sought to expel the "dark" enemy within him by projecting onto the dark peoples the despised and threatening aspects of his being—and only those aspects. This terrible unconscious projection prevents him from seeing what is of value in the primitive African—his sense of unity with nature; his rich intuitive and instinctive promptings; his deep spontaneous laughter. In the society which the white man created in Africa, the black man was prevented from living out his unique being and was simultaneously denied the right to thrust forward freely and find integration in a new way of life. Thus he, too, was condemned to an inner conflict, and is now confronted with a terrifying sense that he is being robbed of his soul. The Mau Mau revolt, in van der Post's opinion, is a desperate attempt on the part of the Kikuyus to save their souls by returning to the crude and revolting religion of their forefathers. It is a sinister portent of how other primitive Africans may seek release from the pressures of the inner conflict imposed upon them.

I cannot attempt here to follow van der Post in his fascinating discussion of myths which have a bearing on the African situation. The crisis between whites and blacks in Africa,

Gerald Heard

THE HUMAN VENTURE

Can humanity's inner development cope with the power of destruction created by technological advances? In his most provocative book Gerald Heard draws the vast findings of archaeology, anthropology, history and psychology into a framework of ideas most illuminating for the understanding of religion's power in time of crisis.
\$4.00

At your bookseller

HARPER & BROTHERS
New York 16

Jerome Ellison

REPORT TO THE CREATOR

A modern man's candid confession of the good and evil in his life—and in his world. "It is unceasingly, urgently, unyieldingly personal. To each of us it says, 'Thou art the man.' . . . and Mr. Ellison's message comes with such rare sincerity . . . that it makes his book a powerful document."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$3.00

as van der Post sees it, represents a crisis in the development of man. To modern man, troubled by his sense of estrangement from nature, Africa holds up a timeless mirror in which is reflected his natural self. It offers him an opportunity to recognize the worth of that rejected self, and also a warning that when human beings sacrifice an aspect of their humanity, "that aspect eventually returns, knife in hand, to sacrifice that which sacrificed it."

Inside China

Mandarin Red (Rinehart, \$3.50) is the account of a visit made to China in the last months of 1954 by **James Cameron**, Chief Correspondent of the *London News Chronicle* — the first Western journalist not affiliated with the Communist press or accompanying an official delegation to be admitted behind the Bamboo Curtain since the People's Revolution. Mr. Cameron was, of course, accompanied throughout his 7000-mile tour by official guides and interpreters; but his stubbornness and curiosity led to encounters and observations which were not on the program and which left him with more favorable impressions than the government's repellently self-congratulatory propaganda. "The splendid and admirable things," he writes, "you found out for yourself, the bad somehow always exposed by your guides and mentors."

Cameron seems to be as naturally immune as any man can be to the horrid vice of doctrinaire thinking. He went to China determined to remember that much that would strike him as deplorable or impressive might well be Chinese rather than Communist; and further, that "neither side ever lost or found a pennyworth of face by pretending things to be otherwise than they are." His book is the product of a sensitive eye and a singularly well-tempered mind. It is written with style, astringent humor, and no pretensions to certainty.

Statistics and matters of ideology, though they have their place in *Mandarin Red*, are subordinated to the concrete facts of Chinese life: the human element is always in the foreground. Cameron encountered no evidence of a reign of terror — that there had been wholesale purges in 1950-51 was freely admitted. What he found was a reign of puritanism: a population encased in blue boiler suits which have banished bosoms from the Chinese landscape; no caba-

GUTHRIE McCLINTIC

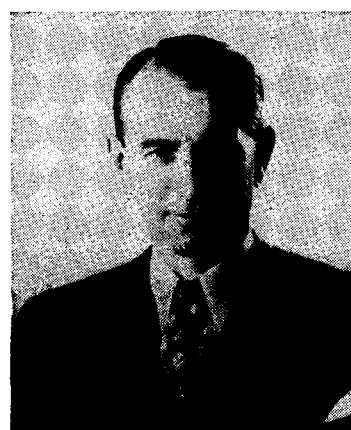


© Editte Sherman

ME AND KIT

The famous director-producer writes of his 35 "star-spangled" years in the theatre, and of his wonderful partnership — off-stage and on — with his celebrated wife, Katharine Cornell. All the magic of the stage and the people who have made it great in our time are here: Sarah Bernhardt and Ethel Barrymore, Laurette Taylor, Judith Anderson and Ethel Waters, Maxwell Anderson and G. B. Shaw, to name but a few. \$5.00

EDWARD WEEKS



© Dorothy Wilding

THE OPEN HEART

The editor of *The Atlantic* has written "an enchanting book, wide and warm, and wonderfully evocative of people and places. Its delight in men is as great as its delight in letters, and its writing of a charming, suave, and cultivated kind that one had almost come to fear was among the lost pleasures of today." — JOHN MASON BROWN. "The open-hearted book... So gentle and so strong..."

WALTER LIPPMANN. \$3.50

These are Atlantic Monthly Press books

THE MOTH AND THE STAR A Biography of VIRGINIA WOOLF



© British Council

By AILEEN PIPPETT. "A brilliant, often shimmering mood picture... concerned with essence rather than detail... The portrait is a striking likeness (that) will hold a distinguished place in the portrait gallery of the makers of 20th Century literature."

LEON EDEL, *Saturday Review*. \$5.00

At all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

2

very important
books from the
Council on
Foreign Relations

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS 1953

By RICHARD P. STEBBINS

*With an Introduction by
Grayson Kirk*

This annual volume reviews the happenings of the year in the light of historical fact. With grace, wit—and even more important—with detached scientific analysis, Richard Stebbins records 1953—one of the most decisive years in our national history. Do you recall, for instance, that 1953 was the year when we saw new administrations in both the White House and the Kremlin . . . that it was the year of the Bricker Amendment, the ousting of Mosaddeq, the unofficial attack on the information program? These are only a few of that year's dramatically important events—results which bear forcibly upon the history of the world today, and all are recorded in this invaluable volume. \$5.00

DOCUMENTS ON AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS 1954

Edited By PETER V. CURL

The latest volume in the famous series presenting outstanding documentary material relating to world relations during 1954. Here, in convenient reference form, are texts of conferences—Berlin, Geneva, London, Paris, Caracas . . . documents covering the Iranian oil crises, the H-Bomb experiments, the St. Lawrence Seaway. For every interested reader to keep abreast of the ever-changing picture of America in her relationships with the world. \$5.00

At all bookstores
Published for the COUNCIL ON
FOREIGN RELATIONS by
HARPER & BROTHERS
New York

rets; stringent morality regulations; a new generation of bright young men and women who have been molded into insufferable Marxist-Leninist prigs.

He found, too, amazing cleanliness; surprisingly efficient railroads; delicious cooking; and a host of piquant paradoxes—glossy Buicks flying red flags; a Revolution's Day parade of the New Chinese Capitalists Association whose banners bore the slogan, "Long Live Private Enterprise in the Glorious Revolution!"; an up-to-date hospital in which the patients were allowed to choose between the old herbalists and contemporary medicine.

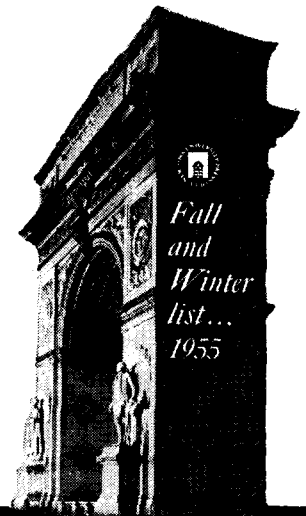
Cameron concluded that the Chinese Communists have been much more realistic than the Russians about compromising with the past, and have spared themselves a good deal of trouble by their efforts to coordinate the old and the new in such spheres as land reform, medicine, and business. (Thirty-five per cent of Chinese business, though subject to government supervision, is still privately owned.)

Though Cameron is not the sort of reporter who dishes out sweeping conclusions, certain significant generalizations are tentatively stated in his report. 1) China's dependence on Russia remains immense, and the government is doing its utmost to glorify the Soviet Union. 2) The most conspicuous feature of the Revolution is the emancipation of women. 3) The Revolution appears to have produced "a nation more united and, as far as one could see, happier than ever before."

Theater

Me and Kit (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.00) by Guthrie McClintic is pleasantly free from the jarring egotism prevalent in the memoirs of theater folk. In putting himself before his celebrated wife in the title, Mr. McClintic has merely played fair with the reader, for his book is essentially an autobiography in which Katharine Cornell does not make her appearance until after the halfway point.

Mr. McClintic succumbed to the spell of the theater as a twelve-year-old in Seattle, where a bewitching young woman called Laurette Taylor was appearing in a series of melodramas with such titillating titles as *Escape from the Harem* and *Stolen by the Gypsies*. It took him five unhappy



Fall
and
Winter
list...
1955

Books from Washington Square

CONSUMER BEHAVIOR Vol. I, 1954:

The Dynamics of Consumer Reaction

Edited by Lincoln H. Clark • The consumer—what he is, what he buys, when he buys. A report of the Committee for Research on Consumer Attitudes and Behavior. Tables. Bibliography. \$4.00

Vol. II, 1955: The Life Cycle and Consumer Behavior

Studies by leading social scientists of the effects of such elements of the life cycle as career, family life, finances and social status on consumer buying habits. Included: a section on economic psychology. Tables. Bibliography. \$5.00
Volumes I & II together: \$8.00

MAN IN THIS WORLD

By Hans Zehrer • Acclaimed by scholars and theologians in Germany, this famed history of man's thought about himself, about his position in space and time, and the meaning of his existence is now offered in a superb translation—edited and abridged. December, \$3.75

HEDDA GABLER—IBSEN

By Eva Le Gallienne • The actress-manager translates Ibsen's four acts with an ear to the rhythms of contemporary conversation and adds a minute analysis plus suggestions for staging. \$2.50

THE MASTER BUILDER—IBSEN

By Eva Le Gallienne • A delicately sensitive translation that provides a new and unusual key to the understanding of *The Master Builder* is here coupled with shrewd hints to production. \$2.50

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF: A Lifetime of Music

By Sergei Bertensson and Jay Leyda • The first full account of Rachmaninoff's long and great career as composer, virtuoso, conductor and man—taken largely from family sources not previously available. January, \$4.95

DICTATORS FACE TO FACE

By Dino Affieri • Mussolini's Ambassador to Hitler gives an inside account of Italian-German relations in the period that led to the military collapse of Italy and the crumbling of the Axis. Authenticated by citations from official reports. December, \$3.95

THE TRUMAN ADMINISTRATION: Its Principles and Practice

Edited by Louis W. Koenig • The principles and practice of a presidential administration presented in the chief executive's own words, gleaned from his official papers, speeches and press conference discussions. February, \$5.00

CONGRESS: Its Contemporary Role Second Edition

By Ernest S. Griffith • The newly revised edition of a standard work, first published in 1950, has been brought up to date by inclusion of recent material and a new chapter, "The Congressional Role in Administration." December, \$3.50

new york university press

WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

years to overcome his parents' opposition to his studying for the stage. When finally he landed his first job, it was to play not one but two parts — The Artful Dodger and the love interest — in a touring production of *Oliver Twist*. Unfortunately, the manager soon absconded with the take, and there followed a period of crushing discouragement which was terminated by the intervention of the supernatural. The table-tipping of his landlady brought the astonished young McClintic a message from the spirit world which prompted him to mail an angry letter written three weeks earlier and locked away in a trunk. The letter resulted in a nine-year association with the producer-director Winthrop Ames, who in 1921 — the year McClintic married Katharine Cornell — helped him to strike out on his own with a production of *The Dover Road* which proved a smashing success.

In the last three and a half decades, Mr. McClintic has directed nearly a hundred plays, among them all the hits starring his wife; and his story of these years takes in a large slice of theatrical history. In his Beekman Place home, Gershwin played his newly composed *Rhapsody in Blue*; Noel Coward tried out his latest songs; and Katharine Cornell gave her first reading of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, which, when it was performed before American troops overseas in World War II, moved a G.I. who was seeing it for the second time to say loudly to his buddy, "Didn't I tell you it's better than a whorehouse?"

Me and Kit is written with zest, humor, and the right touch of nostalgia. As in most theatrical memoirs, one finds a certain amount of professional cant and tributes overloaded with sentimentality; but I should say that Mr. McClintic's failings in this regard are certainly not heinous.

The Freudian revolution

The second volume of *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* (Basic Books, \$6.75) by Ernest Jones extends from 1901 to 1919, and carries its subject from his forty-fifth to his sixty-fourth year. In the first years of the century, Freud emerged from a decade of intellectual isolation. Weekly meetings with Adler and Stekel led to the formation of the Vienna Psycho-Analytic Society; and important relationships were formed

**"The definitive life...
for a long time
to come."**

—N. Y. Times
Book Review

The Desert and the Stars

A BIOGRAPHY OF LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

"Probably as 'final' an answer to the unanswerable riddle of T. E. Lawrence as we shall ever have. Anyone who has ever felt the fascination of that riddle will not care to miss it."—N. Y. Times

"Finely written, scrupulously documented ... It is the impressive achievement of this biography that the mystery is no longer so dense as it was."—N. Y. Herald Tribune

"An entirely different Lawrence, one we have never seen before ... Miss Armitage has no axe to grind."—Saturday Review

"The whole story ... is here in glittering detail. What reader would not find this book fascinating?"—Chicago Tribune

By Flora Armitage

Illustrated
\$4.00 at all bookstores



Enjoy OLD TRUTHS
OF YOUR BIBLE IN
NEW LIGHT and GLORY
**THE
SEPTUAGINT
BIBLE**



The very Bible text Jesus Himself used, for the first time available to the general public.

YOU HAVE NEVER READ THE BIBLE TEXT JESUS USED — because it was never before available to you in English. In the New Testament, Jesus quotes from The Septuagint Bible, the authorized translation of the ancient text known and used in Jesus' lifetime and centuries before.

The Septuagint Bible is the oldest Old Testament we possess — the untampered original version with its charm and grandeur intact. It gives the beloved old truths new charm and glory. A delight in itself, it will prove a revelation as a companion to your favorite scripture. Beautifully bound and printed, with scarlet ribbon marker.

Only \$6.50 postpaid

Or \$11.50 for de luxe full leather edition

DISCOVERER OF DEAD SEA SCROLLS PRAISES
SEPTUAGINT BIBLE

"The late discoveries of the Dead Sea Scrolls prove that this new edition of The Septuagint brings us nearer to the most authentic text of any existing Bible, including those in Hebrew and Syriac." — **ARCHBISHOP MAR ATHANASIOS YESHUE SAMUEL**, Metropolitan of the Monastery of St. Mark, Jerusalem, key figure in the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

"I learned Greek in order to read the Septuagint — no English translation being then accessible... English-speaking Christians and Jews will welcome this edition." — **DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER**

Order now from your bookseller,
or mail this coupon today

THE FALCON'S WING PRESS
Dept. 83, Indian Hills, Colorado

Please send me postpaid copies of
the Septuagint Bible at \$6.50 each. Enclosed
is \$..... (Check, cash, or Money
Order.) If not satisfied in every way, I under-
stand that I may return the book(s) within 10
days for full refund of purchase price.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

with disciples and supporters outside Austria. From 1906 onward, psychoanalysis began to achieve a growing international recognition. In 1909 Freud was invited to the United States to lecture at Clark University in Massachusetts, and the following year the International Psycho-Analytical Association was launched. There followed, however, a period of disturbing dissension within the movement, in the course of which Adler, Stekel, and — this was the bitterest blow to Freud — Jung broke away from Freudian doctrine.

The second section of Dr. Jones's biography is devoted to a detailed account of Freud's writings and contributions to theory during the middle span of his life.

In part III the author deals with Freud's way of life, and completes the descriptions of Freud's personality and the analysis of his behavior which have been scattered throughout the narrative.

Aside from unusually long working hours, the pattern of Freud's existence could not have been more typically bourgeois — patients all day, and after the evening meal and constitutional, three hours' work in his study; a contented family life; summer holidays in quiet mountain resorts with occasional sightseeing trips to Italy. Nonetheless, Freud's life story is almost continuously charged with intellectual excitement, for it is a chronicle of heroic struggle and adventurous discovery; and its protagonist is playing the lead in the greatest cultural drama since the battles over Darwinism.

Dr. Jones, a pioneer in the psycho-analytical movement, was one of Freud's close friends for thirty years. He combines an unrivaled knowledge of his subject with a high sense of duty to the truth and considerable biographical skill. By the conclusion of the present volume a prodigious close-up of Freud has taken shape in which we begin to see him in his totality — a genius whose strongest impulse in life was the passion for knowledge, and who pursued it with a strange mixture of cautious patience and reckless audacity; a chain-smoker of cigars with chronic psychosomatic indigestion; a self-styled "cheerful pessimist," a Viennese who hated Vienna, a puritan who was unutterably shocked by his own discoveries but nevertheless went on to rain explosives on the buttresses of puritanism; a kindly man of simple tastes

HITLER

by Otto Dietrich

Hitler's former Press Chief gives an un-apologetic appraisal of the man who plunged the world into disaster. He makes Hitler a human being... with great faults, talents, aberrations — but one of the genuinely evil men of history.

\$3.95



THE THAW

A Novel By Ilya Ehrenburg
with a special supplement
by Russell Kirk

A story about the ordinary people in a provincial town in Russia... all well-meaning little people, concerned with their local problems, but gently critical at times of the Regime. Written during the brief period of thaw following Stalin's death, this is a vivid picture of everyday Russia by the top Soviet novelist. As Russell Kirk points out... the "1984" aspects of the plot are even more significant in view of the more recent "thaw" at Geneva. \$3.50

At Your Bookstore

Henry Regnery Co. • Chicago 4

*A bold stand for a
priceless freedom*

Academic Freedom in Our Time

By ROBERT M. MACIVER

A CANDID, persuasive, and eloquent study of the new wave of intolerance that threatens the freedom of our universities. Naming names and cases, Dr. Maciver exposes the social, political, and economic interests that are assailing academic freedom — in the name of "patriotism," "Americanism," "anti-Communism." Here is a fearless indictment of the suspicion, ignorance, and irrationality that now so endanger the first of all freedoms — the freedom of the mind. \$4.00

The Development of Academic Freedom in the United States

By Richard Hofstadter and
Walter P. Metzger

A timely and vital survey of academic freedom in America, tracing its origins and growth from the medieval masters to the Cold War. \$5.50

At all bookstores

**COLUMBIA
UNIVERSITY PRESS**



whose outstanding attribute was immense moral courage.

The sex-haunted wasteland

After passing through half a dozen publishing houses, provoking sharp editorial disagreement as to whether it was too scandalous to print, **Norman Mailer's** new novel, *The Deer Park* (Putnam's, \$4.00), was finally purchased by G. P. Putnam's for the largest advance in the firm's 118-year history. Although the original text has been revised and the roughest passages eliminated, Mr. Mailer's publisher warns prospective readers that some will find the book shocking. On this issue, all I have to say is that Mr. Mailer's treatment of sex is artistically gauche and therefore often tasteless. I happen to believe, however, that whatever Mailer's artistic failings, he is a desperately honest and serious-minded writer who does not deliberately indulge in sensation-mongering. While much of the surface activity in his book has to do with the erotic antics of the movie colony and leaves an impression of trashiness, *The Deer Park* is really a novel about integrity—about the consequences of losing it, the pains of struggling for it, and the price that must be paid to achieve it. Unfortunately, what the novel is really about only emerges in an extremely muddled fashion.

Mr. Mailer's setting is Desert D'Or, a new resort town in the California cactus wild, a couple of hundred miles from Hollywood; and his novel counterpoints the stories of two men of different generations, each of whom has reached a turning point in his life. The youthful narrator, Sergius O'Shaughnessy, who grew up in an orphanage, has recently been discharged from the Air Force. With \$14,000 won in a poker game, he has settled down in Desert D'Or to have a good time—but his ambition is to write. Charles Eitel, for many years a successful movie director whose sense of guilt made him a soft touch for leftist organizations, has been booted out of his job for refusing to denounce himself and others before a Congressional Investigating Committee. Exhilarated at having at last rejected timid compromise, he has come to Desert D'Or with the intention of writing a film script of blazing honesty, a work of art.

Mailer's story (which has the technical defect of being written partly in the first and partly in the third per-

"I DIDN'T KNOW THAT PRESIDENTS OF WRITING SCHOOLS COULD WRITE

... from what I have read of this book (*One Winter in Boston*, by Robert Smith, President of the Magazine Institute), Mr. Smith should immediately quit presiding, which can be done well by millions, and get down to writing, since good writers are few indeed."

—CHARLES DRISCOLL
"New York Day by Day"

Yes, Mr. Driscoll, it's true that many heads of writing schools cannot write. The Magazine Institute, as a matter of fact, is completely owned, staffed and operated by successful writers and editors. Every one of us—including Robert Smith—spends some time writing as well as teaching. Because next to writing, we enjoy *teaching others to write*.

OUR STUDENTS SAY

“... you might be interested in seeing my article... in CORONET magazine.”
“... before my fourth lesson I received \$200 for my first story.”
“... signed a contract with DUELL, SLOAN, and PEARCE... advance royalty more than paying for your superior instruction.”
“... just had book accepted for publication by THOMAS NELSON and SONS... your criticisms were helpful in working out the story.”
“... VOGUE took the article... whopping fat check in the mail today.”
“... last criticism was fine. Helped me sell a novel-ette...”
“... thought you might like to hear I've sold another story... adds up to \$400 return on my MAGAZINE INSTITUTE course.”
“... since I started this course I've sold \$376.50.”

TEST YOUR LITERARY APTITUDE FREE

The Magazine Institute offers a Free Literary Aptitude Test which enables you to find out for yourself if you have any writing talent. The test is COMPLETELY SELF-CORRECTING. Answers are sent on a separate sheet so that YOU CAN DECIDE where you stand.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY

Write for the FREE catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan and providing other information of value to beginning writers. Inquirers also receive the BEST JOB IN THE WORLD, which lists unsolicited testimonials from successful Magazine Institute students. Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW.

Our Staff Includes:



ROBERT SMITH

Novelist, lecturer, newspaper columnist, part-time editor for leading book publisher, author of *Writing Fiction*; *Modern Writing*; *One Winter in Boston*; *The Human Image*; *Baseball, a Historical Narrative*; *Hotel on the Lake*; *Heroes of Baseball*; two juvenile novels; many short stories and radio scripts.

BRETT HALLIDAY

Originator of the famous Michael Shayne detective stories and of the television series built on the same character. Author of more than eighty novels and twelve motion pictures. Total book sales in millions.

ROBERT ARTHUR

Author, editor and teacher; former writer-producer Mutual Broadcasting System; former editor *Detective Fiction*, and other magazines for Fawcett, Street and Smith, and Dell Publishing Company; short stories for *Argosy*, *Blue Book*, *Collier's*, and many other magazines; member Mystery Writers of America.

JACK WOODFORD

Publisher, novelist, motion picture writer; author of more than 40 novels and 2000 short stories; author of *Writer's Cramp*, *Trial and Error*, and other books on writing; former script writer M.G.M., Warner's, Universal, and Columbia; vice-president of Signature Press. And other successful writers and editors.

The MAGAZINE INSTITUTE

"The Famous Writers' Course"

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
50 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, N. Y. 20, N. Y.
(Licensed by the State of N. Y.)

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

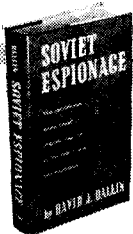
THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.
Dept. 111-H, 50 Rockefeller Plaza
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send free catalog, without obligation to:

Name.....

Address.....

(Inquiries confidential—No salesman will call)



SOVIET ESPIONAGE

by
DAVID J. DALLIN

Russia's complex, ruthless spy apparatus, perhaps the most continuously effective ever devised, is now fully described by David J. Dallin, one of the foremost authorities on modern Russian policy.

Covering the period from the Revolution to the present, *Soviet Espionage* is the result of many years' personal investigation, painstaking study, and interviews with important persons who worked for or against the apparatus.

"The first serious, unsensational treatment of the subject . . . an impressive accomplishment." — *Library Journal*.

\$5.75

SCIENCE AND THE COURSE OF HISTORY

by PASCUAL JORDAN

An eminent European physicist presents in simple, non-technical language a remarkable account of man's place in the universe in the light of our present scientific knowledge.

\$2.50

USE AND ABUSE OF HISTORY

by PIETER GEYL

In this important study Pieter Geyl sharply disputes Toynbee's "grand" view of history, while sympathizing with the modern "awareness of distance" concept of historical perspective.

\$2.50

PAINTED LACE

by GERTRUDE STEIN

Volume V of the Yale Edition of the Unpublished Writings of Gertrude Stein, being occasional pieces written between 1914 and 1937. Miss Stein's province was language; her problem, to unlock the enigma of what makes the raw material of English vocabulary. Preface by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler.

\$5.00

at your bookstore

YALE university press
new haven, conn.

son) leads the narrator into a love affair with a movie star, a ravishing nymphomaniac; and Eitel into a love affair with a beautiful waif who is also decidedly *sans gêne* about sex. Presently, Eitel is given an opportunity to regain a lush position in the cinema by reversing his attitude toward the investigating committee; and Sergius, too, is offered a movie career, if he will cooperate in the making of a dishonest film about himself as an orphan-boy war hero. In the course of building up to this situation, Mailer has peopled his novel with a sordid assemblage of Desert D'Or degenerates and successful movie folk, among whom there are two well drawn characters — a studio head as cynical as he is sanctimonious, and a producer whose caginess and utter shamelessness are at times positively endearing.

Mr. Mailer brings to his fiction a powerful reportorial talent. There is much that is telling, and a few scenes that are brilliant, in his savage picture of a success-worshipping society without morals or integrity. But while Mailer's hatred of dishonesty is exhilarating up to a point, it contains a hint of paranoia. One detects the immature obsession that the whole stinking world conspires against the individual who seeks to be true to himself, and that the only way of escaping corruption is a lonely, defiant withdrawal into artistic creation.

Other fiction

Anthony West's third and best novel, *Heritage* (Random House, \$3.75), is an admirable handling of one of the trickiest subjects a writer can tackle: the story of the unhappy son of separated parents. The narrator, Richard, is the illegitimate child of a famous English actress and a celebrated English writer, Max Town — both of them high-powered personalities. Richard has reached prep school under his mother's aegis without knowing his father's identity. At this point, a chance remark arouses Town's paternal feelings and he decides to take a hand in the upbringing of his son. Thereafter Richard is shunted between his mother in England and his father's more expansive household in France, and each parent hits upon subtle ways of using him to irritate the other. At fifteen he concludes in a fit of wretchedness, "My mother was a liar, my father a buffoon who lived with a madwoman." But by the time he has reached the

Literary discovery

"One of the most original and perfect works of imagination." — *Edwin Muir*

Tom Barber

FORREST REID's bewitching story of a boyhood in Ireland. The three *Tom Barber* novels, complete in one volume: *Young Tom*, *The Retreat*, and *Uncle Stephen*. Intro. by E. M. Forster. \$5. PANTHEON

GOOD NEWS FOR AUTHORS WITH FAITH IN THEIR WORK:

YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED

As one of the largest leading publishers in the U. S., we can edit, design, print, distribute and promote your book. Our plan insures prompt publication. Send manuscript for free report, or write for brochure AM.

Pageant Press, Inc., 130 West 42nd St., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (We also supply all current books at retail store prices — postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*.) AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

SEEKING A PUBLISHER?

One with high standards invites you to submit your manuscript for consideration on an honest, realistic cooperative basis. Creative editing, careful manufacture, active pinpoint promotion.
THE AMERICAN PRESS
MR. TODD, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

BIG BAG of STAMPS

WHAT TREASURES WILL YOU FIND? Only \$1.00

Big cloth bag contains more than 1,000 foreign stamps from over 30 countries in Asia, Africa, Europe, etc. — mostly still on paper, unopened, unsorted, just as received from foreign missionaries, banks, etc. Nobody knows what's inside! Worth over \$10 at Catalog prices. Money back guarantee.

H. E. HARRIS & CO.
1829 Transit, Boston 17, Mass.

CASH FOR YOUR BOOKS

One of the world's largest bookstores pays high prices for entire libraries or small book collections. Books on all subjects bought and sold since 1874

BARNES & NOBLE, Inc. Dept. X
105 Fifth Avenue New York 3, N. Y.

STUDENTS—PARENTS GUIDANCE DIRECTORS

Our 1955-1956 School and Camp Guide has just been published. For information on many of the better schools and camps — also tips on Home Study — write for your free directory.

SCHOOL AND CAMP DEPARTMENT
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

threshold of manhood, he has come to understand his brilliant parents and their need to dramatize themselves; and he can forgive them. He recognizes that he, too, has indulged in self-dramatization — has acted the role of *The Wronged Child*, the low comedy part of *Max's Boy*.

This is a story which might easily have slipped into the familiar dispirited key, but Mr. West has given it a spirited individuality. The characterizations of Naomi and especially of Max Town are truly superb, and there is choice comedy throughout the novel. What is best about it, perhaps, is the maturity of feeling — the ability of the narrator to write movingly about his hurts and disappointments without relapsing into self-pity.

Last year, the French writer **Pierre Boulle** was introduced to us with a strikingly original novel, *The Bridge over the River Kwai*. Now Mr. Boulle, who delights me with his clean, quick, ironical prose, has written an ingenious spy story of wartime England — *Not the Glory* (Vanguard, \$3.50) — which has an ending that is both extraordinary and utterly right.

At the novel's opening, William Conrad has just been discharged from the British Army after being badly wounded in Flanders and decorated for gallantry. We learn that Conrad turned up in London in 1935 as a Polish refugee from Nazi persecution; that he quickly won a reputation as a novelist; then turned to journalism and dedicated himself to alerting his new countrymen to the Nazi menace. At the outbreak of war, he insisted on enlisting. Now he is writing again for *Victory*, and so tremendous is the effect of his articles on British morale that the Ministry of Information has charged him with revamping Britain's propaganda strategy.

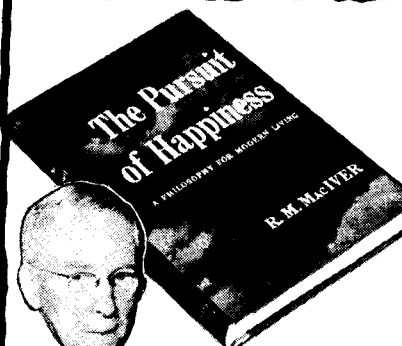
Possibly the only man in England who has doubts about Conrad is Sir William Goodfellow, head of British Counter-Intelligence. He is troubled by a report that in 1935 a Nazi agent whose description seems to tally with Conrad's disappeared from Poland; and when Conrad receives a peculiarly worded fan letter, Sir William's suspicions are definitely aroused. On the other hand, Conrad's propaganda plan has just been accepted in toto by Churchill himself. Why should a spy carry bluff to the point of helping the British war effort as zealously and as effectively as Conrad has done?

For further details, hurry over to your local bookstore.

*How 'dated'
is your dictionary?*



WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY is the first truly new dictionary in more than three decades. New from A to Z — 142,000 entries, each word freshly defined for modern usage. 1760 pages. In cloth, \$5; thumb-indexed, \$6, at booksellers. **THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY**, Cleveland and New York



A distinguished scholar suggests ways in which even the intelligent can be happy:

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
by **R. M. MacIVER**

NORMAN COUSINS: "MacIver is a gracious and generous spirit. Last night I read *The Pursuit of Happiness*. Because of it I am a gladder and, I hope, wiser man."

WILL DURANT: "A wise and gentle book. A nation of MacIvers would be a Utopia."

\$3 at all bookstores. Simon and Schuster

books by **DYLAN THOMAS**

Adventures in the Skin
Trade and Other Stories **\$3.50**

A Child's Christmas in Wales
gift edition **\$1.50**

Collected Poems **\$3.75**

The Doctor and the Devils **\$3.00**

In Country Sleep **\$2.00**

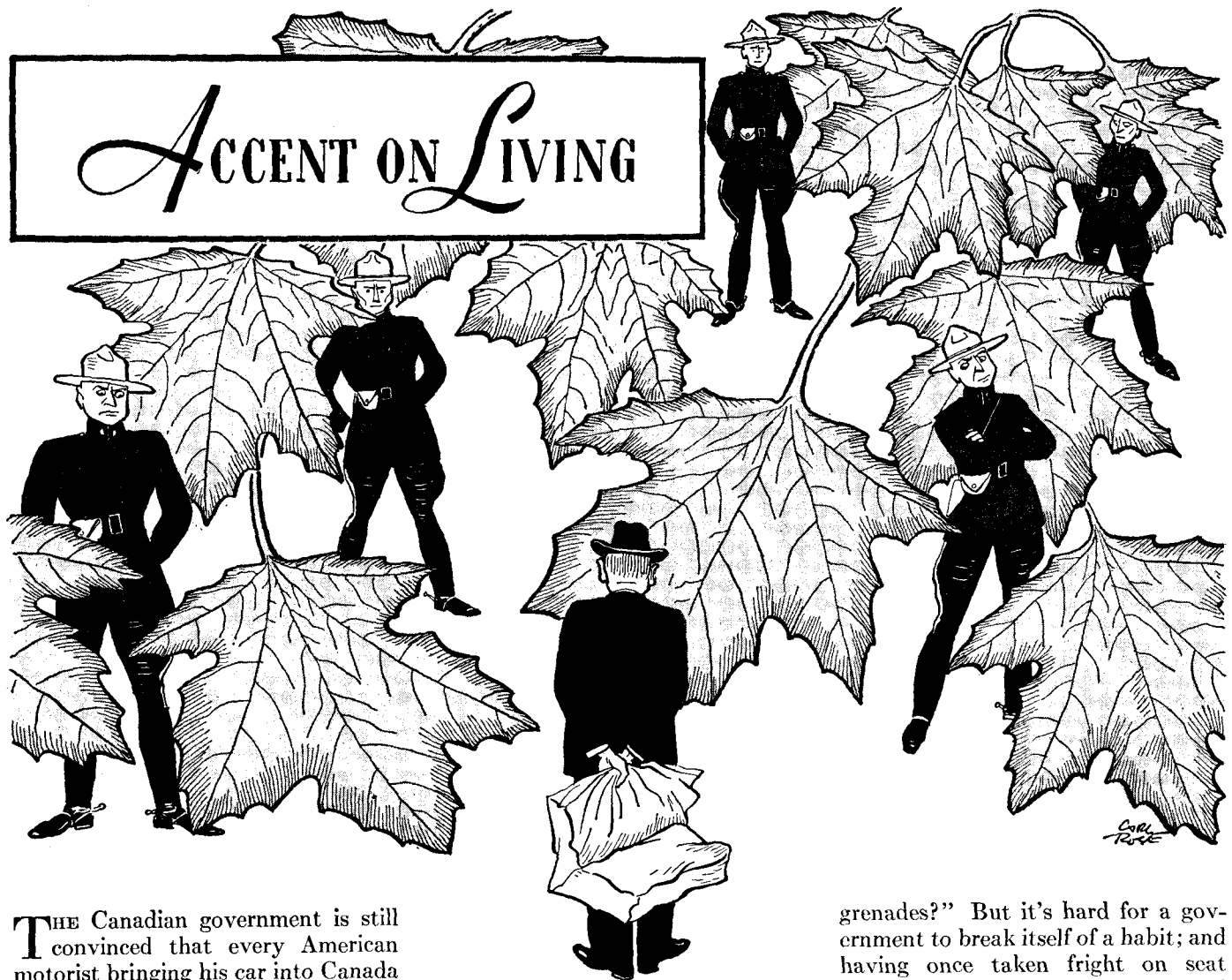
Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog (Paper back) **\$.95**

Quite Early One Morning **\$3.50**

Selected Writings **\$3.50**

Under Milk Wood,
a play for voices **\$3.00**

at all bookstores
NEW DIRECTIONS, New York



THE Canadian government is still convinced that every American motorist bringing his car into Canada is a potential smuggler of seat covers, spotlights, and automobile radio sets. It still obliges its customs inspectors to ask the motorist whether his car is equipped with these utilities; and if it is, the inspector must scrawl a notation to that effect on the car's entry permit. I was first asked this question six or eight years ago, and it was put to me again this fall; so I judge that thousands of other motorists have had the same experience over the years.

The question is based on the possibility that the American will sell his seat covers, spotlight, and radio during his stay in Canada and come home without them. But how does the stranger, the American motorist, go about selling his spotlight and seat covers to Canadians? He could, one supposes, become a sidewalk loungeur, perhaps in front of a post office. "Ps-s-s-t, hey, wanna buy some nice seat covers? Okay, okay — no hard feelings." He could ring doorbells, up one side of the street and down the other, looking for customers. He might even find a garage man or a dealer who would give him a hearing,

but even with a prospect in hand he will still have a selling job to do at a price that will make the whole project worth while. And what would a set of seat covers have to fetch to make a round trip from Boston or New York or Philadelphia pay off?

The more one considers it, the more unlikely it seems that the Canadian government is spending its money wisely in paying uniformed inspectors to ask these questions of motorists. The racket is simply too paltry. Furthermore, to imply that the American tourist, lord of the highway in his all-power, coloramic, full-o-matic Fire-flite Nirvana hardtop de luxe, will be up to some funny business in spotlights and seat covers is very poor public relations.

Unless the Canadian government can show some real statistics of a significant traffic underlying its hints, the customs inspectors ought to be given some new questions to ask. "Are you bringing in any machine guns? Blowguns? Sword canes? Any

grenades?" But it's hard for a government to break itself of a habit; and having once taken fright on seat covers, the Canadian government will probably continue clucking about them to the end of its days.

At one London club the host is handed a menu which lists each item and its price. His guest is given the same list, only there are no prices on the guest's menu.

The inflexible determination of the British to do things in their own way comes to full flower in the dining room of a London hotel. It is hard, for instance, to devise there a light meal and to escape the assumption that all respectable and healthy adults must eat, ritualistically, a hearty succession of several courses.

The pressure in this direction is always strong; to ask for a sandwich of a Sunday evening is to excite bewilderment and mistrust. There is no use going to the snack bar around the corner, because these places always seem to be part of a pub and therefore closed, especially on Sundays. I

made several unsuccessful passes at getting a sandwich in my hotel dining room. The ingredients were there, I knew, for afternoon tea in the lounge brought forth all sorts of sandwiches.

On my final attempt at a sandwich in the dining room, I resolved to get one and no substitutions. "I know exactly what I want," I told the waiter. "Some thinly sliced white bread, some butter, and some sliced white meat of chicken. I am going to make a sandwich." The waiter looked at me worriedly. He asked me to repeat the order. I did so. But it was as if I had spoken unintelligibly or in some foreign tongue. He excused himself and sought out the headwaiter.

I could see them looking at me somewhat nervously as they talked, and a moment later the headwaiter — a portly, serious old man whose tail coat reached almost to the carpet —

came to my table. He took the play away from me immediately; in fact, I never had a chance to utter again the word sandwich.

"Good evening, sir," said the headwaiter. "It happens that we have a very fine *suprême* of chicken this evening, and I hope you will allow me to show it to you." He bowed and was off to the cold buffet before I could say anything. Shortly afterward, the headwaiter and the waiter reappeared at my table with what I believe is called a "trolley" — an impressive serving table of polished metal, on wheels. Two large silver platters were on the trolley; one contained an arrangement of individual ramekins filled with a pink substance, handsomely decorated; the other displayed a dozen or more *suprêmes de volaille Jeannette* — uncommonly large oval cuts of white meat, boned, on a thick slice of *pâté de foie gras*, the whole en-

cased in a yellow glaze, surrounded by a bed of microscopically small cubes of pink aspic. "This is the chicken," said the headwaiter, "and I am sure you would find it enjoyable."

I realized when I first saw the platter that I was beaten. It was as good-looking and sumptuous an offer of cold chicken as anyone could wish. My appetite took a sharp lift.

"And this," the headwaiter continued, gesturing toward the ramekins, "is a ham mousse. That goes with it." No bread. No sliced chicken. No sandwich. I ate an enormous meal — every bit of the chicken Jeannette, the aspic, and the ham mousse. And with them I ate a hard roll.

At afternoon tea the next day, the trolleys were loaded, as usual, with sandwiches — cucumber, chicken, egg, cheese, beef, ham, and tongue. A time and place for everything.

CHARLES W. MORTON

LETTER TO POSTERITY

by H. F. ELLIS

H. F. ELLIS is a Londoner whose light prose has frequently appeared in the *Atlantic*. He is the author, also, of an extraordinarily funny book, *The Vexations of A. J. Wentworth*.

PEOPLE are always writing letters to the above address, no stamp being required for one thing. They are also attracted by the idea of giving helpful advice to those who are in no position as yet to answer back.

I am joining the ranks of these letter-writers for worthier reasons, hoping this will catch the eye of readers round about the year 20,000. What I want to say is that if, while excavating the ruins on the site of what used to be called London, anyone should come across the skeleton of a man in middle life facing west with his knees drawn up and the remains of a ball-point pen beside him, this is not to be taken as evidence of ritual burial customs in the twentieth century.

Archaeologists, unless they have sobered down considerably in the eighteen thousand years or so since these words were written, are a little bit apt to jump to hasty conclusions. Take this piece in a book I've been reading about the Mesolithic Period (that will be about thirty thousand

years back, from the point of view of you gentlemen I'm writing to), where it says: "The presence of a bone harpoon in the grave shows that these Maglemosians eked out a precarious living by spearing fish." Does it? How do I know the relatives didn't just chuck the harpoon in along with



the remains, because they were tired of having such a useless contrivance slung above the fireplace?

Do you see what I am getting at, at all? I'm just asking for a little ordinary caution when my turn comes to be dug up. The last thing I want is to be exhibited by you Posterity boys as "Knightsbridge Man." Thought to represent a wave of ball-point pen culture that swept across

Northern Europe and America during the Second Millennium."

What makes me particularly nervous just now is that our era happens to be threatened by the possibility of a sudden overwhelming catastrophe. (Never mind what sort of catastrophe. If your archaeologists like to deduce, from traces of rheumatism in my joints, that the polar icecap began to advance again in my time and crept southwards rather faster than I could, so much the better for the reputation of the civilization my skeleton has the honor to represent.) The point is that when a man is suddenly overwhelmed by a catastrophe he has little or no time to arrange himself for later excavation, or even to get rid of articles with which he would, on the whole, prefer not to be seen dead. Please bear these facts in mind when writing out the label for my glass case.

This anxiety neurosis¹ of mine came to a head the other day when I happened to be lying on the floor of my study facing west with my knees drawn up and a ball-point pen beside me. Suppose, I couldn't help saying to myself, this catastrophe were to

¹ *Anxiety neurosis*: a thing we used to have in my time, which may be extinct in yours — though in that case it beats me what you can find to talk about.

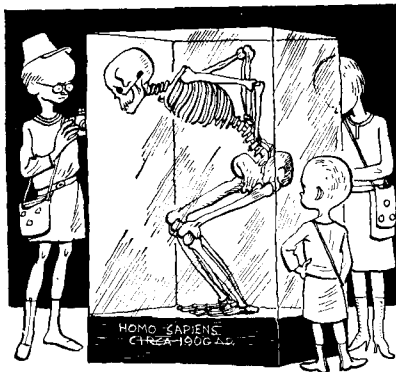
be loosed off *now* and I just stayed here undisturbed for twenty thousand years, what kind of weird notions would Posterity fake up about me? And there have been other occasions, since then, when I've found myself in postures that would be meat and drink to archaeologists, if unluckily perpetuated. So it does seem to me worth while to try, quite briefly, to eradicate one or two possible misconceptions that may arise.

Here are some of the pen portraits of myself I particularly fear.

1. SQUATTING MAN. Circa 2000. *One of a number of prehistoric figures found in the typical "squatting" position, with hands held out before the chest in a gesture of supplication. The shreds of wood and traces of fused glass originally associated with the figure indicate the presence of the customary pagan altar. The present example is unique in that the head is turned completely round on the shoulders, while the right hand clasps a short knife or dagger. The expression of rage or terror on the beautifully preserved features supports the belief that this steam-age Briton was attacked from behind while engaged in some sacrificial rite.*

Wrong. I had the knife in my hand simply because I happened to be cutting cake when somebody said the focus needed sharpening. The head is rotated on the shoulders because that was the normal position of prehistoric man when simultaneously twiddling knobs,² asking "Is that better?", and getting the repeated answer "No, worse." The expression is not one of terror.

2 SLAVERY IN THE 2ND MILLENNIUM. *The arched spine of this specimen, and the position in which the bones*



of the forearms were found, shed a grim light on the treatment of malefactors at this epoch. It is evident that the wrists

² Twiddling knobs. It is impossible to convey the significance of this rite to Posterity in the course of a short footnote.

were forced brutally together behind the back, dragged upwards until the whole body was arched over by the strain, and there secured with thongs of leather, traces of which can still be seen on the floor of the case. In all probability we have here the pitiful remains of a household slave tortured for some peccadillo.

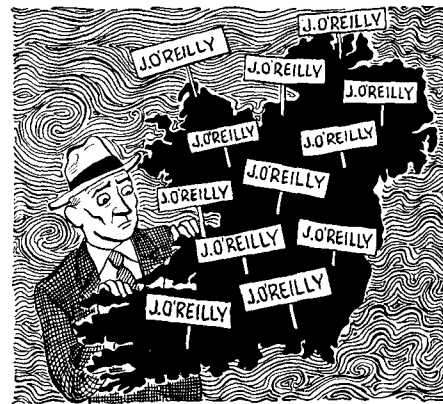
I very much resent this. If Posterity is so ignorant of the modes of dress adopted by its ancestors as to be incapable of recognizing the characteristic attitude of a man trying to reach up between his shoulder blades in order to get hold of his suspenders at the back, then Posterity will do well not to indulge in stupid and insulting guesses.

3. BURIAL OF A HUNTER. *Probably a man of rank; perhaps a local chieftain. The precise purpose of the metal rod, bent or "angled" at the extremity, which is clasped in the outstretched right hand has yet to be determined. But the tense, streamlined posture of the skeleton — knees bent, left leg well to the rear, and head poking forward — irresistibly suggests the act of stalking (compare the reconstruction "Buffalo outnumbered by Anglo-Indians" in Gallery 19) and proves that ritual occupational burial was a widespread practice at this time.*

It proves nothing of the kind. Clearly, I simply had the misfortune to be overwhelmed by a sudden catastrophe while judging the line of a putt. Either that or I was raking out the kitchen boiler. Posterity really must rid itself of the notion that we men of the twentieth century engaged in barbaric ceremonial rites.

It would be easy to multiply instances. But at present I only wish to add that when a man (engaged perhaps in writing a letter to Posterity) is sitting at his desk with his feet on the blotter and suddenly raises both clenched fists in the air, he is apt to fall clean over backwards; and my experience shows that when this happens he is as likely to land with his knees drawn up as not. Whether he finishes up facing west is a matter that has not, for him, any ritual significance whatever.

If it be asked why a man so engaged should raise both fists in the air, it must be explained that the ball-point pen, erroneously thought to be characteristic of this era, had one peculiarly prehistoric habit: it would work beautifully for weeks and then, without warning of any kind, suddenly dry up altogether when the writer was in mid —



ARE YOU THE O'REILLY?

by KEN BERNHARDT

A New Yorker who was graduated in 1949 from the University of Missouri, KEN BERNHARDT spent three years as a free-lance writer traveling in Western Europe. He is now engaged in advertising in the chemical industry.

WHEN Stanley found Livingstone in Central Africa it was considered quite a coup. But when you think about it, how many people named Livingstone were living in Central Africa in 1871? When it comes to finding the haystack that passed through the needle's eye, let me tell you about the time that I tracked down my long-lost Uncle John O'Reilly in the wilds of Northern Ireland.

This much I knew about my quarry: he was my late grandmother's eighty-year-old brother, the only one of the clan to stay in Ireland when the potatoes gave out. Since they had no addresses in my grandmother's day, all she could ever tell us was that the family lived on a farm near a town named Enniskillen.

I found the town all right, and a pretty place it was, with a narrow, crooked main street that wandered in one end of the town and out the other. It was a sunny Monday morning when I arrived and I sauntered along the street thinking, 'This will be easy; all I do is ask who knows old John O'Reilly and how do I get to his farm.'

"John O'Reilly!" said the first person I asked, a pub keeper who was spending a quiet morning behind his bar fishing corks out of empty Guinness bottles with a loop of string. He set his jowls to laughing. "Yer lookin' for John O'Reilly?"

I convinced him I was indeed looking for one John O'Reilly who lived on a farm somewhere near the town.

"But, lad, 'tis O'Reilly country yer in," he said. "Half the folk in Ennis-killen are named O'Reilly, and half of *them* are John." It turned out he was a McCaffery himself, but had three O'Reilly cousins, two Johns and a Sean—a Sean being the same thing as a John, only in Gaelic. When he started listing all the O'Reillys he knew personally (that's not to mention what you might call customers, he said) I began to realize what I was up against.

But the good publican was obliging if not optimistic. He made up a list of the twenty-five O'Reillys most likely to belong to me, together with brief directions on how to get to each of the farms in question, and sent me on my way. Armed with my list, my trusty two-shilling map of County Fermanagh, and a passing acquaintance with the native language, I pushed out into the countryside.

Well, it was up hill and down dale, jump the fence and wade the bog, all the way. Whenever I found one of the O'Reillys on my list I'd go into my story: My grandmother's name was Ellen; she was an O'Reilly by way of O'Casey; her brothers were Owen, James, and John; she remembered there was a litter of redheaded O'Donnells living a duck's pace the other side of the O'Reilly barn, et cetera and begorrah.

They were all very kind about it. They'd brush off the hordes of little children from around my legs, pull me up to the fire, draw off some tea from the ever-bubbling kettle, and we'd start going back and forth over a hundred years of relatives.

Sometimes I came pretty close, but always a name or a place would turn up that would throw the whole thing out. Finally, the third day out, as I was leaving one place, I happened to mention that my grandmother had once worked for an *English* family and that she had been quite fond of them.

"I'm thinkin' she must belong to the likes of Willie O'Reilly," said the woman with a knowing look to her husband.

"Aye, she's one of Willie's for certain," he said, and they poured an extra cup of tea down me and then sent me off across the valley to see Willie.

Willie O'Reilly and a big red-boned woman who answered the description of his wife were out in the fields spading up potatoes when I found them. I started in on my story. Willie kept

ACCENT ON LIVING



Brightens Things Up!

The brightest note in Scotch Whisky is that the quality and character of Black & White never change. That's why it's America's favorite!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF



THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



on digging potatoes without so much as looking up, but the woman listened very attentively, making me go over each part, nodding her head all the while. When I'd been over the whole thing twice she kicked Willie, who was still throwing up potatoes with his spade.

"The man wants to talk to ye, Willie," she said, fetching him a good one in the leg.

Willie stared at me with his mouth open. He turned to his wife.

"What's he want to talk about?" he asked.

"He's lookin' for his grandmother, ye idiot!"

"Well, what's he askin' me for, I ain't seen her!" he said, and went back to his spading.

I talked a while more with the woman and it turned out we weren't related at all. It was a great relief to me, and from Willie's attitude I'd say he felt the same way.

As I was leaving, Mrs. Willie told me I might try the O'Reilly who lived a few farms over, that an old John lived there. I still had an hour to dusk, so I rolled my trousers up a little higher and splashed my way a good nautical mile further.

They say that just before a sourdough makes his first big strike or a big game hunter bags his first lion, he gets a strange premonition of what's to come. But as I sloshed up to the low, whitewashed house half hidden by a hedge fifteen feet high, the only feeling I had was a conviction that my feet were slowly but very surely becoming webbed.

There was a spry old man feeding some chickens who were up to their elbows in the soupy ground. I told him what I was about and he invited me inside. He presented his daughter Margaret, a straightforward woman in her thirties, and as many of his grandchildren as he could find at the moment. The only other member of

the family present was a big sheep dog, who introduced himself by flopping down on my feet.

"The divil in ye for a big lummo, Dog!" cried Margaret, giving him a healthy boot that budged him just enough for me to get my shoes free.

We pulled up to the fire and Margaret passed around what must have been my dozenth cup of tea for the day. I began going through my pedigree, and was brought up short as soon as I started. It seemed that the old man never had a sister named Ellen.

Well, I thought, that's another cup of tea donated to the cause. By this time I was running low on O'Reillys, so I asked him if he had any others to suggest. I told him some of the facts in the case and, funny thing, he recognized the names I mentioned and the people and places my grandmother had told me about. He even had two brothers named Owen and James, and vaguely remembered some redheaded O'Donnells who lived the other side of the barn some sixty years ago.

"But one thing I

know, I never had a sister named Ellen in me whole life," he said.

There it was, the most important thing, and we couldn't get around it.

"Ach, 'tis a shame," Margaret said. "You comin' all the long way and we not able to help ye out by bein' related. I never saw Aunt Nelly, but she'd be glad to be Ellen I'm sure, if . . ."

"Aunt Nelly!" I said. "But that's the same as Ellen. Nelly was what her old friends from Ireland always called her!"

And all of a sudden I had relatives. The hollering and backslapping that followed were worth all the tea and bogtrotting I'd gone through. Even the children got into the act, one banging me in the leg with an empty bucket and his brother giving the dog another kick by way of celebration.

"Ach, 'tis Aunt Nelly's boy himself!" crowed Margaret in the midst of fixing more tea. "Sure, I'd know ye the minute I saw ye!"

Which wasn't exactly the truth, but it certainly beats the "Dr. Livingstone, I presume" caper all hollow.



PURELY NOMINAL

by IRENE ELMER

"Lists of English surnames with strange pronunciations often appear in the newspapers, e.g., *Chumly* for Cholmondelay. . . . Some other curious examples follow: . . . *Barson* — Barfreeston . . . *Lim* — Lympne . . . *Strawn* — Strachan . . . *Fooks* — Ffoulkes." H. L. MENCKEN, *The American Language*, Supplement Two

THE ambition of Theodore Barfreeston
Was to be a brave scout like Kit Carfreeston;
But his campfire one night
Set some buildings alight,
And they had him arrested for arfreeston.

A sheltered young lady named Lympne
Was considered both sober and prympne
Till she bought a pet snake,
Dyed her hair Crimson Lake,
And drank Schnapps, in response to a whympne.

The Lady Evangeline Strachan
Held a charity ball on the lachan.
It was judged a success
By the visiting press,
For none of the guests left till dachan.

A former gang leader named Ffoulkes
Made a fortune in paper-bound bboulkes
Such as "Murder, Self-Taught"
And "How Not to Get Caught"
Which sold well among young would-be ceroulkes.



by JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Concerto No. 2 in B Flat; Concerto No. 4 in G (Rudolf Serkin, piano; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5037: 12"). A problem is posed by the conjunction of the second- or third-best Fourth Concerto with a Second Concerto best of all but for a hasty first movement. A suggested solution: hear the Curzon-Knappertsbusch No. 4, to which London wisely devoted two whole sides, and then wait for someone to make a No. 2 to match.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica" (Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1899: 12"). This is the best recorded of all well-played Thirds, if your amplifier has the gain needed to reproduce it; it was taken at rather low level. For both surge and solidity, I prefer the Leinsdorf-Entré, though its sound is less refined; and for interpretative fire the aging Toscanini version still is unmatched.

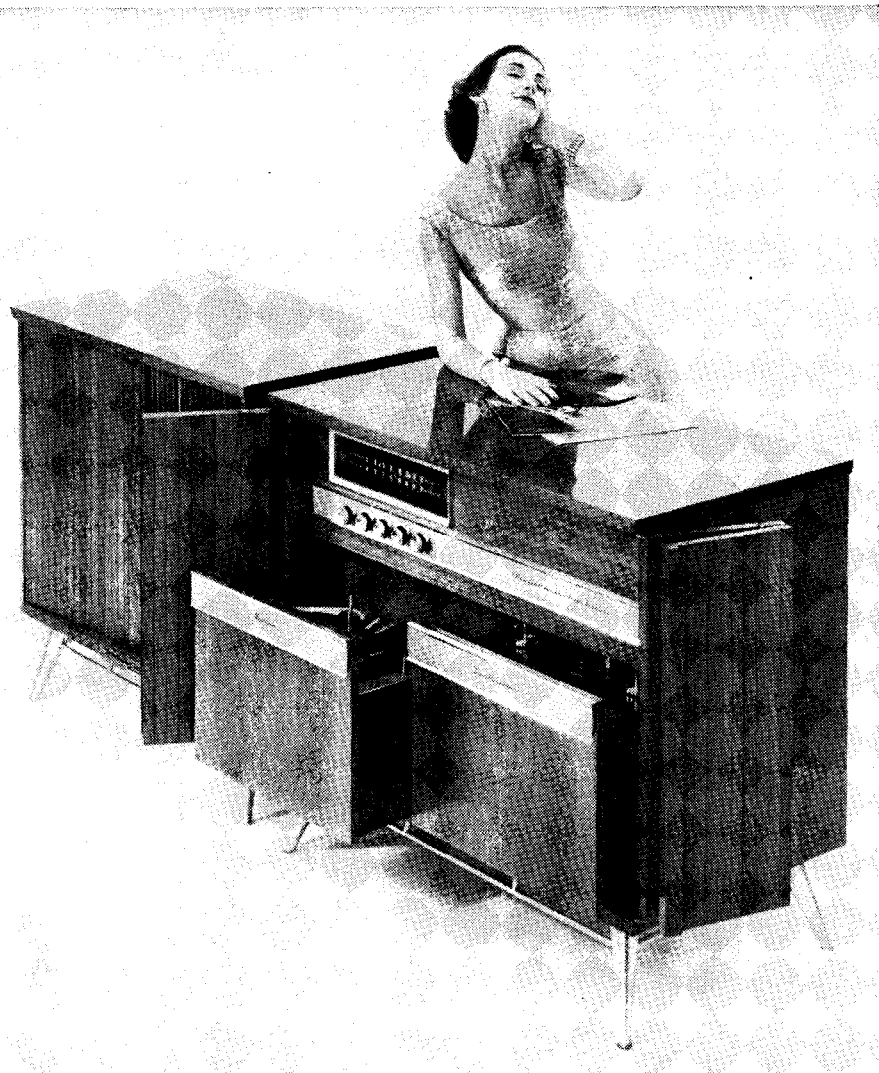
Berlioz: *Symphonie Fantastique* (Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1900: 12"). This should have been a marvel, judging by earlier Berlioz recordings from the same source, but it isn't. The necessary theatric thrust is lacking; neither Munch nor RCA's engineers quite made the grade. Stay with the Ormandy-Columbia version.

Brahms: Violin Concerto (Jascha Heifetz, violin; Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1903: 12"). Probably this supersedes all other versions, even the Oistrakh, without being faultless itself. The flaw is in the proportions: no soloist in the concert hall ever sounded so big, or ever dominated the orchestra so much, as in this record. But the error must be laid to the recording director; all the playing is magnificent.

Britten: *The Turn of the Screw* (Benjamin Britten conducting Jennifer Vyvyan, Peter Pears, David Hem-

ACCENT ON LIVING

Listen—you've never felt music like this...

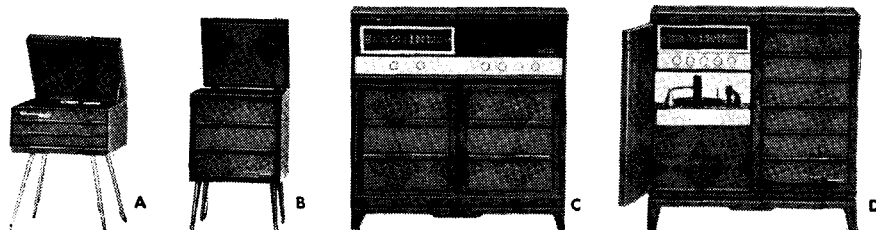


MARK I. Twin-console 3-speed phonograph, FM-AM radio, tape recorder. Natural walnut finish. Also traditional styling in mahogany finish. \$1600

A record spins — and suddenly you're in another world. You relax. Tensions fade — chased by the soaring strings of a symphony orchestra or the throbbing beat of a hot jazz band.

This is music you can *feel* — just like a live performance. For you are listening to a New Orthophonic High Fidelity "Victrola" Phonograph. It brings you *all* the music on the record!

For a rare emotional experience, hear all five of these superb instruments — the finest phonographs of all time — at your RCA Victor dealer's.

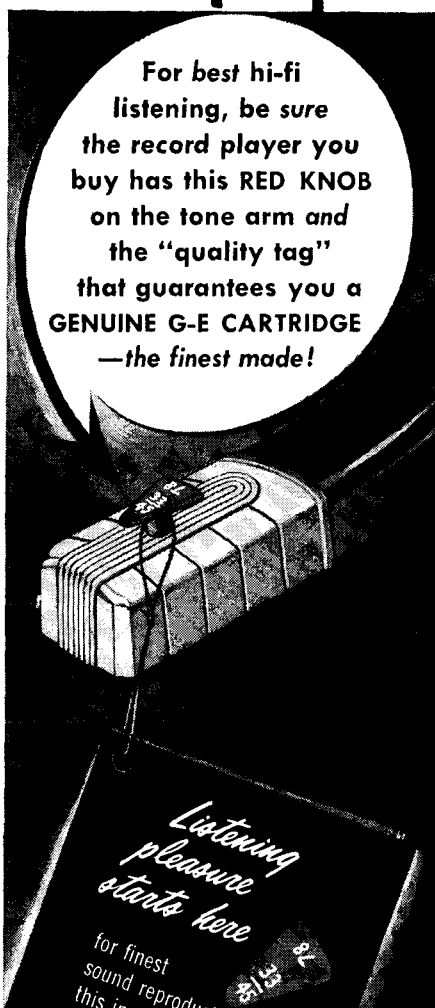


(A) The Mark VI, 3-speed phonograph (6HF5) \$129.95. (Legs optional, extra). (B) The Mark IV, 3-speed phonograph (6HF4) \$169.95. (C) The Mark III, 3-speed phonograph-FM-AM radio (6HF3) \$325. (D) The Mark II, 3-speed phonograph-FM-AM radio (6HF2) \$650. All models in mahogany finish; light rift oak finish slightly higher.

RCA VICTOR
Trims® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
 CAMDEN 8, N. J.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised list prices shown, subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in far West and South.

Buying a Hi-Fi record player?



To be certain of tone-perfect listening pleasure from the record player you buy, look for the *red knob* that identifies the *genuine G-E Cartridge*. It's your assurance that the instrument you buy has the highest quality pickup made—used by leading manufacturers and broadcast stations.

Why a G-E Cartridge?

Because only a fine cartridge and stylus can reproduce *all* the quality originally recorded on your records. A genuine G-E Cartridge and Stylus positively brings you *all* the satisfying highs and lows, the *full* musical dimensions you seek in record listening. What's more, the G-E Cartridge gives you the same professional quality favored by foremost broadcast stations.

Look for this Quality Tag!

Remember—it's your *privilege* to insist on the very best. Insist on a G-E Cartridge in any record player you buy. Look for the G-E *red knob*—look for the G-E Quality Tag—obtain the finest record enjoyment.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

mings, Olive Dyer, Arda Mandikian, other soloists, English Opera Group Orchestra; London XLL-1207/8: two 12"). Perhaps the first great psychological-supernatural-suspense story was Henry James's *Turn of the Screw*. It had a fine plot, which Mr. James almost smothered with words. Mr. Britten and librettist Myfanwy Piper have retrieved it and turned it into something hair-raising, which you must give to your most intelligent friends for Christmas. Anyone will enjoy it, but brains are required for true, deep, horrified appreciation. It must have been almost dangerous for Mr. Britten to immerse himself in the music for this; I know the results spoiled my sleep for a night. The recording has a ghastly clarity, and I suspect the whole thing of being a masterpiece.

Britten: *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* with Tchaikovsky: *Nutcracker Suite* (Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Deems Taylor, narrator; Mercury MG-50055: 12").

Britten: *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* with Ginastera, Alberto: *Variaciones Concertantes* (Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG-50047: 12"). Nearly everyone has been recording Benjamin Britten's instructive sonic showpiece, *The Young Person's Guide*, but Mercury is the first to do it twofold: in the talk version with Deems Taylor, and in the concert version with no narrator. In either record you get sonic reproduction that can be described literally and truthfully as exciting. Deems has tailored his narrative (for both the *YPG* and the *Nutcracker*) into something slightly too pedagogic for me, though others may relish it. On the reverse of the second version, Mercury presents Señor Ginastera, who would seem to be Argentina's answer to Reinhold Glière. No slur intended; he may not be Villa-Lobos, but the music is fetching and the reproduction resplendent.

Mozart: *Così Fan Tutte* (Herbert von Karajan conducting Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nan Merriman, Leopold Simoneau, Rolando Panerai, Lisa Otto, Sesto Bruscantini; Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; Angel 3522-C: three 12"). If you wish to savor the somewhat crudely funny aspects of the plot of this mixed-couples *opera buffa*, buy the Columbia English-language version (and very jolly it is, too). The Karajan version

Re-issued by popular demand

HANS ZINSSER'S

"wise and beautiful" autobiography

AS I REMEMBER HIM

"A legacy to his generation from a great doctor, great scientist, great talker and a complete human being."

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

\$5.00 at all bookstores

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

is not very *buffa*, but the incongruously gorgeous ensemble singing with which Mozart topped his operatic hasty pudding is here presented in scintillant glory not soon to be forgotten. Absolutely beautiful.

Mozart: Symphonies No. 25 and No. 28 (Bruno Walter conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia ML-5002: 12"). Here is indication of the bewildering flood of good Mozart we shall have during the 1956 bicentenary. No one of Walter's caliber, so far as I know, ever has played these wholly delightful middle-early symphonies for records. This disk should sell steadily for ten years.

Mozart: Symphonies No. 35, "Haffner," and No. 36, "Linz" (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML-5001: 12"). More hardened critics may manage to cavil at the unusually slow tempos of Sir Thomas's third movements in these two marvelous works, but I cannot achieve even that much detachment. The performances as a whole simply take me in charge, from first note to last; everything seems unarguably right and irresistibly moving. I suppose this is the evidence of genius in action. At any rate, it is exalting. The recorded sound is vivid and fresh.

Mozart: Violin Concertos No. 2 and No. 5 (Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Bernhard Paumgartner conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Epic LC-3157: 12"). Grumiaux, though a marvelous technician, does not outplay Heifetz in the Fifth ("Turkish") concerto, but he is much better recorded. In the lovely, seldom-played Second, he is without a shadow of competition, making the record a bargain.

Puccini: Madama Butterfly (Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducting Victoria de los Angeles, Giuseppe di Stefano, Tito Gobbi, other soloists, Orchestra and Chorus of Rome Opera House; RCA Victor LM-6121: three 12"). Most beautiful in sound, and in general most handsomely sung of recorded *Butterfly*'s, this still is not the most convincing, though it does enthral the ear. One keeps appreciating Miss de los Angeles's lovely liquid voice instead of apprehending Cio-Cio-San's horrid fate. All the principals seem too well-bred for tragedy, especially if it is (and it is) a little farfetched. The more new *Butterfly*'s I hear, the more I like the older Cetra version, with Clara Petrella.

Ravel: Daphnis and Chloë

ACCENT ON LIVING

FINEST PERFORMANCE ...SMARTEST DESIGN with Altec Lansing!



Altec's 27 high fidelity units assure matchless quality in every phase of your home music system from beginning to end. Every Altec product is engineered to the most exacting standards and designer-matched with other Altec components for maximum performance.

Altec establishes a new standard of smart design in beautifully styled units that complement each other and blend perfectly with any decor, any combination of colors, any furniture styling. In performance and in beauty, Altec is the finest in High Fidelity equipment. Complete Altec home music systems range in price from \$324 to \$1180.

The units shown above comprise a typical Altec home music system of finest design and outstanding performance at moderate cost of \$324.

SPECIFICATIONS AND INDIVIDUAL PRICES ON THE ABOVE EQUIPMENT:

MELODIST RECORD REPRODUCER 3 speed changer, magnetic pickup, 10 watt amplifier . . . \$225.

MELODIST SPEAKER SYSTEM 20 watts, 70 to 22,000 cycles . . . \$99.

These pieces available in blond or mahogany finish.

ALTEC FIDELITY IS HIGHEST FIDELITY

See your ALTEC dealer or write Dept. 11B

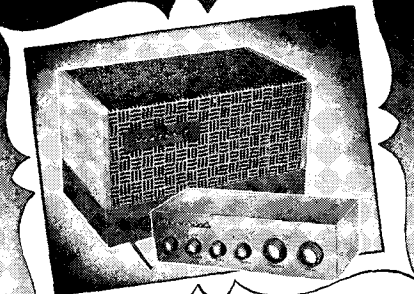


reproducers • loudspeakers • amplifiers • preamplifiers • tuners • enclosures

9356 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.
161 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N.Y.

HEATHKIT Williamson Type

High Fidelity



AMPLIFIER KITS

Build your own Williamson-Type Hi-Fi Amplifier and Preamplifier—the choice of audio-wise music lovers. Virtually distortionless output, full frequency response and full power reserve. Choose from three versions of this proven circuit, all in kit form. Comprehensive construction books anticipate your every question and assure success, even for the most nontechnical enthusiast.

Experience the emotional impact of true timbre response, and brilliant "symphony hall" tone quality. The sheer magnificence of living music can be at your fingertips with these fine instruments.

AVAILABLE IN THESE KIT MODELS

W-5M Williamson Amplifier and power supply on single chassis. Special Peerless output transformer, KT-66 tubes, attractive chassis cover. Shpg. Wt. 31 lbs. Express only..... **59.75**

W-4M Williamson Amplifier and power supply on single chassis. Chicago "super-range" output transformer. Shpg. Wt. 28 lbs. Express only..... **39.75**

W-3M Williamson Amplifier and power supply on separate chassis. Aerosound "ultra-linear" output transformer. Shpg. Wt. 29 lbs. Express only..... **49.75**

WA-P2 Preamplifier control unit required for all amplifiers above. Five inputs, each with separate control, 4 position turnover and roll-off switches, separate bass and treble tone controls. Beautiful gold finish. Shpg. Wt. 7 lbs..... **19.75**

Complete Schematics and Technical Specifications Upon Request. Write For 1955 Heathkit Catalog

HEATH COMPANY
BENTON HARBOR 6, MICHIGAN

free! ALLIED'S SPECIAL 100-PAGE HI-FI CATALOG



Your guide to an easy understanding of Hi-Fi—plus the world's largest selection of Hi-Fi systems and components

Send for it

This leading 100-page book shows you how to select a Hi-Fi music system at lowest cost. Tells you what to look for in each unit; shows many handsome, practical installation ideas. Offers you the world's largest selection of complete systems and individual units from which to make your money-saving choice. To understand Hi-Fi, to own the best for less, you'll want this invaluable catalog. It's FREE—write for your copy today.

ALLIED RADIO



America's Hi-Fi Center

ALLIED RADIO CORP., Dept. G-115
100 N. Western Ave., Chicago 80, Ill.

☐ Send FREE High Fidelity Catalog

Name _____

Address _____

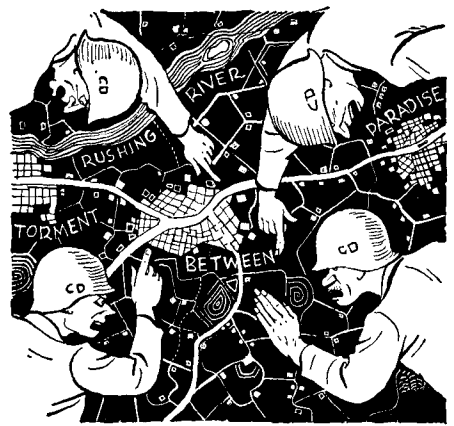
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra and New England Conservatory Chorus; RCA Victor LM-1893: 12"). Elaborately album-bound, with fine notes by John N. Burk, this third complete *Daphnis* falls aurally between the fine, aging performance by Ansermet (London) and the new, stiffer, ultra-hi-fi version by Dorati (Mercury). Munch has the best orchestra, the second-best engineering, and the second-best musical realization. You can't have everything. But you can't go far wrong, either, choosing among this splendid trio. Any is far more than satisfactory.

Tchaikovsky: The Swan Lake, Acts II and III (Leopold Stokowski conducting members of the NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1894: 12"). Money being as scarce as it is, and Roger Désormière's inspired "long suite" having been recorded without any bass at all (for Capitol, in 1950), I think this would be my choice of *Swan Lake's*. It is richer, sweeter listening than either of the complete versions, and it has all the parts I want.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6, "Pathétique" (Pierre Monteux conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1901: 12"). The twentieth recorded version of this work, and (I almost hate to say so) somewhat momentous. For one thing, I am sure this is the best recorded realization of the matchless BSO: its tone is lustrously unmistakable from the opening onward. For another, I fear this is the best modern recorded performance of the symphony, clearly shading even the magnificent Ormandy-Philadelphia job for Columbia, so long so secure. *Sic transit*.

The Sounds and Music of the RCA Electronic Music Synthesizer (RCA E.M.S., with various engineers at the keyboard; RCA Victor LM-1922: 12"). RCA's famous Dr. Harry F. Olson was presiding spirit at the creation of the Synthesizer, which is just what it sounds like: a machine that will synthesize tones to any specification punched out on a computer-like keyboard. Here the hard-working engineers have imitated (among other things) a piano playing *Nola*, a harpsichord playing *Fugue No. 2* from *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, and a woman singing "Sweet and Low." All are unreal and eerie (albeit impressive as technological feats), but the last mentioned is positively spooky.



CIVIL DEFENSE IN BETWEEN

by DAVID HUNT

DAVID HUNT was graduated in 1952 from the University of Manitoba. He now lives in Winnipeg, where he is a feature writer for the Winnipeg Tribune.

WE in Between have always been proud of our interest in the international situation. When an atomic bomb attack on the country first appeared imminent each person in the village rose to do his bit.

Immediately a committee was formed to study just what could be done about Between. On Friday action was expected to follow "some-time in the next year." But by Saturday night at about midnight three distinct groups had drawn up ranks in Between—all violently opposed to each other.

That the village was of strategic importance was universally agreed. Trying to decide its primary importance, however, was quite another matter. Government officials far from the scene objected that at best Between could be only a minor target for enemy bombers. Loyal residents refused to accept this; it was obviously a continuation of the regular government policy of indifference to Between.

The three most popular civil defense proposals for the village were essentially these:—

The Elevator Plan. Camouflage the grain elevator to resemble that in Paradise twenty miles to the east.

The Railway Plan. Sink the rail line underground ten miles on either side of the village so that Between could be confused more easily with Paradise or the settlement fifteen miles west, Torment.

The Sack Plan. Add sixty head of cattle, an extra barn, a new well, new

buildings, and waterworks to the Sack farm on the outskirts of the village to make it a less distinctive landmark. (Proposed by Julius Sack, member of council.)

Residents of course have since come up with other plans that have been briefly considered: diversion of Rushing River thirty miles through the village, federal sponsorship of housing for families earning less than \$6000 a year, a superhighway to Between bypassing both Torment and Paradise, greatly increased baby bonuses to encourage population increase and offset any human loss in event of an attack, a new category of half-payments to persons entertaining thoughts of parenthood, and construction of a new hotel.

Unfortunately government indifference has not yet been overcome. Without official encouragement the civil defense issue, which was once red-hot, now glows only in the minds of a few.

Recently, however, Julius Sack was appointed director for the area and may bring about some interesting changes in Between in the near future.

EXERCISE IN PESSIMISM

by SAMUEL YELLEN

WHAT rhymes with hope?
Not dawn, not dream,
Not star, nor gleam,
But grope and dope,
And mope and rope:
That rhymes with hope.

What rhymes with wish?
Not love, not health,
Not fame, nor wealth,
But squish and swish,
Poor fish and pish:
That rhymes with wish.

What rhymes with life?
Not joy, not long,
Not wine, nor song,
But fife and knife,
And strife with wife:
That rhymes with life.

And so for truth,
The rhyme is tooth;
And for tomorrow,
The rhyme is sorrow.
Then lose not your season
Seeking reason,
Nor waste your time
To find a rhyme.

ACCENT ON LIVING

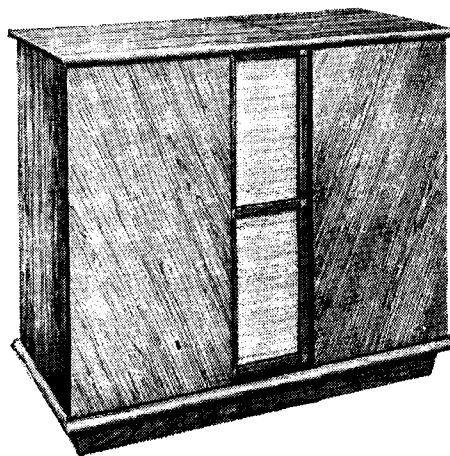
Are you hearing only a fraction of the Pinza you pay for?



Ezio Pinza currently stars in the Broadway musical hit "Fanny"

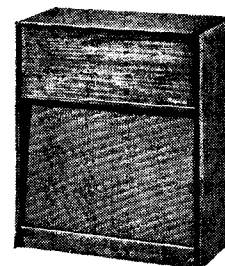
Anyone can bring Ezio Pinza's voice home in an envelope. But to fill your home with all its splendor is another thing entirely. Ordinary phonographs release just a fraction of it. But only a Magnavox High

Fidelity instrument reproduces his magnificent basso exactly as it rings through the Majestic Theatre.



Berkshire High Fidelity AM and FM radio, combined with a 3-speed precision phonograph. Mahogany, blond, ebony or cherry cabinet, **\$595.00**

Magnasonic 210 Full console phonograph tone at a table model price. In mahogany finish, **\$149.50**



The Magnificent
Magnavox

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY, FORT WAYNE 4, INDIANA

Magnavox High Fidelity instruments range from \$99.50 to \$850.00

Prices subject to change without notice

Pleasures and Places



AIR TRAVEL WITH STOPOVERS. II

by Mitchell Goodman

By means of the multi-stopover plan, the lover of big city contrasts can have a handful or a bucketful all the way across Europe, north and south, and deep into the Near East, if time allows.

Taken by air, Europe is much like New England taken by road. From Paris, for instance, flying the Viscount, it is 1 hour 15 minutes to London; 2 hours 35 minutes to Hamburg; 1 hour 15 minutes to Geneva; 2 hours to Nice; 2 hours 50 minutes to Madrid; 3 hours 25 minutes to Rome; 3 hours 35 minutes to Vienna; 4 hours to Casablanca. From London to Rome is 3½ hours. From Rome to Athens is 2½.

Given these foreshortenings of time, the energetic traveler can, for the price of a ticket to his furthest destination, choose from dozens of cities all over Europe, the Near East, and

Africa, and throw in a number of islands as well. He can even, for the same round-trip fare, make a circle — outbound, for example, by way of Paris and Central Europe; homeward-bound by way of the Mediterranean and the Azores. KLM puts it this way: "Any airTRIP to Europe, Africa, Asia, or Australia can be converted into an airCRUISE at no increase in travel cost." BOAC advertises 312 stopover cities on six continents.

Examples of what is possible in Europe: TWA offers a circular round-trip to Cairo (\$773) that includes stops in Europe, the Near East, and Africa — among them Dublin, London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Munich, Milan, Pisa, Rome, Athens, Istanbul, Rhodes, Beirut, Damascus, Jerusalem, Cairo, Algiers, Lisbon, the

Azores, and New York. This itinerary, or ten different variations of it, can also be had on five or six other airlines — or by combining the connecting routes of several lines.

Even on the relatively short run to Paris, variations are possible. Pan American, for example, flies to Paris by way of Shannon, Dublin, London, Amsterdam, and Brussels, and then back through Lisbon, the Azores, and Bermuda (for a rest perhaps?). The range and diversity of a stopover tour are limited only by the willingness of the traveler to keep moving. Along all these many routes the airlines stand ready, at each stop, to arrange accommodations, sightseeing, car rental, and other matters.

City, skis, and beaches

1. Milan — even aside from its opera, cafés, and art museums — is perhaps the most vital city in Europe today, a focal point of work in the arts, design, and music. It is, as the Italians say, the *sveltissima* city of Italy (and *svelta* means much more than just svelte). From Milan (a wintry city) one can jump in an hour

or two to the stylish and warm Italian Riviera or to some of the best ski resorts in the Alps.

2. Barcelona, on hills looking down to the Mediterranean, is the largest and probably the most interesting city in Spain (superlative bullfighting, seafood, museums, cathedrals, cafés)—mild in winter. Nearby is the unspoiled Costa Brava, on the Spanish Riviera, where many small inns are known for their cuisine and comfort. Eighty miles away, at La Molina in the Pyrenees, there is good skiing (four lifts).

3. The warmest wintering place in Europe is Malaga, with swimming possible at most times through the winter.

4. In Lebanon (3 hours by air from Istanbul), a wonderfully rich Mediterranean country (the Biblical "land of milk and honey"), Beirut and the very fine beaches are within an hour of the superb winter resort at Cedars of Lebanon (10,000 feet)—skiing from January to April. A nicely condensed country this: in an area 120 miles long and 35 miles wide it contains orange and olive groves, banana plantations, ancient hill villages, some of the best Roman ruins, modern cities, Turkish mosques, good hotels (\$8 double), crusaders' forts. It is a place almost unknown to Western travelers. Hospitality is extreme. The season at the resorts like Aley and Bhamdoun is July to October, but the winters are very mild. English is generally understood. A good place to buy brocades, embroideries, rugs, brass, Persian silver. New York to Beirut is \$773, 26 hours. A possible stopover is Damascus (45 minutes away): as old and exotic as it sounds, but cold in winter.

5. Turkey — almost untouched by tourism — combines cosmopolitan centers with beach and winter resorts simultaneously. Larger than Texas, but good local air service brings the south (with a climate comparable to Florida) within reach of Istanbul, where one of the world's most modern hotels stands near the mosques, harems, and castles of the Sultans, and the bazaars. October, November, and December are the best months, but the Anatolian Riviera (Antalya and smaller resorts) is a pleasure throughout the winter. The Turks have a genius for food and hospitality.

6. Sicily — still another semitropical haven where skiers look down from their heights upon sunbathers on the beach. Springtime comes in

SEE BRITAIN FIRST-BY RAIL!

Enjoy the rare beauty of bonnie Scotland... travel swiftly and comfortably by one of our famous "name" trains from London to Scotland, then take your choice of enchanting—and thrifty—tours of the Lochs and Highlands by rail, motor coach and ship.

SAVE with Thrift Tour Tickets!

1,000 miles of "Go-as-you-please" rail travel in Britain.

\$20 3rd CLASS **ONLY \$30** 1st CLASS

Good for berths, reservations, all Irish cross-channel services and rail travel in and from Northern Ireland to Dublin. Valid for six months. Not on sale overseas.

CIRCULAR TOUR TICKETS

Another Bargain Feature—10% Savings on Travel throughout Britain and Ireland.

Secure these too, before you leave

Train and cross-channel ship reservations; attractive tours by rail/motor coach/ship.



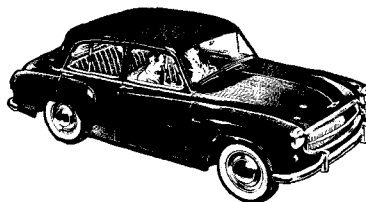
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or British Railways Offices in
New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto.

BRITISH RAILWAYS



For literature, please write Dept. 14
BRITISH RAILWAYS, 9 Rockefeller Plaza,
New York 20, N. Y.

The Highlands The Rhine The Chateaux THE WORKS!



Best way to see everything worth seeing in Europe is by car. Take your own Rootes-made HILLMAN MINX or HUSKY Station Wagon "in your pocket"... via the Rootes Overseas Delivery System. 5 models to choose from — 3 plans for every need and purse. Rootes offers the most service at the least cost. Investigate!

ROOTES
MOTORS INC.

505 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
9830 West Pico Blvd., L. A., Calif.

Gentlemen: Dept. A-11
Please send details of Rootes
Overseas Delivery Plans.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

December or January (oranges and almond blossoms and a million flowers). In the same months (and up to March) there is good skiing on volcanic Aetna and on the hills behind Palermo.

Sicily is indeed the most relaxed and lush of all Italian places, complete with ancient Greek theaters and temples, grand opera (Palermo and Catania) on a high level, lively cities, a wild interior, and the mixed remains of Norman, Moorish, and Spanish occupations. A warm and simple people, mostly poor — but wholly without sourness.

7. North Africa — more beaches and/or offbeat skiing. Climate: like Southern California along the Mediterranean coast. But go south — politics and rebellions permitting. Marrakech is very good in winter, and there are convenient tours through the south of Morocco: Arab palaces and mosques, and the kasbahs of the southern mountains. The Atlantic coast of south Morocco is way off the beaten track, and delightful: Safi, Mazagan, Mogador, Agadir, have magnificent beaches (swimming through the winter), excellent hotels, and there are the colorful Portuguese

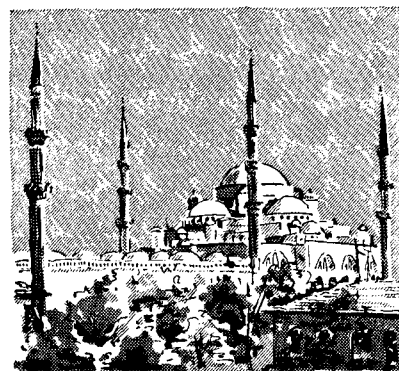
seaports nearby. Also: Azrou, Meknes, and a number of resorts in the mountains beyond Marrakech. There is good skiing in the Atlas Mountains. The Moroccan State Tourist Office has built modern, comfortable, and inexpensive accommodations at all the interesting tourist places. The Arabs of these regions are very proud and very hospitable. The gateway to these places is Casablanca (4 hours from Paris).

Further east, in southern Algeria, is another marvelous winter vacation area: the string of Arab oasis towns well known to some alert Europeans, almost unknown to Americans. Among them are Colomb-Béchar, Timimoun, Adrar, In Salah, El Golea. The climate is dry and warm, there are palm trees and mosques everywhere; the Arab life is undiluted.

There are a number of fashionable hotels, and communications by Air France from Oran and Algiers are very good and fast, the line making a circuit through the most notable of these resorts. Colomb-Béchar for example, is only 1 hour 45 minutes from Oran.

8. Cyprus — 2 hours from Athens

is Nicosia, a stopover on certain BEA routes. The beaches are very good (winter bathing), as are the seaports, especially the old walled town of Famagusta (a product of imperial



Venice, now part Greek, part Turk), where there is an excellent new hotel with its own beach and harbor. Five dollars a day will pay for everything at the best hotels, like the Ledra Palace.

High in the Troodos Mountains the skiing is very good from late December to March, and the lower hills are embellished with many old monasteries and castles. Cabarets, tennis, golf courses. There are more of the great Cedars of Lebanon here than in Lebanon itself. This is, altogether, an island to match Rhodes and Sicily for beauty and variety of vacation possibilities.

9. French Riviera — too cold for swimming, but very pleasantly sheltered and sunny. Only 53 miles from Nice, there is skiing at Auron and Valberg in the Maritime Alps.

Skiing around the world

Pan American, BOAC, and others offer air ski-tours around the world: to the Himalayas, Alps, Dolomites, Hokkaido, as well as to some of the places mentioned above. The tours provide, for instance, for a choice of three weeks at one (or two) of the best Alpine resorts, at an all-inclusive price of \$750, or two weeks elsewhere at \$630. But tours aside, there is plenty of skiing to be had by way of stopovers — and ski equipment can be rented at almost all the resorts. Twenty days — with room, meals, bath, and ski-lift charges, will cost only about \$100 in Austria.

To avoid the crowded slopes, go in the skiing off season, from January 10 to February 6. (Europeans prefer spring skiing with hot sun, but by then most of the snows are mushy.) From Salzburg and its music it is only 2 hours by train to Austria's best

mexico

Picture yourself in the exciting atmosphere of Mexico... enjoying perfect climate... discovering a romantic, colorful country... all at amazingly low cost!

Your travel agent will tell you

THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

New York Chicago Los Angeles San Antonio San Diego Houston New Orleans Miami Toronto

wonderful **MEXICO** has everything!

skiing: Badgastein and Bad Hofgastein. (This might be combined with an evening at the recently reopened Vienna State Opera. The city's old reputation for gaiety is reasserting itself.)

In Spain, besides Barcelona, there is skiing in the mountains near Madrid and 12 miles from Granada in the Sierra Nevada. Facilities have been improved with government support, and hotel with meals runs to \$4 a day. Even Paris and skis can be mixed; there is the new resort at Meribel in the Savoy Alps, 10 hours by train.

The European islands

This is another Europe; sun, ruins, flowers, beaches, hot sun, far from the big cities (but easily reached by air); on the fringe, temperamentally as well as geographically. Serene, untouched by the hand of tourism. Air service to these islands is frequent and good.

Perhaps the most neglected (certainly by Americans) are the Canaries and Madeira, Spanish and Portuguese islands off the African Atlantic coast. Reached by Aquila Airways (4-engine British flying boats) on regular run from Southampton, or from Lisbon. Also by Spanish line from Madrid (5 hours) or Seville. Startlingly beautiful, semitropical volcanic islands, highly civilized, and less expensive (especially the Canaries) than almost any other place in the world. Mountains as high as 12,000 feet, lovely beaches with bathing through the winter.

Majorca, by now too well known, is



best seen in the winter months—spring comes in January. An hour by plane from Barcelona. Visit the nearby, almost untouched islands of Minorca and Iviza, with striking white Moorish architecture.

Then, eastward, to Corsica, over-touristed only around Calvi and Ile Rousse (but accessible only by boat from Marseille in winter); warmer

than the Riviera, a striking mountain-and-sea landscape.

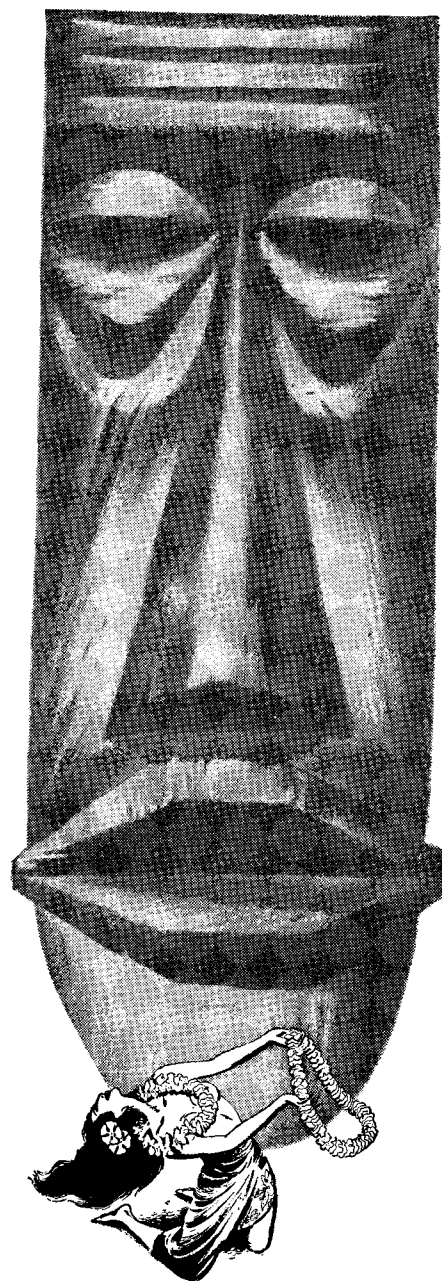
Sardinia (right next to Corsica), an untrodden and highly flavored island where accommodations have recently been much improved, is easily reached by daily service from Rome (1½ hours). See D. H. Lawrence's *Sea and Sardinia*, as good a travel book as there is.

The Aeolian Isles (off Sicily) are primitive and serene. Elba (off the Tuscan coast) is a delightfully pastoral distillation of that rich province, but not as warm in winter as the islands further south.

The Yugoslav coast

The ports and islands of Yugoslavia, above all, are the undiscovered treasure of European travel (the climate, though mild, is not at its best in winter). The Kvarner Riviera, around Opatija, is sheltered by high mountains and has an almost semitropical climate—this and Hvar ("the Yugoslav Madeira") are best in winter, with good hotels. (Camelias, magnolias, bananas, bamboo, and lemons grow on the Kvarner Riviera.) Further south, along the Montenegrin littoral, the road from Budva leads to dozens of lovely little towns like Milocer and St. Stefan and Kotor, a pre-Venetian walled town at the head of a truly magnificent mountain fjord. It is then 4 hours by boat to Dubrovnik, probably the most complete and impressive medieval town in all of Europe, which G. B. Shaw called "the only heaven this earth affords." Inland there are good ski resorts in the mountains of Bosnia (near the fascinating Moslem city of Sarajevo), in Slovenia, and in Macedonia. Yugoslavia—still in the process of re-making itself—is the most spirited country in Europe. Swissair and the Yugoslav airlines provide regular service. Prices are very low: the best hotel in Dubrovnik charges \$6 a day, American plan.

The Greek islands—silver-gray sheen of olives, the smell of dry myrtle and juniper, the unearthly pure light of morning: a paradise of islands, innumerable. Mild through the winter. There is frequent plane service from Athens to the major islands. Rhodes (1½ hours) and Corfu (under 2 hours), two of the largest and most beautiful, have organized resorts, fine hotels, very low prices. Mykonos (10 hours by boat)—windmills, pure white houses, marvelous beaches—one of the most fashionable of the



*the south seas
and south africa
too!..*

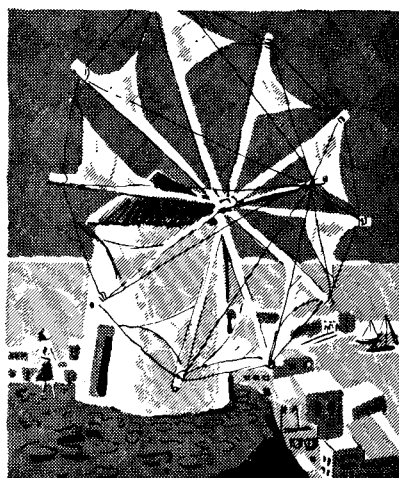
If you yearn to be a globe trotter's globe trotter, fly Qantas to the South Seas, Australia and on across the Indian Ocean to Johannesburg. It's exceptionally fascinating country and you'll see it in admirable comfort and style via Qantas Super Constellations. Ask your travel agent about this or other Qantas flights, First Class or Tourist, across the world to five continents.

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE



QANTAS

Aegean islands, with a new hotel; very quiet in winter. Crete (one hour by air) — ruins of the great Minoan civilization. Delos (an hour by air



from Mykonos) with its excavated early Greek city. There are hundreds more, some of them touched by the 5-day Aegean cruise from Piraeus run by the National Tourist Organization. Athens itself — the air cross-roads from Europe to Egypt, East Africa, the Near East, and Asia — is small enough to be seen in a day or two, or on the way to the islands. Add Sicily and Cyprus, to complete this island world on the edges of Europe. Taken alone or in bunches, they are almost as far away from it all as the islands of the South Seas.

Other directions — briefly

The Far East — here again there is very extensive (and intensive) air coverage. The comfortable new vibration-free Turbo Constellations of Northwest Airlines have exclusive authorization to fly the short Great Circle Route to Japan, and then on to Manila and Hong Kong, cutting the New York-Tokyo distance by 1197 miles (compared with the southern route through Honolulu). The fare on both routes is \$1076 round trip. For \$196 per person the Japan Travel Bureau will tailor-make an 8-day tour (on an independent basis) that includes hotel and meals, and an English-speaking guide for local trips. Japan is cold in winter.

By way of Honolulu and the Fiji Islands, Australia is 35 hours from San Francisco (less by more direct routes). Hotels are not usually luxurious, but many travelers feel compensated by the wild, exotic landscapes and the frontier character of the Australian outback, and by the sheer novelty of

the place. The country is larger than the United States, but domestic air service is excellent. Much of Australia resembles the life of nineteenth-century America, with the emphasis on hunting and fishing and other outdoor recreations.

Tasman Airways (of New Zealand) operates tours through the South Sea islands — a round trip of 4626 miles in 4½ days (\$265) that includes Tahiti and Samoa. From the Fijis there is good service to New Zealand, another outdoor paradise; fabulous vegetation, fjords like Norway's, great mountains and glaciers, wonderful hunting and fishing (deer are considered a pest, and a bounty is paid for them); the music, dance, and ceremonies of the indigenous Maori. *Note:* these winter months are summertime down under. Here again prices are very low: about \$7-\$8 a day for everything.

The Caribbean and the Bahamas — both Pan American and BOAC fly very comprehensive routes through these islands, making stops almost everywhere. There are as many different worlds here, and varieties of sunny pleasure, as there are islands. There is life in the French, Dutch, English, or the indigenous West Indian style. Here are the finest beaches in the world, and fishing to match. There is high style (Nassau, Bermuda), there is rest and quiet, there is the near-primitive. Airline service, hopping from island to island, is frequent.

BOAC flies a fascinating circular tour from New York through San Juan, St. Thomas, Antigua, Martinique, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad, Caracas, Kingston, Montego Bay, Nassau, and back to New York, for a fare of \$312. There is also a short circle, including San Juan, Haiti, the



Dominican Republic, Jamaica, and Cuba for \$263. Stopovers are unlimited.

The British islands are, on the

whole, the least expensive. For a wonderful combination of vivid life and unspoiled island quality Trinidad and nearby Tobago are especially good; off the Venezuelan coast, 9½ hours from New York (\$282 round trip).

These two are the most colorful and polyglot of all the West Indian islands: Portuguese, French, Chinese, Spanish, African; East Indian women in saris with rings in their noses; calypso singers; Hindus in traditional dress going to Hindu temples; Moslem mosques; Hindu bazaars. Superb climate, especially January to March. Full of hummingbirds and tropical flowers. Five or six different cuisines: Creole, East Indian, Chinese, French,



and others. In January the calypso tents spring up and the "war" of the singers begins. East Indian and Chinese bazaars and fine British shops along Frederick Street. Two thousand miles of good motoring roads (with drive-yourself cars to be rented) to places like Maracas Bay through bamboo groves and teak forests over the lovely North Coast Road. British woolens and other products at British prices. High tea is a ritual — evening clothes are worn. Tobago has some of the best beaches anywhere, small but modern hotels at very low rates, and that rare unspoiled quality. It is, appropriately, a sanctuary for the Bird of Paradise.

Shopping Note. Buy what is light, Excessive baggage costs heavily, and that which is shipped home is not eligible to enter under the traveler's \$500 duty-free allowance.

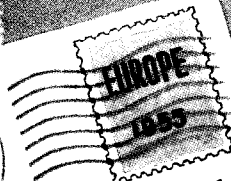
This is the second of two articles by Mr. Goodman about the variety of travel experience made available without additional cost by the new stopover privileges on the air routes.

Tuesday

Dear Joan + Bill—

You were so right—
Europe is wonderful in
"Thrift Season."* We love
it all! That fun and
excite
then
tomo
fun

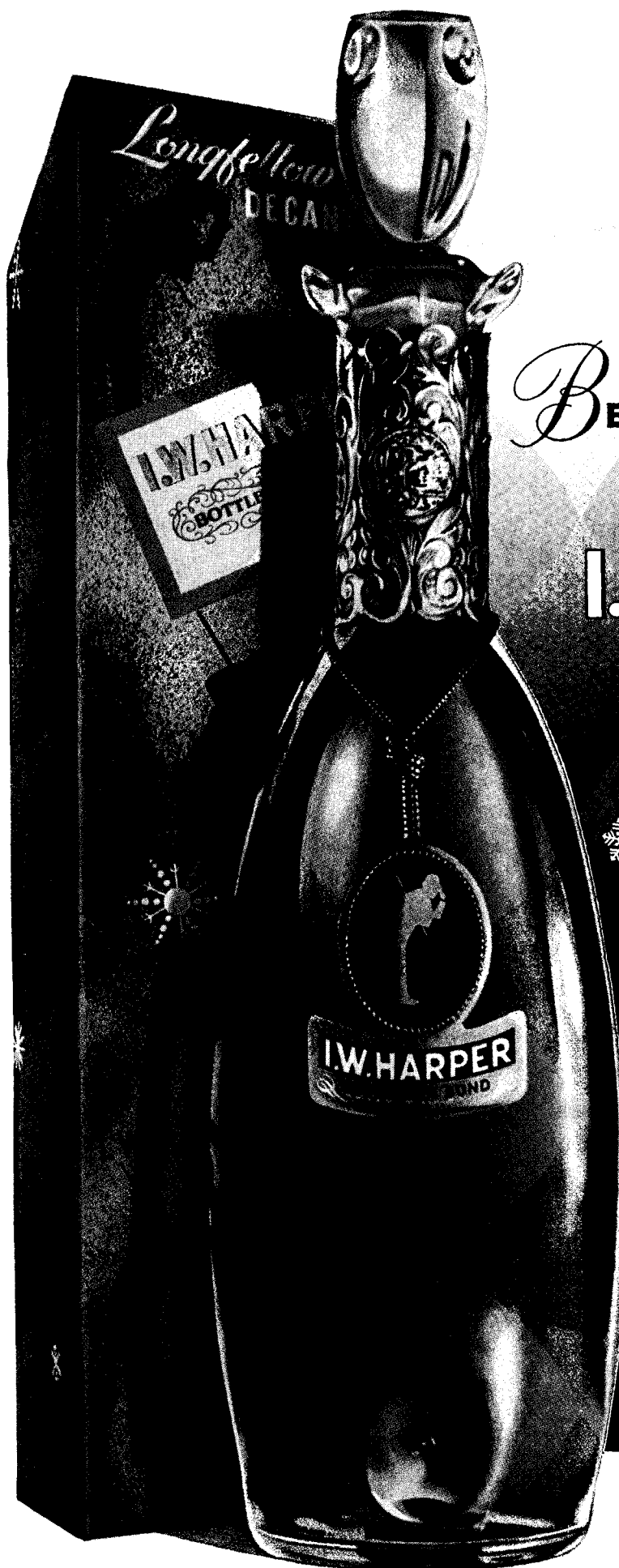
Mr. + Mrs. Wm. Smith
Anywhere
U.S.A.



See your Travel Agent now. For further information, write each country below in which interested. Address: National Tourist Office of (Name of Country), Box 258, Dept. K, New York 17, N. Y.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION

AUSTRIA • BELGIUM • DENMARK • FINLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY • GREAT BRITAIN
GREECE • ICELAND • IRELAND • ITALY • LUXEMBOURG • MONACO • NETHERLANDS
NORWAY • PORTUGAL • SPAIN • SWEDEN • SWITZERLAND • TURKEY • YUGOSLAVIA



BE THE ONE
WHO GIVES THE
I.W. HARPER